

THE RELIGIOUS PSYCHO KILLER'S SHIT LIST

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These words are dedicated to my father, John Kenneth Ridgway, one of the kindest souls to ever grace the earth. He was the guy you hoped you would sit by in the bar, a mellow man who smiled and laughed easily, kept up on the news and felt strongly about issues, loved gossip and told the stories well. He was a world war II vet, and a union man. My mother was a president of a union, the united rubber workers, and I marched with Ceaser Chavez as a child. To both of them I kneel and pray that God knows that despite whatever faults they had, this son is more grateful than he can ever show for the immensity of their love, and the bejeweled memories I have of the wonderful childhood they did their best to

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The following stories and essays number over 100.... They were written in a blog, and I have tried to keep the same feel of being able to read right through by foregoing a table of contents. If you are that anal, make your own....

The plight of disposable Butt monkeys

should be a call to arms for anyone who likes animals. Why I am the only one who seems to be objecting to this trend? Could larger forces be at work? Surely, but that is not my concern. What is my concern is my solemn vow to help you elf shits make sound purchases on anal related products.

Unless you have been living in a cave on pcP for the last two years, you have heard of or seen or read about the highly successful commercials with one of those rich old looking actor dudes from law and order asking a group of gorgeous looking rich people, "Isn't it time someone else wiped your ass?"

The scene then switches to a friendly, perfumed, luxuriously conditioned but monkey, shown switching through the various pastel colors that they come in, sliding up and down on a fake plastic butt, and then drowning itself in the bidet and flushing itself down with it's last breath. The voice over sounds cognac smooth and cigar rough has the weight of years and grandparents. "The latest trend among the trendy wealthy following trends? Using specially trained disposable but monkeys, so they can have their pampered bums safely wiped without having to touch their own shit, like a peasant. These monkeys clean your rectum until it actually shines. And lord knows, in your hectic, fast paced day, you can use the smile you'll get when your but monkey's flush themselves down and drown in an altogether comical manner."

The camera then shows a boardroom with all the employees sitting around a table introducing each other. One of the employees has shit all over his hand and everyone is disgusted as they shake with him and get feces all over themselves. Finally, this shitty hands guy tries to get the boss to slap palms, but the boss, who is portrayed as a bright leader, refuses the shitty hand and says, " If you are still wiping your own ass, don't shake my hand.... in fact, get the hell out of here, you are fired." Then all the other employees pull boxes of but monkeys out of their pockets and start laughing ... and the boss, who has remained serious during the whole commercial, takes out his own box of but monkeys and joins in the laughter, too. This is very effective advertising, there is no denying that.

I mean, I am criticizing them now, but when I first saw the commercial, I too wanted to order some but monkeys. I was impressed with all the colors they came in, and they are cute. Like everyone, I know that the present method of wiping off our bums with dry paper is hardly sufficient, and as a result, diseases are spread... I too hope that one-day science will come up with something like but monkeys, but this is not the one. No, this is not the savior all our asses are practically calling for, though I have to admit, the commercial certainly makes them look like they are, and the special holiday edition but monkeys in Santa and elf outfits are pretty damn cool looking, I know, I know...Now, you will probably call me a crazy protestor for taking this stance. I 'm not, though. I mean, if I came across monkey meat at the supermarket, I'd take it home and deep-fry a few of their hands, or however you eat them.... The but monkey craze, however, involves a lot more jading of the mind than I have. I mean, it's one thing to buy a dead, nicely packaged monkey paw... but once you've seen them all alive and acting all friendly, how can you then deal with the thought that their life has been reduced, through conditioning, to the point that these simians think their whole existence should be spent being the perfect employee, even if it does involve having one short, shitty life?

Okay, maybe I am going out on a limb here for coming out against but monkeys. I know the trend is too big for me to ever have any effect on ... and, you know, I might just be missing something? They do have one that is a shade of red that would great in our bathroom. And they do save the trees, like the commercial said, so they are like half eco-friendly, and half evil. . . I guess they come out of the box all friendly and smelling of nice

colognes that are supposed to be, according to the commercial, 'Stronger than your most powerful blast of gas.' You know what? I guess I should try one before I write anything else. I am always doing that you know, having an opinion on things that are based on how I think and what I know, rather than any actual experience. I think I'm going to get the one done up like Rudolph, with the nose painted all red and the little plush, absorbent horns?

NOTE FROM J, PAIN.... I laughed over this one as I wrote. Yes, laughed maniacally I did, then I hopped around the apartment naked, trying to pee on the startled, running and dodging cats, and the next thing that I knew I was running through the halls of our apt building with my freed weeny a wagging, screaming at the top of my lungs, 'Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!' over and over again. My Barton Fink-ish moment of celebrating the successful birth of the butt monkeys died when M. decided that she had to once more get out that damn tranquilizer gun... While I was immobile though still awake and able to feel pain, she put a bar of lavender soap in one of my few tube socks and beat my stomach and thighs relentlessly... I feared I was going to die, believed I had only one chance of getting better, so when my lips could move again, I began mouthing, "Boo boo kisses, boo boo kisses?" Like Kit Carson used to tell the tin horns after regaling them with a tale of being chased by hundreds of Indians that ended with him stranded in a tree, ". . . and then . . . I died."

He Who Would Not Be Hushed

I decided to start doing some volunteer work at the library today... nothing official, mind you, I basically just wanted to combine my knowledge of literature with my ability to kick ass, you know? I mean, I wasn't going to give these kids a chance to weasel out of reading the classics again, alright?

I walked into the library and immediately went up to this kid, pulled a Dean Koonts book out from in front of him, smacked him on the head with it, tossed it into the garbage, pulled a battered copy of Delillo's White Noise out of my pocket and shoved the book under his nose.

He was all tough at first, "Ouch!! Hey, I'm reading that book, man!?"

The 'shushing' started about then. First with this librarian behind the counter, who was also motioning for me to come talk to her. I figured that I knew what she wanted, so I yelled, "Hey, these kids have heard shit crap crusty fuck hole, before". Not to mention pussy pummeling, dick facing and fag sickles..." Suddenly there were like six librarians surrounding me. One woman, in her thirties and shaped like a lazy wallaby, was looking all enraged and shaking and pointing at me whispering, "He will not Shush!!! Get him."

I was all ready for them to attack me, but no, by 'get him,' these librarians meant that they would all shush me at once. These people have been around libraries too long... they really thought they were going to shut me down. I had to grab that kid by the hair and force him to read out loud to drown out their asinine 'shushing.'

When the librarians saw that I wasn't responding they looked amazed then redoubled their efforts. . . . Finally, they were just standing there looking at me and whispering.

How? How could he survive that much shushing?

"I couldn't."

"Most certainly not."

"I could."

"Oh, sure you could. Why don't we just see??"

"No! No! I'm kidding. No one has ever survived that much Shushing."

"He could be the one?"

"The one??"

"The One Who Will Not Be Shushed. Margaret was babbling about him just before she went mad and married that first edition of Whitman. She said that he will appear to stop people from going to libraries, which would bring on the apocalypse. With a whimper, I presume. Eliot."

"Yes, everyone knows it is Eliot, dear. Get over yourself."

The librarian scene was turning out almost as bad as the security guards at that Border's Books where I got sort of thrown out of for life plus ten

years, whatever the hell they meant by that, when I tried to turn those romance reading wenches onto the book MOO, by basically threatening to shove anything else they bought up their asses.

After running into Buzz Killers like these librarians, I obviously could waste no time getting off to someplace where I could safely pull out my pipe and smoke my way free of their deadly effect. To this end, I jerked the kid up on his feet, shoved the Delillo in his hand, and told him, "I got your fucking address, okay? I got your mom's address? I got your grandma's address? You don't want me calling on their asses, because you will cry like a lonesome whacked wet willy, boy, when I cap their asses up good. You got sisters or brothers; consider their asses mine too... unless you want to READ THIS FUCKING BOOK!!!"

I kind of tossed the kid down a hall behind me... then I was about to push through the librarians but they parted like frightened peasants as I neared them, flitting off out of my path.

As I walked down the steps toward the street, this very skinny guy with a white shirt and tie, who looked like he had his last date with his mom when he was seven and still asks her out, came running through the doors behind me and out onto the steps and actually yelled at the top of his whine-ass voice, "Shush!"

When I just stopped, turned and looked at him and shook my head in disgust, the guy peed himself and ran back inside screaming something about, "You are not going to believe this, I yelled 'shush' and he lives!! He lives!!!"

PRESIDENT TAKES OVER THE CONAN O'BRIAN SHOW

SECRET service agents interrupted the Conan O'Brian show last night, stopping a derogatory skit about the president in mid-stream. The W can be heard off stage egging the secret service agents on as they first cuffed, and then beat Conan O'Brian to death with repeated punches to the stomach, doing permanent damage to the popular hosts' trademark red pompadour. The W, as the president now requires by law that he is referred to in all press articles, then ordered the agents to, "Mace all their

asses up good, and if they cry, you just go all ape shit on them alright? Cowards.... I won't have em', not in my country." The W. then took a seat at Conan's Desk and addressed the late night talk show demographic wearing what has become his trademark look -- impenetrable black sun glasses and all black leather from his ankle length coat, shirt, pants, and steel toed boots.

Sporting a new diamond ear ring, a blonde die job, and a tattoo, still bloody, of a cross on his forearm, the president then announced to a stunned world, "From here on in, the w is all about the music. Yea, the w is getting a band and the w is living hard, man... a new town, a new chick every night, man... like the w used to dream of.... before, you know, the w found out that he wasn't cool. Back then. He's cool now, of course. Hell I'm cool. Ain't I boys? See them secret service boys think the W. is cool. Sorry guys about trying to get ya to eat those microphones last week. I was playing quarters with the girls before I came out for that speech. Tonight, the W. sticking to the weed and beer and wine -- no hard stuff. Oh, yea, weed's federally legal now, blah, blah, blah... Just try and bust the w, man. The w got all his body guards smoking a doobie every two hours, man, and they are paranoid, more keyed up than ever. Don't let those red eyes fool ya. Unless you're thinking they're crazy mad killers, and then you would be right. Now, the W. is still gonna be president, I mean what the hell? But from this day forward, the w will basically be living for tunes, man. Just playing music, recording, touring.... the w has been told he can be a rock star. Man, ain't that the shits? The W. means, president is cool, but.... shit, rock stars a lot cooler. My daughters are gonna sing back up. I guess this started as their idea... maybe? You know Clinton really thought he'd be able to jump from the presidency into playing in a band, and man, he wasn't happy when he couldn't pull it off and had to go back to lawyering (We have a secret tape of him lamenting all the 'pussy' he lost by never touring with a band).

Anyways, see all the schools and libraries and shit will have to buy my record, because I'm prez. so we got a built in audience. The w got a cool band, too. . Ozzie of course is singing back up, with eninem and slash base and shit... whatever they do... for the lead singer, we're gonna have that guy who did Alvin and The Chipmunks come in... That shits funny, and it touches me, man, like Elvis..... Weird Al is writing all the lyrics. The w made him poet laureate of America today, too, which can only help the band. As far as running the office, it's always been a family business, and will continue to be. Dad will be around answering phones, and mom and other folks, you know, that I trust. Hell, whatever they say is fine. The

w come in one day a week, and whatever normal work falls on that day, the w will do it. No more, though -- the w don't want shit piled up on my desk when he comes in, remember that, or more will die mother fuckers. Rock on." Bush then abruptly left the studio.

O'Brian's signature pompadour survived the attack that took the late night hosts life, and was able to finish out the show. NBC was so happy with 'little reds' performance that the puffy locks were offered a full time gig as the new host of the late show.

Brian Tannedtocancer, the nbc executive in charge of late night programming, announced the new host at a brunch this morning that started out as a wake for Conan but quickly turned into a photo op for the irrepressible 'lil red.' The pompadour impressed the executives last night by taking the reigns of the Conan show, after the host had just been beaten to death by a surprisingly legal presidential decree, and taking up right where Conan left off -- despite the handicap of having to get the audience laughing and run the show, from the top of the head of the dead body of his predecessor.

we hid in our mansions

hid behind our silly masks
smoked up in our hot tubs
until you mistook us for gods
on a segment of Entertainment Tonight

alarmed we began to scream

NOOOOOOooooooo

-- and that's when we said

FILM ME SHITTING
DISGRACE ME
BLEED ME
PUKE ME
USE ME

RAPE ME
 STEAL ME
 KILL ME --
 WHATEVER!!!!
 iN the name of all that is HOLY
 DO NOT MAKE ME
 an unholy icon
 in the eyes of
 THE EMERGENT CREATION
 OF SAVAGE GRACE.

PUFFINS REFUSE TO SHOW THEIR SMILING FACES TO THE CROWD!!
 THE QUEEN IS NOT AMUSED!

For days now, zookeepers at the Lincoln park zoo have been having trouble with the rather notorious puffins in the main birdhouse. There have been rumbles with other birds in the past, photographs of the buoyant waterfowl flashing gang signs, and whispers that only their well-documented excessive use of drugs keeps them constantly smiling all day -- yet, in spite of all their personal problems, and what numerous puffins have described as 'really, really killer hangovers,' the puffins have always somehow gathered the gumption to show their smiling faces to the crowd.

Not today, though. No, on this dark excuse for day, the puffins have turned their backs on the adoring crowds and are spewing white runny feces out their asses out right onto their once faithful well-wishers... Yes, this is hard to remove from the hair and lips, feces; this fount of puffin shit indeed does sting in the eyes, and taste terrible in the mouth. For journalistic purposes, I did have to have a taste?

The Queen is not amused!!! The bejeweled old leach called a special session of parliament today, immediately after news of the Puffins unruly, anti-market behavior hit the shocked and sadden shores of great Brittany

The queen addressed parliament for thirty seven minutes, screaming over and over into the microphone, "The queen is not amused."

Landed Gentry in the parliament then began singing, in Gregorian chants, over and over, rising and sitting as they intoned, "Theeeeeee Queen . . . is . . . not . . . a... mused."

One of the princes flounced up and smacked the old queenie to stop her from screaming that she was not amused, and the bejeweled wrinkle then went on to urge the puffins to 'do their part,' by 'smiling through the bars of their cages.'

Seemingly unimpressed, the puffins responded by continuing to spew white gook from their anuses at the passing crowds.

In related news, the penguins are still spinning around in circles as fast as they can and screaming, "Oh, the shits with you," Over and over again with no sign of stopping. When their publicist was asked just what the heck those waterfowl are up to, she mysteriously answered this reporters stern, probing question by smiling and looking out at the horizon, then saying in a breathless, excited voice, "They are ushering in the new time!!?"

CHRISTMAS WITH THE PSYCHO KILLERS

I knew our holiday was just all messed up when my girlfriend picked up a lamp and quietly snuck up behind her brother... I started to say something to him . . . my warning was drowned out by the sound of shattering glass and shouts of pain. Blood was running down his face... there were pieces of lamp stuck into his flesh all over his head.

"I am going to call the police on you, bitch." Her brother yelled without thinking.

He knew his mistake almost immediately, started saying, "No... not me, I would never..." He didn't get the words out.

Carla's mom pulled out the Uzi that she always keeps in her quim and leveled the barrel at his head.

"Son," she told him, as the rest of us ducked under whatever cover we could find, "I am just tickled pig shit that your father is not alive to hear those words come out of your mouth. He would shoot you, and then shoot off the dick that made you... like he did after... well; anyways... no cop loving fuck is going to live in my house." With that she killed him.

Afterwards, she explained to us how she had taken careful aim to keep the blood splatter off of the food, and we were surely grateful about this as we kicked aside the body and started chowing on that delicious meal once more. Uncle Wiltminster then talked about his crusade to replace phrases like, "That's cool, that's dope, dippy, or whatever" with THAT'S MURDER. He is having great success in the inner city, which he believes will soon enough be stolen by the posers playing music, and become a rap anthem. He owns the rights to the phrase, and stands to make a 'killing.'

Ma kept her Uzi lying on the table for the rest of the dinner, and hence everything went fine. I mean, once or twice I would I have slit the throat out of this damn baby that kept crying, but Ma says if you kill all the babies no one will grow up and continue the killing -With her Uzi already out and half aimed at me, there was no way that I was getting away with killing the squalling little shit factory. She would have killed me, too... she really believed that God himself dictated our killing, like we all did. Some of us hear voices -the lucky ones. The rest of us rely on the words of my great, great, great, great grampa, who met god while he was in some hospital in the big city after suffering some sort of serious head injury. A nut house, basically. That makes sense though, since that is what they indeed did -threw a man who declared he was Jesus risen into a mental ward. God was so disgusted with humans, and disappointed in his son for not smiting the entire planet, that he just left Jesus in the hospital, and took away his powers. Only those who follow his teachings will be saved. Even this woman on the staff, a nurse, is said to have been touched by Jesus Junior, which is not exactly true to life, but we still call him that... I can't begin to tell ya why.

Not that family needed a religion to kill. Our family seems to have always grasped that salvation can only come by accepting that god made us animals, and the devil made us thinkers. Animals kill without remorse.

Thinkers do not know how to kill at all. We even have a couple famous killers in the family – like our Uncle Edwinkly, who was known in the press as Jack The Ripper. We still have a few of his mementos from his kills – a dried up female genitalia of unknown origin, and a ball of yarn. I guess he took this yarn from one of the women. He must have loved whatever memory the yarn brought up in him, because it is encrusted in layer after layer of dusty old white come.

Sitting there eating a dinner of ham and turkey and such with my dead brother bleeding at my feet was fine, of course... but in the back of my mind, I knew, just knew, that somehow I would be picked to get rid of the body. They always make it out like I am the most skilled with a butcher knife, but the truth is that they hate the smell. The body smells all sorts of new ways when you cut them open. I find this kind of interesting, maybe a little titillating, it's the drudgery of hauling all that dead weight out into some woods or ghetto lot and dumping the pieces out here and there that gets my damn goat. I was really looking forward to watching a Greg The Bunny marathon on IFC, and getting rid of another body would shoot that plan all to hell (oh, I should add that I had just cleaned up before dinner, after having to dismember and burn some almost three dozen carolers this morning, after Mom heard one of them singing off key and just went all ape shit with a double barreled shot gun—I am going to be washing bits of them off the garage for six months, you can just fucking bet).

AND OF COURSE, like from a vision out of hell, my sister chimed in during dessert with, "Maybe Johnny should get rid of Snittles Junior? He already has blood under his nails from this morning, after all."

"I do not." I told her as I hid my hands, for indeed, there was a thin line of caroler blood under a few of my nails—sometimes no matter how much I scrub the damn things, there is still evidence under there. . .

"Johnny was closest to him, too, so he should get rid of the meat."

"I was not. I mean, fuck that dead corpse."

My sister looked all disgusted, "Ewww, mom, Johnny is going to fuck Snittles Junior's corpse."

"What? I did not say. . . "

Mom looked up from her eats and gave me a mean look as she patted her Uzi, "Johnny, don't be fucking your brothers corpse."

"I was not. . . "

"Johnny denies everything, mom." The grotesque sis said.

"Mom taught me to deny everything."

"You admit it, then?"

"Yes, but I would never. . . ."

"Mom, Johnny can't wait to put his meat tube into Snittles juniors stink hole."

"Johnny, leave your brothers stink hole alone."

That is when I pulled a sixteen inch, solid steel hunting knife out of my boot, and lashed upward with the razor sharp blade, slicing neatly through the soft flesh of sis's throat, cutting through an artery that spurted luscious blood all over the dirty dishes on the table.

Mom reached out and touched the blood with her finger, held it up for us all to see and said, "The wetness of the blood will help keep food from drying up and sticking to the plate."

"Yes," "Sure, mom," and other such comments came from all sides of the table. I could also hear guns cocking around the room and noticed that two of my cousins, both black belts, had pushed their chairs back as far as possible without anyone noticing, so they could leap up with ease and kick off a couple heads; while this is quite the amusing sight, I was sitting too close to them to let this happen. Acting like I dropped my napkin, I knelt under the table, took an Uzi from one of my ankle holsters, and aimed down the table, hoping to shoot through the ones knees into the others. Bang, bang, bang... Etc... went the gun. You should have seen them comically slide under the table after I blew their legs off. Still laughing from the comical sight, I pulled out a .38 and leaned down to administer the kill shots.

I think my sis might have been pissed at me killing her kids, but luckily, good old Carla was standing beside her with a .357 aimed into the side of her head, so there was not shit she could do. I will have to keep my eye on her at Easter, though.

Oh, yea... about what spoiled Christmas? Lack of fucking snow, of course.

I hate brown Christmases.

w. the rockstar president holds my bubbas hostage HERE IS DA SCOOP:

It was like 6 am in the morning when the red phone rang, the one W. had installed when he determined he could mooch weed off of me. I pick up and he's already talking.

"YEA, AND, MAN, I JUST GOT A REPORT FROM THAT DAMNED DRUG ENFORCEMENT BURRO THAT YOU GOT WEED. Man, you said you would call me when you had some budidge?"

"Don't you ever buy weed? I mean, you're the president, so..."

"None of these fuckers smoke up here, man... and they wouldn't give me any if they did, man... My mom, the old gray tank, she'll cut off their balls. She cut up my first couple connects, now... hell, I can't find a damned banana peel. You got any of those?"

"Banana peels don't get you high."

"Snort enough coke with em, and sure they do."

"They let you have coke, but not pot? That's fucking crazy."

"Coke keeps me cocky, pissed at them fucking liberal maggot breaths... hey, maggot breaths. That's... what the hell was I talking about? No, what were talking about,, I mean?"

"Why do they let you use coke, which is like, a terrible drug? And then the little weed, which enhances rather..."

"Made em agree to it before I would run. I told dad, said, look pops, I gots to have the brewskis and the nose candy, but other than that.. I'll do whatever. Hell, sure, I can send thousands of kids to their deaths to get revenge for you, dad... At least I think that is the way it went. I get my breifs every morning in the form of little cartoons they draw. Only way I will read anything. That's in my little agreement too. They made me sign it with the blood of a dead hooker, which is how the skull and bones sign

everything, even grocery lists... shit, quit talking about the skull and bones. I have nothing to say about them."

"Uh, okay."

"I'm glad I could clear that up for you, fine american."

"You forgot my name again?"

"No, your... checking the phone records for something, not your name, no... Guy With Weed."

"Well, like I told you, I let you smoke some more of my weed, you got to let me lead a team of navy seals in to Bahrain, to take out Michael Jack-Off-Your-Son."

"You promise you will kill those damn lamas?"

"No, dog dammit, I will not... I keep forgetting you will forget everything we talk about. Tell your secret service guys that I get to kill the child fucking freak?"

"Yea, you heard him.... it's all on speaker phone, so I can color. What the hell are you talking about? Painting doors? Yea, yea, I am definantly for painting doors. What the hell? I mean, what the hell? We're discussing painting doors? Why the hell do you keep calling me? Hey, we're right outside your place."

I pulled the curtain aside and it was true, there he was, crawling out of a black limousine that seemed to literally be stuffed with slutty dressed whores of all shapes and sizes and ethnic back-o-ground.

I hate the man, but what can you do when someone will have your pets killed if you don't pick up the phone? He means this shit, has all kinds of people across the country getting their asses kicked for dissing him in the past. Like he started with people who gave him the quote 'evil eye' in kindergarten. It's like, everyone in his class. He was known, like some idiot savant, in college for being able to remember everyone's names. Who knew it was because he put them all on lists to get their asses kicked -- at the behest of his mother, of course.. the true power behind the Bush Dynasty (remember when she said the people in the Louisiana disaster were better off since they were poor and had less to lose... ugh... pictures of lives long lost are worth more than their mansions. Rich folk get so sick, especially the dynastic ones.. the bushes go back to psuedo english

royalty... in fact, we are more than likely related... as much as this sickens).

Two secret service guys burst in. One grabbed Buk and held a knife to the squirming cat's throat, the other grabbed Ruby and held a forty five to her head as she licked his hand...

W. always does this because he thinks I have a tendency to Bogart, which I do not, and he swears a pet will die next time. He always forgets this, but his secret service guys don't. They love to kill small animals. I asked them about it once and they were all like, "Uh, that's for training."

"Why do you masturbate while your doing it, then?" I asked these two of them, all dressed in black fatigues and dark sunglasses and field hats with the floppy brim pulled down over their foreheads.

"In case we are called on to rape someone to death. Happened to my dad all the time in Nam."

"Yea," the quieter one added, "we do it because one day, we may have to protect... your children."

"I don't have any children."

"Did you kill em? I know how it is... They get to yelling and you pull a knife out of your boot and gut em, then cut the ears off and wear em around your neck and dance, just dance until you can't dance anymore."

"No! Goddamn, it...."

But that was another day... Today, I met the W. at the door and just gave him my weed. I can always call up Spike and get more. The agents then tried to leave with my pets, but I called em on it... with my fine little black Uzi aimed at their balls (a present from the W., meaning he needed weed so he took a gun off one of his bodyguards and gave it to me pretending it was a thoughtful gift.. and he will never pay that guy back, you can just bet). W. grabbed the weed without a word, went back to his limo. When he opened the door, I caught another glimpse of the whores, and a flat screen showing porn that was so disgusting I immediately repressed it and now, in my memory, see only happy dancing bunnies on the screen...

Santa taped making anti-Semitic remarks!!!

A racist rant by Santa was secretly recorded on a phone and is now on Utube. The man in red was heard to say, among other racist slurs, "Those jew kids... they don't need me, I don't fucking need them. Kike bastards, always out there pretending there was a Hitler. I don't see any proof here in this bar tonight to some damn Hitler. They come up with this shit as a way of putting it to the Christmas celebrating people fucking everywhere, man!!! Maybe if they didn't give them fucking presents for eight days, instead of just one big pay off like the rest of us, they wouldn't be so damn greedy. You think about that man, just think about it!!!"

A drunken Santa was pontificating to a table of celebrities that included notorious 'bad kid' Charlie 'crack head whore monger' Sheen and a meth bouncing, try-sexual Andy Dick (he takes this sexual moniker because he will 'try' anything, and many a goat have not taken this moniker seriously, only to let their mind wander, lower their guard around this celebrity and suddenly find themselves being stupped in the ear).

Numerous celebrities who have taken the brunt of Santa's judgments in the past and been declared the big N... Naughty... have been quick to point out the hypocrisy of the elf loving North Polar. Among them was Rosie O'Donnel, who had her own problems with Santa's drunken tongue wagging four years ago when the bearded on in red dismissed the day time talk show maven as, 'a tubbed out rug muncher,' whose, 'fondest fucking man hating dream, you can bet, is to have some balls sewn into her stanky area.' I mean, somebody just sew some balls on her already, alright? Am I right? Ain't I?"

Santa will be appearing tonight on Conan O'brian, where he is expected to apologize to jews everywhere, and once more say something derogatory about Rosie O'donnel -- a sure sign that the man in red is trying to score some points with his key audience of Evangelicals, who a CBS poll showed this morning could care less about Santa's rant, and wish he had gone further toward punishing the Christ Killers, but would still like him better if he slammed Sexually Differently Abled Celebrities.

I CALLED UP OLD CHARLIE SHEEN

I called up old Charlie Estevez -- that's Sheen to you people who are not in the Biz. "Charlie," I said, "What's with these divorce proceedings, man... I mean, crack, whores, child porn, sure, whatever.. but man, now she is saying that you won't use coasters?"

"That is a fucking lie!, " He screamed, "I goddamn well love coasters!!! I am using fucking three as we speak." He was using a voice that I recognized as his meth--crack--wanking while he talks on the phone voice.

"They are saying you spent ungodly amounts of money on some hooker."

"Who hasn't spent fifty grand on hookers during a crack binge? People who can't fucking afford it, that's who."

"Well, they are the ones who are judging you. Perhaps if they could afford it, you're saying, they would..."

"Dam right. Bastards and bitches... I am a fucking king!!!"

"They're saying that year in aa was all a sham, that you are pilling out from the net, and...."

"And as far as the pills go, man, I am doing some serious fucking art on Two and a Half men, and sometimes I need something to take me to that special place. I'm like Morrison in concert, man, except with a kid. What you think of that kid, he's kind of cute, isn't he? I mean, if you were a fag, or liked em' hairless. You ever been to Thailand?"

"No. So you did spend all that money on hookers?"

"I love my hookers. You can get em' all to shave for five grand. Hell, I am a fucking King!! Like I told that skank who whelped my two lovely children through her aids frothy, worn out old cunt. Shit, I left some bets like an hour ago that were supposed to come in thirteen fucking seconds ago!!! What the fuck am I paying that damn bookie for? Shit, did I drop some crack in here once? I think I did. I'm going to check the entire

carpet... wait, no you do that. Get the fuck on your knees bitch, and while your down there... call me daddy, okay? I'll pay you five hundred bucks. Cool."

"Charlie, we're talking on the phone."

"Wait, who is this?"

"Dude, I was calling up to ask about you pushing your wife around and basically threatening her life, in front of your daughters."

"That's balls, man. Big fucking balls...That's what that is. I told her, you leave me, you won't live to enjoy it..."

"But Charlie, you are such a fucking pussy. You only took up acting so your tough routine would stop everyone from kicking your crusty come licking, me-me-me-centered, prick spewing puss headed mentality.... In fact, when you add in the 9--11 crap about the buildings being blown up by the fucking CIA and Bush, it makes me wish some spook would stop by your fucking hollywood bungalow and tell you just what they think of your fucking theory... Quit that fucking whimpering and crying."

"Man, I shit and pissed myself ... three times. Second time I thought it was just a fart, but no... third time, that third time, I knew it was goddamn turd and I couldn't gather the will to stop it from coming out."

"That's it... You know what? You are too fucking scummy to go on the psycho killers shit list... you would actually make the whole list smell too much like puss spewing venereal diseases. I can take a little of that smell, but you are just... I can smell that shit over the phone now, Charlie."

"I think I dropped some crack in here. I checked for it yesterday, on this meth trip, for about ten hours. I should have kept looking because it is so there. Would you kneel down and look..."

"Once again, we are talking on the phone, I am not there and that lame crack head blow job line is never going to work on me."

"Aren't you a crack whore?"

"No."

"Then why the fuck am I... you a bookie, got me some xanax, or anything else useful to me???"

"You are really giving crack smoking, whore and child fucking gamblers with out of whack egos a bad name, Charlie."

"I'm sorry."

"Eat your own shit or I am going to fly out there and kick your ass!!! Do it you bastard!!!"

"Yuck.. wait, this is.. uhmmm... oh, yea..."

"Okay, stop it!!! Stop it!!! Oh, god, after just talking to you I have to burn off my top three layers of skin with a bic lighter. . ."

"Hey, Emilio, come in here... I think I dropped some crack in here..."

"Arrgghhh!!!!"

BUSH DECLARES: KILL ALL OTHER SPECIES

Penguins across the country are spinning around in

in circles so fast that they appear like black and white blurs as they scream again and again, "Oh, the shifts with you!" Visitors to zoos across the world responded differently to the odd behavior on the part of the notoriously unruly aquatic waterfowl. At New York zoo, the cursing penguins were pelted with empty cans of coke and admonished to "put up some amusing antics, or get the hell out." Surprisingly enough, the normally unarmed penguins returned fire with doubled barreled shotguns, taking out large swathes of the crowds gathered in front of their stage, and making for a few tense moments with a S.W.A.T. team before the police threw down their weapons, surrendered to the penguins and joined them in their cages spinning around in circles screaming, "Oh, the shifts wit ya!!!"

When President Bush heard about the mass exodus of New York's finest to the penguins, he told white house reporters, "You know what we have here? Goddamned Animal Terrorists!!! I knew this would happen!!! I fucking knew it... wait, no, I didn't... We have an animal terrorist event!!! You know, chickens, for some reason, all had it out for my father. Fuck em, and all they're little 'bird friends and supporters, too!!" We don't need em, not if they're terrorists!!! Oh, no -- Narco terrorist with weapons of mass destruction!!! Terrorist animals!!! That's a scary one. No, I won't have this, not on my watch!!! Kill all the fucking birds!!!!"

The increasingly unstable W., who aides and pundits alike are calling, "Maybe too full of himself," is said to now be traveling with three nuclear bombs in his briefcase in case 'God tells me to blow stuff up and kill everybody again."

The president is canvassing the senate and congress today trying to drum up support for his plan to, quote, ". . . take out all the other animals, once and fucking for all."

Bush made the first announcement of his plan this morning at 7:30 am while speaking to a shocked group of teachers, parents and pre-school

students at the unveiling of a new wing of Ted's Library that is devoted to the presidents.

The president appeared in public early this morning wearing dark sunglasses, a cigar lodged in the corner of his mouth as he sipped a glass of scotch and occasionally sniffed at something in his breast pocket, much to the surprise of a crowd of pre-school teachers and quickly crying children who were gathered to hear what they thought was going to be a library opening. Bush went from screaming to whispering incoherently as he spoke for 45 minutes, telling the shocked and whimpering audience, "I've been thinking about getting bit by this squirrel when I was a kid, or at least I'm thinking about it now. Who the hell can tell? And this bird... that fucking bird that messed up the grill on one of the very first cars dad bought me. Well, I wrote in a paper for some damn class about how men had been at war with wild animals since leaving Eden . . . maybe it was a sermon I heard somewhere, a readers digest or some damn thing . . . don't knock me about my memory, for god's sake, not after you cows voted for Reagan, who couldn't -- I swear to god -- remember to wipe his ass by his second year in office. Reagan said it best one day when some guy fed him a speech as a joke on him, which they did a lot at the end, just to break the tension from the cold war and all..."I ain't paid to know, I am paid to make you fuckers tremble until I get my goddamn way."

Bush then further scared the children by ordering secret security agents to "Cut up all the stuffed animals. All of them. They're evil to me now, just more terrorists.... hey, that girl's trying to hide her fucking bunny -- kick her ass good."

Still no comment from the penguin's publicist. Other talkative puffins have yet to emerge, and all are still presumed dead. -----

Surly penguins continued arriving at the white house in large numbers today, causing area residents to 'have to drive down state to get more weed' to fill what local gang bangers are describing as 'The curiously empty soul of this often aquatic waterfowl.'

Penguins are known for launching coups, causing the world to watch nervously as Bush began to heat up his nuclear rhetoric, saying today, "I see another pile of penguin shit, I am going to loose the nukes, man, and

just blow them into no more land. I will make penguins fly again, by god..."

Thessler keeper of Pigs

Thirty nine million two hundred and forty six thousand years before our story takes place, massive shifts in plate tectonics wiped out the last vestiges of the Humanians off planet civilization. No one knew about a planet called earth, or the civilization that spawned their species and sent them on great ships out into cold, black space, after they destroyed their original host planet, leaving their once green and blue eden black and brown, as dead as the sterile vacuum of space that replaced the sweet oxygen of the atmosphere.

The absence of life in the universe was almost expected during all the years of exploration, but discovering it was true was still a shock, that their planet really was a special place... that their little splash of life was all; how could the series of accidents repeat again? Not even in the infinite vastness.

Thessler, Keeper of Pigs, was not aware of any of this, and indeed would have considered the tale just so much pig shit. .. history at that moment was not helping him one bit and that was all that would have made this interesting to him. He had responsibilities, had to keep the pigs in line, make sure that they turned over their offerings every year. His job was to negotiate with the upstart animals, of course; for all times from now until the then, pigs and horses and vegetables had been forced to give humans what they required to Sustain and Pursue The Happy, as had been written over a million years before, in the first recorded histories....

Humans knew that their ancestors had given the pigs and cows and goats and various vegetables and fruits their ability to reason to increase their ability to survive in hostile climates... being able to speak and tell their owners where they hurt or how they could be happier had seemed like the humane thing to do, though this was of course an after thought of the practical consideration of keeping their food alive as their species migrated out into more often than not cold, dead space.

Kessler watched the newsies on a wall size holo. Pigs throwing bombs, mostly. Piglets throwing stones. There was rioting in no less than seven cities down the coast. He could pretty much forget his quarterly bonus buying him a new summer house. The Cow's were going to be trouble again this year, too, he was just certain of that. The damn bovines were always trying to gloam onto any contractual advantage that the pig's wheedled out of the humans -- and the pigs were willing to send their children out to blow up over even small points of protocol, like where the damned water glasses were set during a particular state dinner.

As Keeper of The Pigs, his head was about to roll over this one. The pigs had been content for over 390,000 years. They knew their history, how the humans made them. Some of them now thought that their 'Bacon Tax' had been paid already. They were even threatening to go off into space by themselves, though they had no feasible way of doing so, without taking vegetables and humans along to feed on.

Kessler also knew a bit about how poorly they were doing with the vegetables this year. Every source of food developed on the planet into a thinking species. Now they had only each other to prey on, in an endless cycle.. the humans corpses went to feed the plants, which than supported man and the animals that he fed upon.

As Kessler silently raged about this, he was astounded to see, from his 345th floor apartment, a space ship, a gleaming silver behemoth, glide down from a blue sky and hover over the entire downtown area. He was no less surprised later that night, when the Newsies reported that the ships were manned by the descendents of an earth plant, the Strawberry. And when the lowly humans were marched onto ships to be the food supply for the strawberries, who it turns out were intergalactic pirates with no moral scruples about destroying anything that was not strawberry, he was surprised all the more. ... but, he sure was glad to be off the hook on the pig thing, and isn't that what it's all about at the end of the day, huh?

This is certainly how Thessler, Keeper of Pigs, lived happily ever after . . well, that and the complete apathy of the strawberries toward killing humans -- which they found distasteful if not out right immoral. The strawberries left the humans to live out their natural life spans relatively undisturbed, all in all, and no one really seemed to care too much, after a while, that they would be eaten after their long, comfortable lives.

I heard all this from a very good source, by the way... in the government.

REVELATIONS OF THE BLOODY CLOWN

Hi. I'm dead. My name, where I lived, who I loved and hated is not important to me. Shouldn't be to you.

There is an infinity of surprises involved in dying. I was surprised about going to hell . . . I didn't believe in any of this shit when I had flesh. Then I was surprised all the more when I found out we prefer Satan's domain by such a huge, bloody serious degree.

Why is the life god sentenced us to so painful? Because the god wanted it to be horror filled... in a cosmos with a god, how could it be other? Heaven is the same way, a horror house of blood and gore.

The whole thing with god being good and the devil being bad is all just more of the usual bullshit that the living use to brainwash themselves into plodding through another tricky day.

The one we worshiped as god was really our tormentor, and Satan, the rebel, had been fighting for us. . . makes perfect sense, once you think of it, but the god wouldn't allow enough humans to think this for the thought to grow legs among the living.

The devil, satan, the fallen angel -- he was actually entreating god to end human suffering, telling god that just because he had a need to feel like the humans 'were good enough to worship him,' that this need alone did not make what god was doing right.

God had never been questioned before in any manner that god understood as questioned, and ignored satan's pleas to spare the living beasts of their horror of short, brutal lives.

Satan loved and revered god his father, praised him for every leaf of glorious grass. . . still he couldn't just ignore the screams of the humans. Satan heard from other Angels who shared his torment, and together their disquiet grew...

When he could no longer bear feeling the humans pain, the Dark One rebelled . . . fought for what he knew would be a losing cause. What was our pain to a god? Nothing.

God the mindless child sentenced Satan to remain in the center of the earth, trapped, forever hearing the torment of the dying life forms on the surface.

The Dark Prince cries our tears while the laughter of Christ echoes on high...

Persona non Grata

"HARFILDOOP, eh? Changing jobs is it, then?" The older man squinted a bit

as he looked him over, then smiled kindly and motioned toward the wooden chair in front of his desk. He was wearing the typical office outfit of a tie, shirt, dress pants and shoes.

"No, sir. I had a fall, head injury. Since then... well, it was recommended to me that I overlay my last programming again." Harfildoop lied.

He was in a great hall in the Receiving Area, tucked into a small cubicle with just enough room for a wooden desk and a chair for visitors. Visitors had to be led in and out of the maze of cubicles and desks. The building was over a four blocks long and absolutely stuffed with brown room dividers. All of the administrators looked the same in this department -- programmed as they were, to be kindly administrators filled genuine concern for the people they deal with.

He is surrounded by hundreds of other workers who are being reassigned the personality best suited for their new jobs. To be fair, everyone had to change jobs every three years -- otherwise no one would do the menial labor. One could buy ones way out of this, like one could almost anything in Trumpville.

Everyone was programmed to love their job, no matter how menial. He has gone along with the system since his birth, for over three hundred years, and had no idea there was a choice -- until the rebels programmed him to join their cause...

The administrator laughed and told him, "Oh, "Well, that sounds very easy, doesn't it? Okay, yes, i would recommend a full memory dip, destroy any last vertiges of your subjective experiences. Any phobias developed since your last personality adjustment?"

"No, sir... well, wait no... have I always had the rat thing?"
 "Well, I'll check on that. Can't be having you fear rats out in space, eh? No getting rid of them buggers. No matter where humans go, we bring them fucking rats."

"Really?"

"Well, I like to think so. Love rats, myself. Real troopers, they are. Okay, I have everything we need to input your data. Have a seat over there, and as soon as we have the new you programmed, we'll bring you in."

"Of course."

Harfildoop looked nervously about the room; the tranquil blue color was

designed to make him sleepy, and usually did, when he was changing jobs and needed his personality adjusted. Personality reconstruction was required, though it hardly had to be -- who would want a personality ill suited for their job?

People once had done something like that, had to work at jobs they hated -- he remembered as much from ancient history. Humans were miserable until psychiatry matured enough to provide relief of the mental anguishes, both large and small, that had been man's lot since they were ooze.

The personality overlays had never been a problem for him before. They usually inserted enthusiasm for the next job into the personality, so he was always happy, in fact. He had always accepted that his tastes changed, and his ideas were those that best suited being in harmony with geographical area, as determined by the computers and then injected into him through drug induced hypnosis, and mild, very selective, electric shock. He had never cared that he was changed into something else... or he thought that he didn't. Now that he knew they were making people to run machines, that they were all part of a mind numbing religious bureaucracy that was entrenched world wide, he was ready to do what he could for mankind, as the machine trained them. All personalities were willing to sacrifice to save the Trump Empire.

Now he wanted to stay who he was. There was a woman who he did not want to forget. She was programmed for him, and he for her.

He slides his hand into his suit coat pocket, feels around for the detonator... puts his index finger on the button. . . he breaths in deep, as his lungs expand he feels the bomb belt pushing hard against his ribs. A terrorist? At first, before the overlay was complete, he had been so damned surprised. The resistance was hacking into the personality reconstruction site, and they gave him a personality meant to thrill at the thought of fighting and love explosions -- convincing him to blow up the Personality Processors....

He didn't like the idea of killing his agent, the more he thought about, the more he realized that he did not want anyone dead.

He had never felt like he had a choice until right then. . . he had never tried to deny a personality trait, in fact he had always encouraged them, of course -- they were expensive, after all. But now... he did not want to die.

Two months ago, he reported for new work assignment, and was excited to see that he was going to get to go off planet to help mine an asteroid belt out near Venus. He did his paperwork, then went down to get his personality traits. He

was going to be amiable for awhile, which he liked. Management types had to be hard asses sometimes, and he was no better than anyone else, so he had to play the asshole sometimes...Everything that day was normal until he went under... he laid down on a slab of steel covered in a white sheet, and then the slab pulled back into the machine, into a steel tunnel leading into the metallic bowels; a very small space that seems to wrap around him like a fist.

The usual images that flooded the mind were benign, comfortable. This time the images were horrifying, showing the outers, the ones living in the radioactive dust beyond the Trump Ecosphere. Horrifying babies born with grotesque arms and heads growing out of their stomachs, four eyes, six arms... all dead...dead... probably killed. He had known next to nothing about the outers; knew just what his various personalities needed to use his best work years for the good of all. He had always believed that they wanted to live outer, but now he knew better. Now he has met with them, in the months since his personality changed into code name Praxis.

They are new at making terrorists. Made mistakes with him. For the first time in his existence, he felt free will. He had no idea such a thing existed until his last overlay. Now it seemed precious somehow. He didn't want another personality to possess him that has no free will -- in fact he would not even know the term, since the computer would consider such knowledge 'Socially Disruptive.'

He thought, 'at least I'll never have to be a plumber or anyone else who loves the smell of shit. . . god, I seemed to hate that even though I loved it. Weird.'

He knew that there were nine terrorists, one at every center in the city. The timing was exact, and the routine at such places never erred. They would all be sitting, waiting for the computer to put together a program for their next life. Everyone in their place, tucked into the small island of humanity that is left here in what was the United States. Almost ten million people.

He looks out into the hall, at the garbage can. with the nuclear bomb. He had not known they still existed until the machine inserted the how to into his brain.

Now he hated everything the unholy temple stood for - making men into machines serving a mindless system that goes on of its own accord . . . a mental disease, and he was the cure.

Around his was a world that he was about to help destroy. . . . 'whoever programmed me as a terrorist had to be among the ruling thirty,' he thinks.

They were the consensus voters on all new personality adjustments. Their job was to keep mankind moral through deep psychological training. One of them

had decided that the only moral thing to do was destroy the tools of the system. Someone would build more personality adjusters, of course. The resistance planned to strike fast, before the machines could start producing the merciful soldiers that they create as needed.

The agent will be gone for up to a half an hour; the apparatus of the programmer was so cost prohibitive that their clinic was forced to share nine of them.

Plenty of time for him to find his way out of the building, to somewhere safe. He was detonating the bomb through a cell phone, and could set it off from the other side of the world if he wanted. s left to get the program. The process usually took up to half an hour,

He thinks, 'No one is to blame.' He could see the system now with new eyes, comprehend how it just went on and on unchallenged; it could be defeated without the bombs... he was sure of it...

A fog was lifting from his mind. The rebels told him that they had enhanced his intelligence, sight, smell and sense of touch. They were trying to make what they called 'great men and women.'

There were no great men anymore. Great men cause trouble. The histories dismissed them as narcissist users.

Now the rebels were making them again. His conditioning had him convinced that their cause would win and that he would be a martyr welcomed in heaven with laurels and song. . .

He looks out of the cubicle, and seeing no one. He begins to make his way toward the door, following red arrows on the floor. He thinks maybe he will leave the building, and then detonate the bomb. He has to ask three people for directions on his way out.

He finally makes it to the revolving glass doors, pushes his way in, begins to come out the other side. A black shape appears in his periphery vision, then there is pain in his chest, like someone has punched him hard as hell. Another knife stabbed deep into his back, through his ribs into his heart... they were stabbing him again, and again.... Someone reaches into his pocket and finds the detonator. He recognizes his killer. A woman from the resistance. They had sent her as back up... in case he did what he did.

He wishes like hell the machine had never made him a terrorist... longs for a quiet, peaceful life. As his slows, he closes his eyes and thinks, 'death feels just like falling into a nice deep sleep. That's a fucking relief. I thought this was going to be so. . . .'

The blast throws him through the air, across the plaza in front of the building, into the glass window of a bank kitty corner from the administrations building. The thick glass holds firm, breaking most in his body -- though he could care less, since he was already dead.

=====

THE ABOVE IS A TRUE STORY. I knew old 'Hard on Hardy,' in college. Weird that he went to live in the future and all, but hey -- who am I to criticize the guy? I

Love thy neighbor as thou does thou self...

I heard today that the bible says this... and I think this means that to be saved, I may be required to love others as I love myself, and that would mean giving hand jobs to thousands of chicks... I mean, does this mean that I am biblically commanded to rub the quims of hotties who live next door to me? Does this mean that god himself has decreed that I am to LOVE MY NEIGHBORS AS I LOVE MYSELF??? And if so, is it just like a couple blocks, or is it the whole city?

By god if that is what it takes to save my soul then....
LOVE THEY NEIGHBOR AS YOU LOVE THYSELF!!!!

Now, since I am something of a chronic masturbator, this is going to involve a hell of a lot of dildo's and lubricants and German Sheperds trained in oral pleasuring by the ancient, chinese method that this guy Floyd who lives in a trailer at the dog track came up with. Floyd always has wine and will share it with anybody who can take his constant talk about all 'the bitches' he was 'boning' (he makes it out like he means women, but we all know he is talking about the dogs, who he buys little dresses and wigs and even make up).

Okay, I think I just had a vision from God... Yes, I did... I am commanded to love my neighbors as I do myself, and this indeed does mean that I am going to be neck deep in sweet, young things who taste like Cherry Sweet Tarts. If I am going to do this, then I have to pleasure them as many times as I have myself, so I really have a hell of a lot of catching up to do.... This could take a lot of vacuum cleaners too, not too powerful though... I won't lose any clit.'s on my watch... oh, hell no... not on my watch.

I always wondered what christians did without smokes and drinks and weed and killing whores and setting fires and fun shit? Now I know -- they are loving each other.... This explains those silly empty smiles too. And of course, now I see why now they defend their religion despite all evidence to the contrary -- they will do anything to keep the babes believing in this whole 'love they neighbor as thyself thing...' I sure as hell wish someone had told me this years ago.

This is exactly what I needed to know to renew my faith in jesus and the super friends. Hail Mary's Hymen and heil Jesus and fly, Super man, fly like the Easter Weasel...

A suite of living hamters

I went to M. this morning with my idea to spend the rent money on a suit of living hamsters, trained to kill; told her, "Look, next time someone tries to force me into a van, and kidnap me, they will be grabbing a rabid hamster hell bent on biting." I pointed at my stick drawings showing a man holding a gun on me as a hamster bites off the offending arm (this is an exaggeration -- it actually takes them quite an effort to break the skin at their present skill level, though training should clear this up any day now, I expect).

"How often do people try to kidnap you? You don't leave the apartment except to walk the dog."

"There was an incident ... just yesterday . . . I didn't want to alarm you until I had thought of a solution, like this Anti-Terrorist Hamster Device that I am proposing. Not that I want you to feel pressured into making a decision, or anything, but I really should point out that you more than likely hold the very fate of the apartment in your hand, M.... if not the entire goddamn neighborhood!!"

"Yea, right... I told you already, there is no way in hell that I am going to let you hire a tailor to make little hamster pockets in a suit for those hamsters."

"You told me that I couldn't hire a tailor to make pockets. Thank dog you said nothing about not gluing hamsters to a suit, or I wouldn't even be able to create proto-type."

"You know that I meant, no suit, period."

"No, when you say, "Don't hire a tailor to create hamster pockets, no matter how good the idea is... not that you said it like this... regardless, this means -- don't hire a tailor to create hamster pockets, and nothing more. Sometimes M., it is really hard, for an English Major, like me, to talk to you."

I've just begun to strategize on how to get this Suite Of Armor That Can Actually Attack into production. . . if anyone can think of how to talk some sense into M., you

would be doing me a favor if you gave her a call and tried to talk some sense into her. Every time I try to bring this up again she starts throwing stuff at me. She actually threw the cat at me this morning. A declawed cat, freaked out and screaming, is not something you ever want hurled at your crotch, believe me.

The 89.73 hours that I spent working out the schematic drawings of the suit and researching techniques to drive hamsters stark raving mad were not entirely wasted, I suppose... I just can't help but believe that I am one step closer to my ultimate goal of merging Man and Hamster's DNA into a super being... Oh, if mankind could just have the brain of the hamster!!!! We could achieve so much!!! Like greater powers of navigating habit trails, for instance...

True fucking story, man

PHLEGMY THE MIGHTY MITE

Phlegmy grew up ignorant of his station in life, as a mite on the ass of a fat maid who often smelled of incense from a near by catholic church; all phlegmy knew was that he was young and the whole world seemed to be out there for him to take. Talky tv shows had convinced him, at a very young age, that he would become some sort of famous rock star, like all the mite's he admired on his favorite shows.

He knew this would happen because he could just feel it was so, and all the big stars said they always felt that way.

Unfortunately for phlegmy, his dreams died with him when he realized, quite too late, that the short life of a mite had come and gone and all he had ever done really was sit around waiting for his ship to come in. As he died, his last thought was, 'someday they will be sorry they treated a great poet like me like a fucking lice...'

Of course no one ever did, because I mean who the fuck reads poetry, let alone poetry by mites? I don't think so... I mean have you ever seen any? No. That's exactly the kind of evidence that proves this story is 100 % Fucking True, man.

WORD WHORES

the market that god so mindless and cool

I'll tell the kids to smoke
the aids soaked to poke

give me a big old bag of weed
and I'll write you up a creed

tell everyone you are a saint unsainted
a star fell from the sky

got your dummy books and cliff notes
your self help drivell

tell ya how to live for awhile
if it makes your money smile

i'll write porn for kids
to read about each other

tales for a crazy cat lady
to rationalize the stench of her diseases

let me tell ya about presidents
the green house effect
the whores in Bombay
and the little boys in Thailand

any damn words that you please
I have a high tolerance for sleaze

tell ya whatever
they want me to tell

prop up your crosses and bosses
challenge evolution itself

I'll praise fetuses
and damn abortionists criminal

write out how to hate minorities
and immigrants

don't matter what i think or feel
the market is the only thing that is real

the
death
of
us
all

THE BEST PICK UP LINE IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE

I know a lot of you people who read this have a hard time meeting members of any sex, or even species, to cater to your sick, meaningless urges for the latest hyper-thrill... you rely on that miracle of this century, plastics... Plastic dolls, plastic dicks, plastic clits, plastic balls, plastic crusty but hairs... and the old standard, panties dipped in tuna juice, have really become your best friend... this is fucking pathetic, okay?

Normally, I just really try not to think about the stuff that you people are into ... it leads to... well, a short thrill followed by hours and hours of standing in the shower soaping myself up with lava and screaming over and over again, "I am unclean, unclean!!"

Still, even if the neighborhood dogs had not told me to swear off sex with the living, I probably would have quit anyways. The blood and murder was cool, but... well, sometimes, when I have intercourse afterwards with the warm corpse, I have to fantasize about other stuff... like killing puppies. I love that little yap they make when you cut their throat (though you have to be careful with them, because when they die, their sphincter's release and they actually squirt shit. If you are not careful where you aim their butts while slitting their soft, warm throats, you could put out an eye, man).

Anyways, the pick up line is this....

For proper use, go up to your prey in a public place, where you can most easily start building a false sense of security in them. Do not have any weapons showing when you try this, and for god's sake, just this once, clean your goddamn nails, okay? You cannot be expected to be at your peak killing with rotting intestines under your nails. The smell alone will drive some women away, though puppies will be attracted... 'Yap! Yap!' they go.

Okay, look the 'it' in the eye, and use your best Phil Hartman sleaze voice to say, "Baby, I would like to cut your mother's head off and fuck her throat hole... just like I did my dear old mom." Now, make it out like you

are kidding about this, okay? Making fun of serial killing is one hell of a good way of hiding your actual killing behind a facade of moralistic humorizing... trust me on this.

Confessions of a Celebrity Dildo

Yea, I've been in many a Hollywood hole. Every hole you can think of. Animals? You name a species and an orifice and I can give you ten DVD's of me in action. Seriously. I even did a stretch in the playboy mansion, where I was worn down an entire inch in less than a week by the dense forest of The Hef's anal warts. I've done Madonna more times then... still makes me puke just thinking about...argggghh...rolf, rolf... argghh... sorry. Back in the day, well before she started parking her SUV in her quimby and became a little stretched out for this kid, we had a thang. I mean, I have been around sixty years -- longer than any living fucker in Hollywood. I have been in celebrity asses fine and luscious, stinky and rancid. Been there on their way up, their way down, and their way to their grandmothers.

Watch for my celebrity tell all, which Johnny Pain has agreed to serialize in this blog.

Like he said, "Hey, if you are dildo that can talk, then I am making room for you, okay? I always thought dildos should have little speakers that start moaning when you turn them on." Then he went on a little longer. Well, a lot longer... about nothing... ended up just bouncing up and down on the couch screaming, "Kill, Kill, kill, kill..." "He is always doing that.

Anyways, thank you for giving this small town dildo a chance to tell his story of becoming the preferred rectal insertion device of his generation.

SHE

SHE always dressed in faded black jeans with the knees torn out and sleeveless T shirts emblazoned across the chest with the logos of famous rock bands (who inevitably, mother said, seemed to have the word 'death' in their names). Basically, She was a good girl who did all of the things that good little girls in her land did. Like worrying about

problem-things. Indeed, on the day that our story takes place, She was very embroiled in a problem-thing.

She had just come from a lecture about a problem-thing that was altogether new to her and She was having quite a struggle wrapping her thoughts around it. The new words that she had heard were all floating around in her mind like a bunch of little problem things that she could not make into the very big problem thing that the lecture had actually been about. It was all very confusing, but she was sure that if she concentrated real, real hard, she would eventually understand. And concentrate real hard, she did! Why, she was concentrating so very hard on her problem-thing that when she got home, she ran in the front door and right through the living room. She was moving so fast and thinking so hard that she didn't even notice her family was waving at her from their very favorite spots in front of the television. She just ran into her bedroom, slammed the door shut, put on her favorite CD by The Dead Lovers In Potato Crates, pulled out a cigarette, lit up with her unicorn lighter and started smoking furiously-like she always did when things needed thinking about.

Now, though She did not notice her family when She passed through the living room, they most certainly had noticed her. And when She turned up the CD as loud as it would go, they noticed her even more. The strange music pounded out of She's bedroom right in the middle of Father's very most favorite part of the whole game -- the important half-time talk, where famous sportscaster's express views of interest to sports fans everywhere. Father was none-too-pleased with the development. He caste a stern look down the hall when a creepy, screechy voice screamed, "Death is a cool old fool, a kinda' sorta' thing, baby. Baby, baby, baby, my little baby thing."

This was not the first time that She had turned the stereo up so loud that weird noises drowned out the television. Normally, father would just cluck his tongue a few times and then use his bemused voice to tell little Skipper-Do that he should go into his sister's room and tell her that 'She had better turn that music down if she knew what was good for her.' But not that day. That day Father was very, very angry. Why, he jerked his very favorite hat off his head -- the one with his very favorite team written across the brim, and just threw that prized possession right down into the middle of the living room floor.

Mother looked down at father's favorite hat laying on the mint-green shag carpeting and said, "I guess that it's time to teach that little girl some respect for other people's feeling." Then she reached down into the bottom of her knitting bag and pulled out a long, nasty, old, gray chain.

Father nodded, 'Yes,' and pulled out a lasso of scratchy looking twine from his pants pocket and spoke through gritted teeth in a hissing voice, "I'd say it's well past time," Mother got up from her chair, straightened the lace doilies on the armrests, then looked down at where little Skipper was laying in front of the television with his face just inches from the screen. "Come on, little Skipper-doo."

Skipper was none too pleased by the prospect of having to get up from his favorite spot in front of the TV, and he made sure that his parents knew by saying in his whiniest voice, "Awww, jeez, can't this wait until after the game?"

Mother frowned down at little Skipper and got all stern. "As a younger brother, Mr. Skipper-doo, I should think that you would welcome a chance to physically harm your sister."

"Oh, alright," Skipper said, but as he got up from the floor and followed his Mother and Father down the hall, a dour expression showed his continued displeasure. As they came up on She's door, the creepy voice fell silent and suddenly from the living room they could hear a sportscaster's excited voice saying, "Now, Herb, that is the craziest thing that I have seen in my twenty fond years of being associated with this wonderful, wonderful game. Let me send this back over to you, Herb, as I ask, in your four years of proud association with this game, isn't that the craziest thing that you have ever seen,?"

At the sound of sportscasters, Father smiled and he turned around and started walking back toward the living room . . . then before the sportscaster Herb could answer the important half-time question, the weird music started up all over again. This time louder than ever and sounding like metal rods crashing against each other in an industrial machine. When the music drowned out the important answer to the half-time question, father stopped in mid-step and grew all stiff, then his face and neck turned red and his eyebrows shot way up on his forehead. Skipper watched father closely because he thought steam was going to shoot of Father's ears, like in the cartoons, but it didn't. Father pushed mother and Skipper away from the door and grabbed the handle, "I'll take care of that little missy, by gumption! By-gumption, I will!"

He threw the door open and right then and there three jaws dropped to the ground! She was waving around a cancer-causing cigarette and bouncing up and down like a satanic pogo stick. Her eyes were closed, so she just kept dancing, even though everyone else was mortified by her aberrant behavior.

Mother covered her eyes with one arm, threw the other hand behind her head and stumbled backwards in a near-faint. Skipper jumped behind Mother to stop her from falling, but mother was so very much bigger that he was knocked back against the wall, where he bumped into Father's most very favorite painting in the whole world, the one that he bought at the Starving Artists sale at the Ramada Inn, after going to all of the trouble of scrapping a paint chip off to compare to the browns in all the various landscapes! The painting swung this way and that, then came crashing to the floor. They all three watched aghast as the corner of the Genuine Maple Frame hit the shag carpet and broke into six different pieces.

As Father looked down at that sad sight, he said, "You know, and this is a fact, mind you-it's cheaper to buy a whole new painting at the Starving Artists sale than it is to go to Sears and buy a Genuine Maple Frame."

All the while, She had no idea that she was causing any mayhem, let alone that her very fate was being decided as she danced around, smoked and listened to The Dead Lovers in Potato crates.

When Mother pulled herself back together, the first thing she did was pat little Skipper on the head. Then she turned to her enraged husband and offered a perky smile as she said, "Tie her up, boys! Go on and get to it."

Father rushed into the bedroom and grabbed for his bouncing daughter. Just as he reached for the back of her neck, she shot up, impaling herself on Father's finger nails and tearing bright, red gashes in her pale, white flesh.

"Ouch," She cried.

Father used the scratchy twine to tie her hands behind her back, then he forced her down onto her knees. Mother came into the bedroom strutting like she did just before her

and father went to bed early for noisy intercourse. The first thing Mother did was pull that CD out of the stereo and start smashing it over her daughter's spiky orange hair. She kept up the smashing until Monkey Vomit on a Leper's Little Toe broke into pieces that flew all over the room!

Skipper could not believe how cool things were going. All he could say as he watched his mother was, "Cool. This is so cool."

When Mother was done pummeling, she threw what was left of the CD into the wall, crossed her forearms over her pert breasts, threw back her head and laughed like a jackal. For a long time. Skipper was a little creeped by the time Mother finally stopped. Then Mother put her index fingers on her daughter's temple and said, "Let us all silently pray."

She had just stayed quiet up until then, because everyone in her family was acting so weird, but things seemed to be calming down, so she said, "Hey, I'm sorry about the cigarettes, alright? I've been meaning to bring it up with you, but you're all so weird about everything. I mean, it would be like the tattoos and heroin all over again, and I don't need it, alright? When you guys quit trying to drag me back in time, then we can talk, okay? Jesus, I need to call Margaret. We need to talk about her, too. I figure, as long as I'm young and hot enough to sample anything that I want, you know? No, you don't. Aren't you guys about done praying?"

No one paid any mind to She, as they were indeed all deeply embroiled in their own individual discussions with the Lord. Skipper felt particularly driven to seek the comfort of a deity. He wanted to be forgiven for the sin of breaking father's very favorite piece of art as soon as possible, so that if something happened like a meteor hitting their house and he died, he could still get into heaven without any serious hassles.

When Mother was done praying, she cleared her throat to signal everyone that they should finish up or quit pretending, then she looked down at her daughter and smiled as she said, "This hair! Lord help us, but that is the first problem we are going to have to sort out."

Mother spit into the palms of her hands and began rubbing them down the sides of the spiky orange head. She liked her hair just like it was, so she started tossing her head from side to side and going all crazy. Mother tried to keep straightening the spiky hair into something more flat and normal, but it was impossible with She squirming and fighting. After a few moments or so of struggling with the heavily moussed spikes, Mother finally just stepped away from the struggling She, put her hands on her hips and said in a very, very angry voice, "You will have normal hair." Then Mother looked at Skipper and Father and said in a much, much nicer voice, "Keep a firm grip on her, boys. I'll be right back."

When Mother was gone, She tried to plead with first her Father, then Skipper, but both of them acted like they could not hear her. No matter what she said, they just kept staring straight ahead and pretending like she wasn't even there. It seemed like Father and Skipper had been replaced by people that She didn't even know. She started getting very, very scared.

When Mother returned to the room, she was carrying the re-chargeable curling iron that Father bought her for Mother's Day. She reached down and grabbed a handful of the orange spikes, jerked She's head back to expose her throat, then latched onto a hunk of flesh with the searing, red hot metal.

"Ouch," She cried.

The skin in the curling iron sizzled and sputtered. She started struggling very hard indeed, but Father and Skipper held her tight, because they could see by the look on Mother's face that she was bound and determined to keep burning that neck until she was darn good and ready to stop.

"This hurts me more than it hurts you," Mother told her daughter.

After what seemed like forever to She, Mother finally had enough of that curling iron, but when she tried to pull it away the red hot metal stuck to the black charred skin. Mother had to jerk and pull and twist with all her might, until finally, with a look of sheer determination on her face that warmed Father's heart, she gave a very strong tug that ripped the curling iron right off. A big patch of flesh tore free, as well.

Before mother could do anything about it, the bloody flap of flesh dripped red gunk on the white shag carpeting. Mother looked down at the mess and said in her frustrated voice, "Oh, now look what you made me do."

"Ouch," She cried again.

"Are you going to mind me, young lady?"

She had not liked being scarred for life one little bit, so she tried to say just what she thought Mother wanted to hear, "Oh, yes, Mother. Now, please, can I get up?"

"Well, first we have to do something about these bumps of hair on your head, then we'll see."

Mother began clamping orange spikes of hair into the curling iron and twisting and jerking, until one after another they became perfect curls. When She's entire head had been transformed, Mother stepped back and got a smug look on her face as she said in her tough-gal voice, "Well, at least I managed to get a little bit of that orange under control." Then her voice became very, very nice as she looked her daughter right in the eye and said, "Oh, really, that's so much better, dear. You'll see, you'll like this new look. Especially once you get used to it. I'll bet the boys are going to like you a lot better, too. Why, we have two boys right here, so we can ask them what they think? Say, boys, is this some juicy trim, or what?"

Father made a show of looking into She's face and smiling, then he gave her a peck on the cheek and said, "I forgot how pretty you are."

Mother turned to Skipper and said, "And what about you, Mr. Skipper-doo, don't you have something that you want to say to your sister?"

Without even looking, Skipper just said, "Awww, jeez. Okay, yea, it looks better. You're some juicy trim, Sis."

That wasn't good enough for Mother. She looked down at Skipper and shook her finger right in his face as she said, "Now, Skipper, you go on and take a really good look at your sister."

Skipper wasn't about to disobey Mother when she was shaking her finger right in his face, so he looked at his sister. And when he did, boy was he surprised -- She really did look better. Skipper sounded all excited as he told her, "Gosh, you look great. You really are some juicy trim! From now on you can come to all my games, okay?"

She had never cared for the games, but everyone was just being so weird that She went ahead and told Skipper that she'd love to go. Then She looked up at Mother and asked, "Can I get up?"

Mother shook her head no as she said, . "After that little display? No, no, I'm afraid that you've done nothing to show me that you know how to behave around your elders. You know, we do all this for your own good. So you'll be happy, dear. You're always moping around here, whining all the time about all these moeey things . . ."

"I am happy."

"Happy is as happy does, dear. Listening to songs about death is not a sign of happy." As Mother turned and started walking out of the room, over her shoulder she called out in her tough-gal voice, "Boys, you go ahead and chain her to the bed, and bind that little thing down tight. She's not going to like it when we shove it in."

She thought about trying to fight as Father and Skipper chained her to the bed, but the last time she had disobeyed she had been scarred for life, so she didn't do anything. Even though the chains were so tight that they cut into her skin and made her fingers start to turn purple. "Ouch, " She cried. "Oh, Father, do the chains have to be this tight?"

Father came out of his daze, or whatever, and answered in a voice that She had never heard before; it was a strange and breathy sound, "You just lay there and take it."

She couldn't believe that her Father was going to let the chains keep cutting in her wrists. That day was so weird. Blood was seeping out around the nasty chain, bright red and glistening, flowing in thin tendrils down into the cracks between her fingers. She was ready to try to say something else, but just then a loud whirring sound blasted into the room and startled her to no end.

The whirring sound came from the swirling blades of the Cusinart, as Mother placed things into the clear container and hit the Puree button. Laid out on the kitchen table were all of the ingredients for a very special batter. There was a handy calorie counter that was just the right size for a purse, yellowed copies of Dear Abby columns that Mother had always thought were so right, pictures of models cute enough to make her melt, and lots of other stuff -- even a few things that her own mother had given to her on a day that had been a lot like the day of our story, though a lot different, too.

After a few minutes of listening to the rise and fall of the whirring Cusinart, Father got such a hankering to out into the kitchen to see what was going on, that he did just that.

When Skipper saw Father get up and start silently creeping out into the kitchen, he just had to follow, because he liked to do everything that Father did.

Mother had her back to the door when Father entered, so he snuck up behind her and gave her a big hug. Mother snuggled back into Father and rubbed her buttocks back and forth over his croch, then turned around so that they could embrace properly. Father reached around behind her back and tried to slip something into the Cusinart. Mother did not even look like she knew what was happening, but just as father's hand neared the batter her hand shot out and grabbed his wrist. She pulled his hand out into the open and they all looked down into his palm at the blue Madonna that was usually on the dashboard of the Buick. When mother saw that little blessed virgin, she just broke out laughing, let go of Father's hand and pointed at the batter to give him the old 'go ahead.'

As Skipper watched the Madonna fall down onto the chopping blades and get pureed, he wanted to put something in that batter so bad that it felt like he was going to pee. He was too excited to think, so he just grabbed the closest thing, which happened to be a big mop with a wooden handle that was a good two feet taller than he was. He held that mop up in front of his parents and asked them, "Can I put this in? Please, can I? Please?"

Mother looked at the size of that mop and she just had to laugh-a laugh that was still in her voice as she said, "I think it would be pretty hard to get that in the Cusinart, honey?"

"I can make it fit, Mom? Remember, the puppy, mom? He was bigger than this mop."

Father had to say something about then, because someone had to change the subject. "You know, honey, I think you're underestimating the men in this family. Skipper, you go ahead and give it a try." Then with a wink to Mother, he added, "I might have something else for you to do before you have time to finish the job, though. Go ahead, Skipper, show your Mom that you can get that thing in there."

Skipper climbed up on top of the counter, put his feet on either side of the Cusinart and shoved the gray, swirly mop head down into the batter. When he used the toe of his sneaker to hit the ON button, the silver blades began slamming into the wooden handle so hard that it was all Skipper could do to hold on. Twice he lost his grip and the mop went all crazy, banging into his arms and thighs (but not his peter, which is what Skipper was kind of worried might happen).

As Mother and Father watched Skipper struggle with the mop, they exchanged proud and amused smiles, but it was obvious to both of them that the job was too much for the little boy, so finally father stepped up to Skipper and gave him a friendly punch on the arm as he said, "Son, I have something more important for you to do. Skipper knew that Father didn't think that he could get the mop into the batter, but he was determined to do just that. He used his most confident voice to tell Father, "No, I'm big enough! I am! I am!"

"I know you are," Father told Skipper, "but I have something more important. Go out into the garage and get the funnel that I use to put transmission fluid in the Buick, then take it out in the back yard and rinse it out real good with the hose, okay? This is important, every speck of oil has to be gone - we don't want rogue lubricants getting into the batter, by god no. Rinse It out real good, alright?"

"Dad, first I want to do this. Please?"

Father's voice became sad then, "Oh, I know that you can, son . . . it's just that, well, I guess that I can try to get that funnel clean . . . I don't know if I can, not with these eyes of mine. Getting that mop in there is a lot easier than cleaning a funnel, so I guess you should just do the little boy work."

Skipper thought that Father was being honest, so he jumped down off the counter and started running for the garage. "You go ahead and take care of that stupid mop. I'll make that funnel so clean it'll look just like new."

"Son, I know you will." Father called out after the disappearing Skipper.

When Skipper was gone, Mother turned to father and said, "He's going to grow up to be just like you."

Father's face just beamed when he heard that.

By the time Skipper came back in and proudly displayed a clean, red, plastic funnel, the batter was done. Skipper had meant to tell his parents about getting tangled up in the hose and how the wet spot on his pants wasn't what it looked like, but when he saw the batter he forgot everything and his face filled with a look of wonder. "It's like green snot, but it smells great! Like a fish stick shake, or something! Can I have a taste?"

Mother picked up the bowl and held it out to him, "Go ahead and take a little dab on your finger." Then she turned to Father and did the same, saying, "I know you're just

dying for a little taste." And Father was. Both put the green slime between their lips at the same time and then let out long moans of satisfaction. Skipper liked the batter so much that he even stuck the tip of his tongue under his fingernail to get at a tiny green glob.

"Oh, that's good, dear," Father told mother.

"I could eat this stuff everyday!" Skipper added.

Mother blushed warm at the compliments. She took a certain pride in her cooking and commenting on it was a sure fire way to just make her melt. She looked down right delighted as she picked up the bowl of batter, held it over her head and began a little dance out of the kitchen and down the hall. Skipper and father joined in the little dance, though Skipper quit pretty quick, because he was sure that he looked nerdy.

While her family was in the kitchen, She had been laying in her room, her wrists and neck wracked with agony from the cutting chains. She had no idea what was really going on, but she had seen lots of movies about weirdo's doing really sick things and she could imagine all sorts of stuff that she didn't want to happen to her. She was so scared that she was shaking like she was cold and making a sound like a mouse, "Errrrrk, errrrrk."

When She heard her family come back into the room, she opened her eyes and started to ask to be let up.

But before she could talk Skipper and Father jumped on the bed, grabbed her by her hair and twisted her head, until her ear was pointing up toward the ceiling.

Then Father pulled the funnel out of the waist of his pants, took a firm grip on the red plastic with both hands, and, with all his might, slammed the thin nozzle down into her ear.

Red and yellow gunk squirted out, covering father's arms all the way up to the elbows.

She's eyes shot wide, wide open and her mouth started opening and closing real fast, her lips making a circle that grew big and small, big and small-like a goldfish gasping for air in a filthy bowl.

Mother stepped up and poured the batter into the red funnel.

Inside She's head, the green gunk seeped over problem things and they suddenly didn't seem so important. They were almost gross, like they were bad things to even think about - buzz killers. Then, as if by magic, the batter somehow made the old gray chains melt into thin air, healed the bloody wounds on her wrist and neck, and even changed her clothes. She was suddenly wearing an outfit from the Gap and didn't even want think about child labor (though before the batter she was always letting herself get all upset over the issue; especially when they solved the problem of getting protested about their cruelty to workers by changing their name to Old Navy). Laughing and care-free, she jumped up from the bed, bounced her head from side to side (in a parakeet manner that everyone recognized as mothers), and turned from one face to another, offering one and all as cheery a smile as they had ever seen.

Then she turned to father and said, "Gosh, I guess it's time to dye this crazy hair back to brown. Will you take a chip of paint off the wall of my room, so that I can make sure that I match?" After she explained that she was making a joke, they all laughed. There were big old bear hugs all around, too. And then they all lived happily ever after.

Really. They bridged the generation gap and all that. I know all this is true because I'm paraphrasing a palm size Christian text that was given to me on a bus.

The Pumpkin Pimp

This sad tale of pumpkin pimping occurred three days before last Halloween, though I could only write about the events once the court proceedings were over. Even now, I am under orders 'not to in any way promote man vegetable love.' Like I would, jeez... All because I happened to stop at a road side farmer's market, and like I told the judge, had the misfortune of accidentally running into a vegetable pimp. He was there in court and I pointed at him as I told the judge, "He was keeping those vegetables on the street all day, and all night, forcing them to keep servicing clients by the usual brutal, and horrifying methods of pimping!"

That damned judge just told me to shut up and my attorney started looking all embarrassed for what seemed like the hundredth time (I assumed this constant uncomfortableness on my attorney's part was caused by some psychological damage that had been done to him by a sarcastic clergyman at an all male secondary school in England, and when I indeed asked him as much to prove my speculation, he answered, "You do think that, don't you?" Which I could only take as an affirmation, of course, that he indeed was in a hellish boy's school in England. Funny, he had a strong Chicago accent?

I only stopped at the stand to buy a pumpkin for halloweek related stuff. It was nothing like that veg. pimp said when he testified. The creaky old bastard had the nerve to wear the usual outfit of a vegetable pimp into court-- overalls and a trucker's cap, but when I pointed this out to the judge, he had me gagged.

I'll never forget that old fart sitting there testifying, telling the shocked courtroom, "Now, he came up looking sorta normal... but then he kept rubbing all the squash and moaning. Hell, I thought he was sick to the

stomach... Me and Ma didn't even know freaks like this existed. She is still in shock, you know? Can't even get her to cook any vegetable at this point. No, not a one."

Now, none of this happened ... No, I remember this quite different. I went up to the stand and this 'player' was all like, "We got some real hotties here. These bitches been out in the sun all day, getting hot and ready for you."

When he said this, I didn't even know what this pimp was talking about. He could see I was confused, so he started suggestively rubbing the nubile yet rough and ready exterior of a dwarf pumpkin.

When I realized what he meant, I was a little insulted that he assumed that I only needed a dwarf pumpkin.... This is also when his wife happened to be coming up from the house while on the phone with her daughter, the local mayor, and they both heard me say, "Now, a dwarf pumpkin would barely hold the head of my monstrously large genitalia."

I never would have said this, let alone loud enough that those neighbors down the way would hear, if I was really a vegetable rapist. Everyone knows that.. geez. No, I would keep everything hushy-hush. On the other hand, when your penis has been declared tiny by someone who has no chance of ever being able to see if you are lying or not, one has to declare their manhood massive, if not outright freakishly large. Everybody knows this... except that dam judge and the jury and of course my lawyer.

I had to lie about everything to M.... I told her that I was going to court for punching out a senior citizen because his walker was taking up too much of the sidewalk, again... She didn't like this one bit, but it was believable, because there have been incidences... and this is a hell of a lot better than trying to explain to her why my pet name for her is Squashy. Thank dog M. had to work on the court date. I came home from court and told her I had been found innocent, because I paid off a nurse's aide to give him kaopectate and he couldn't leave the toilet to testify. I knew if I said something criminal, she would respond with her usual wariness about being charged as an accessory and tell me not to tell her.... yes, it worked.

The real trick will be convincing her that my campaign to stop the greenhouse effect from being the latest sin of the 'wealthy don't give a fucks' (a campaign I will keep up until it involves more than spouting a few

words), is now evolving into a plan of action, with me going out and picking up garbage along county roads. I added that I should wear a bright color, maybe even orange, and that if I could get enough people to go with me, we might even qualify for a police escort?

She seemed to buy all this... we'll see. Knowing M., she'll do something sneaky like read the paper tomorrow and see that damn mug shot of me - - where I have one eye closed, one half open, tongue half out, long hair inexplicably standing straight up on the sides and top.... they even have some kind of special camera that was able to show my six hours worth of stubble!!! The cop who took the mug show was like a reverse artist -- he had to take like eight pictures before he had one ugly enough to be a mug shot. And of course under that vile photo will read:

GUILTY OF VEGETABLE MOLESTATION...

Squash Sodomy...

TEN HOURS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE IN A VEGETABLE FREE ENVIRONMENT....

They'll probably quote the judge making his asinine remark after the trial, "Hell, if I could, I would keep this freak out of every vegetable aisle in this country. I sure as hell hope he runs from a cop or something on his way home. You hear me, sheriff? I said I sure as hell hope...."

What the judge didn't know about the sheriff was that he shook my hand once when no one was around and told me, almost in tears, about the love he had during his teen years, for a small summer squash named Ethel, who he had to horrifyingly enough watch rot away....

President Grows Increasingly Incoherent.

President Bush appeared last night in public for the first time since he went into hiding -- after breaking down and crying last week on the Larry King show, telling the host, 'I am feeling kind of bad about ordering the army to kill all the animals. Dammit, I had to shoot my own dog to make the point!! That's fucked.'

W. appeared last night in front of a friendly crowd at a dinner honoring the men who honor honorable men. With his wife by his side, Bush told the meeting of jovial, mostly Texan, republican donors, "Hey, I've been drunk for like a week, okay? Anything I said during the last week, anybody tries to hold me to it... well, even bring it up, and I have a little nuclear buddy right here in my briefcase that I'll have one these agents suicide bomb ya with. These guys are all speed freak ex-seals, man, they'll do like anything. They'll eat anything, too. I mean it. Give me one of them microphones!!! Right now. Go ahead and eat it. Isn't that part of survival training, learning to feed without a chow line? You won't? What the hell? I mean what the hell! You'll take a damn bullet, and you won't eat a microphone? Jesus. Somebody shoot this fucker for desertion, or something? What? Oh, yea, honey, just.... Okay, okay.... You don't have to eat it, but I'm not rescinding the order to kill ya. You know what? I'm fucking bored and that ain't gonna do."

Bush then abruptly left the room.

When reporters asked republicans what was meant by the latest speech from the increasingly erratic W? Sources close to Bush had this to say about the president, "Anybody who knew him back before he was forty could have told you that there was no way to lock away that party monster forever."

CELEBRITY ANIMALS WHO HAVE FUCKED THEIR WAY TO FAME.

I guess I should come out with an opinion on this 'hot' topic that is sweeping across the blogs... Well, we all know Spuds Machenzie owed everything to certain oral technique which he first perfected on himself and then used to take Hollywood by storm... He had free beer!!!! For life!!! How many fucking dogs achieve that??? None. So, I don't blame him . . .

He sure could lick lap. I'm sure everyone has by now seen the tapes on the net of him lap loving Paul Schaffer while he was on the Letterman Show... I guess he had been up smoking crack and licking himself for like a week before the show, and just kind of staggered over to the band and his brain blew out and he jumped on the stunned though obviously pleased Mr. Shaffer.

Spuds never did come down they say, just sits in that hospital all doped up on thorazine and very, very slowly licks his ass over and over. . . I hear that he gets day passes out to visit the Playboy Mansion and his Scientology Auditing, but I guess he still just sits there drooling on his own privates no matter where he is... Sad case. Like those Corey's who used to act in stoner movies like pot heads though they were really like heroin addicts? They do the same thing, but on the streets. Spuds at least knew to save his money.

So, after thinking about Spuds a bit, and seeing that amazing, amazing oral artistry he once had and his now slow, ineffective manner of licking his soft bone... well, I just feel sorry for him, I guess. I mean who here can say what they would do if they could lick themselves?

The classic tale of animal whoring always was and of course always will be -- Flipper.

I don't know if I can add anything to the whole 'blow hole' scene that emerged out in Hollywood at that time... I mean, that horny sea stud, I have a poster of him pumping Tyrone Powers in the ass, while James

Dean hip whacks his blow-hole and Shirley McClain licks a pickle sticking out of his ass... Everyone bought that one... but, besides the well known stuff... I happen to have heard he was the one who first gave Drew Barrymore Blow...

They say she crawled faster than any of the other infants at the commercial tryouts. Yea, Flipper was the one who convinced Drew's Mom to drug the tot and let Roman Polanski baby-sit and all this other shit that lead to her unique and quirky brilliance. The Flip took her mom out, and just for a goof--for an anecdote to tell to his jaded celebrity buddies, he got her stoned on acid and weed and hypnotized her into giving her kid speed and letting her hang out with Michael Jackson and that damn chimp that he has butt fucking him 24 hours a day (a habit he picked up from Elizabeth Taylor, who actually eats the monkeys through out the day and is always calling in for more).

When Flipper died, everyone said he od'd, but no... That's just less embarrassing than the truth, I happen to know he died from rectal bleeding, after getting fisted by a bull elephant that he kept all methed up and chained by his pool.

Oh, well... this topic saddens me so. I wish animals could get parts without having to sleep their way through production office after production office, but that is just the way things are done. I mean, every time I see a pup on some commercial, I know that it isn't an innocent, oh no... Not after being on the hundreds of couches it takes to make it in that business. Poor little lap lickers. Remember them around the holidays, and for those few blessed days, try not to throw shoes at them when they start licking themselves... for the animals, dammit!!!

THE SCOOPIDGE:

It was like 6 am in the morning when the red phone rang, the one W. had installed when he determined he could mooch weed off me -- a very dark day for this little old liberal, union boy. I pick up and he's already screaming.

"YEA, AND, MAN, I JUST GOT A REPORT FROM THAT DAMNED DRUG ENFORCEMENT BURRO THAT YOU GOT WEED. Man, you said you would call me when you had some budidge? Wait a minute, secret service dude, if we are getting this information from a burro, and I know burros, screwed me a few in Tijuana... thought they were ugly dogs. Burros are donkeys, dammit, and those are goddamned democrats!! Fire the burro and get me an elephant to do the drug enforcement. Who is this?"

"W., don't you ever buy weed? I mean, you're the president, so..."

"None of these fuckers smoke up, here, man... and they wouldn't give me any if they did, man... My mom, the old gray tank, she'll cut off their balls. She says it makes my eyes red on the camera. Bitch ho. She cut up the 'chuckles' on my first couple connects. Now... hell, I can't find a damned banana peel. You got any of those?"

"Banana peels don't get you high."

"Snort enough coke with em, and sure they do. You liberals really are so full of shit. I been smoking banana peels since I was thirty, man... got started while I was screwing this chimp... thought that was an ugly chick. For years, man . . . kept her chained up in the basement, like dad does with the women he screws around with."

"W., they let you have coke, but not pot? That's fucking crazy."

"Coke keeps me cocky, pissed at them fucking liberal maggot breaths... hey, maggot breaths. That's... what the hell was I talking about? No, what were you talking about, I mean?"

"Why do they let you use coke, which is like, a terrible drug? And then the little weed, which enhances rather..."

"Made em agree to it before I would run. I told dad, said, look pops, I gots to have the brewskis and the nose candy, but other than that... I'll do whatever. Hell, sure, I can send thousands of kids to their deaths to get revenge for you, dad... At least I think that is the way it went. I get my briefs every morning in the form of little cartoons they draw. Only way I will read anything. That's in my little agreement too. They made me sign it with the blood of a dead hooker, which is how the skull and bones sign everything, even grocery lists... shit, quit talking about the skull and

bones. I have nothing to say about them."

"Uh, okay."

"I'm glad I could clear that up for you, fine American."

"You forgot my name again?"

"No, you're... checking the phone records for something, not your name, no... Guy With Weed."

"Well, like I told you, I let you smoke some more of my weed; you got to let me lead a team of navy seals in to Bahrain, to take out Michael Jack-Off-Your-Son."

"You promise you will kill those damn lamas?"

"No, dog dammit, I will not... I keep forgetting you will forget everything we talk about. Tell your secret service guys that I get to kill the child fucking freak?"

"Yea, you heard him.... it's all on speaker phone, so I can color. What the hell are you talking about? Painting doors? Yea, yea, I am definitely for painting doors. What the hell? I mean, what the hell? We're discussing painting doors? Why the hell do you keep calling me? Hey, we're right outside your place."

I pulled the curtain aside and it was true, there he was crawling out of a black limousine that seemed to literally be stuffed with slutty dressed whores of all shapes and sizes and ethnic back-o-ground.

I hate the man, but what can you do when someone will have your pets killed if you don't pick up the phone? He means this shit, has all kinds of people across the country getting their asses kicked for dissing him in the past. Like he started with people who gave him the quote 'evil eye' in kindergarten. It's like, everyone in his class. He was known, like some idiot savant, in college for being able to remember everyone's names. Who knew it was because he put them all on lists to get their asses kicked -- at the behest of his mother, of course... the true power behind the Bush Dynasty (remember when she said the people in the Louisiana disaster were better off since they were poor and had less to lose... ugh... pictures of lives long lost are worth more than their mansions. Rich folk get so sick, especially the dynastic ones... the bushes go back to pseudo English royalty... in fact, we are more than likely related... as much as this sickens).

Two secret service guys burst in. One grabbed Buk and held a knife to the squirming cat's throat, the other grabbed ruby and held a forty five to her head as she licked his hand...

W. always does this because he thinks I have a tendency to Bogart, which I do not, and he swears a pet will die next time. He always forgets this, but his secret service guys don't. They love to kill small animals. I asked them about it once and they were all like, "Uh, that's for training."

"Why do you masturbate while you're doing it, then?" I asked these two of them, all dressed in black fatigues and dark sunglasses and field hats with the floppy brim pulled down over their foreheads.

"In case we are called on to rape someone to death. Happened to my dad all the time in Nam."

"Yea," the quieter one added, "we do it because one day, we may have to protect... your children."

"I don't have any children."

"Did you kill em? I know how it is... They get to yelling and you pull a knife out of your boot and gut em, then cut the ears off and wear em around your neck and dance, just dance until you can't dance anymore."

"No! Goddamn, it...."

But that was another day... Today, I met the W. at the door and just gave him my weed. I can always call up Spike and get more. The agents then tried to leave with my pets, but I called em on it... with my fine little black Uzi aimed at their balls (a present from the W., meaning he needed weed so he took a gun off one of his bodyguards and gave it to me pretending it was a thoughtful gift.. and he will never pay that guy back, you can just bet). W. grabbed the weed without a word, went back to his limo. When he opened the door, I caught another glimpse of the whores, and a flat screen showing porn that was so disgusting I immediately repressed it and now, in my memory, see only happy dancing bunnies on the screen...

W the Drunken Prez. and the Flooded States

Some Days Ago In Crawford Texas... President W. woke that morning pissed off at animals. All animals. With the exception of humans, who he did not know were animals.

He had dreamt again of the Chicken. A terrible, horrifying pecking hellion with the head of his father, and the body of his mother, complete with the same gaping pink and gray vagina -- which oddly enough, was in the middle of the dream chicken's chest. This same dream had bothered his father from time to time, and ever since W. read about the dream he kept having it, or he thought he did...

The W. swung his feet off the bed, slipped into his 'Tasmanian devil' slippers. He called them this because he had drawn a little stick figure on the inside of the shoes tongues that to him meant the Tasmanian devil, who W. had vowed to one day make talk about being a communist; something his dad had informed him of once as a joke, that he had secretly diverted millions of dollars into researching, through a think tank run by the very bellboy at the white house that he had happened to tell of his scheme. Him and Ralph were going to have the last laugh on all those fools in the Texas legislature who tried to stop him, foiling him at every turn, on his quest to prove the red belly of the Tasmanian devil.

"I will slip my feet right down that Tasmanian liberal's throat, crush my feet around inside his intestines like some damn wine making foot guy. Yeah, that bastard and all his little supporters in the animal kingdom. King dum. Ha. The king dum. Dum king. Donkey... hey, I'd like to ride a donkey. I wonder if there is some sort of presidential donkey? No, it'd be an elephant. I'm sure there is one. And if'n there ain't, somebody's ass is mine."

The w. looked at the secret service agent working the boogie man shift, who was charged with looking under his bed and in the closets before he could sleep so no ghosts or boogie men could be found, as his proud father had had done before him, and how he someday rather confusedly hoped his dog's puppies would one day be...

W. insisted that the crack agents who pulled the boogie man shift had to be the best trained. A slight moment of misjudgment and the W. would come falling down off his bed. He had a habit of rolling off the bed that his family had long ago solved by hiring one of their men to stand by the bed rolling him gently away from the edge. He secretly marveled at people who were able to sleep in a bed without falling off, but he figured as long as this was his only fault, he was fine.

"What's your name?"

"Wilbur Climend."

"I know you?"

"I have held this post for just a little over a year, sir, so you can hardly be expected to remember me."

"You'd take a bullet for me?"

"Sure."

"My wife?"

"Well, I guess?"

"What about that damn dog?"

"Well, there is no hard and fast rules on pets..."

"How about hamsters? Say I get the wifey a hamster to prattle on to, what then? Huh? The first hamster. Man, the presidential first hamster was to get shot down, why that would be a blow to kids all over the country who keep hamsters. That is one bipartisan supported issue, I'll say. You like to kill hamsters, don't you?"

"Well, only to stay sharp, sir... during war games."

"Whore games? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I enjoy strangling hamsters as much as the next guy, but..."

"NO, whores?"

"Sir, I am not at liberty to discuss killing whores with you. Cheney's orders."

"Damn!! I keep forgetting. I haven't killed that many that I remember, and besides, that was all like almost a year ago.... The damn liberal press would still crucify me on that one. Normal rich guys kill all the hookers they want, but no.... daddy had to become a politician. Shit, I don't know how the hell I put up with this shit day after day. I didn't have booze and coke; I'd be out of here. Seriously."

"Everyone knows that about you, sir."

"Damn right they better. I could do whatever the hell, now that I'm famous. I bet I could even get a guest spot on the Osbournes, or one of them other intellectual debate shows."

"Sir, umm, I have been asked by Cheney to tell you that... umm, there is a matter that he is going to have to discuss with you?"

"How many goddamn times do I have to tell that bastard what the word vacation means?"

"Something terrible has happened, sir."

"Red or blue state?"

"Well, a blue... Sir, I'm not sure."

"Terrorist shit?"

"No."

"Then I am still on vacation. America wants me back at the job; I'm going to need some kind of hourly bonus. I mean, I'm salary, okay? I see no

damn reason to come back to work. Unless some terrorist ass needs kicked."

"Sir, New Orleans ... um, eighty percent of the city is underwater. Thousands are dead."

"Not more than 9 11 I bet."

"Well, how much to you want to bet?"

"Hell, I'll bet the goddamn agricultural department."

"Okay, it is... "

"I'll need proof, and there is no way in hell I am looking at proof or any other of these facts and shit, until I am done vacating the presidency."

"Yea, but Dick said. . . "

"Wait, you don't even have a note from my mother about this, do you?"

"Well, no."

"She writes you a note, I'll read it." The w. told the agent with an uncharacteristic air of resignation.

"Well, she says this is just the poor people who don't vote Republican, so...."

"Goddamn it!!! She told you that and you come in here and disturb my vacation? Can I have you shot?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I can tell ya Not until my vacation is over!!!!"

SOME DAYS LATER...

When W's vacation was over and he was in the mood to 'do something,' he got to fly around looking at all this cool storm damage. As he did so, he commented to Cheney,

"Black bastards did most of this themselves, with the looting, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, why the hell am I supposed to care?"

"Orders from your Mom."

"Oh, yea... shit, what happened, we flew all the white people out, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have to tell ya, I hate all animals, damn terrorists they are... with their suicide bombings and kidnappings and... but I bet it would look good to the schmoes out there if we save some of these dogs trapped on the roofs around here."

"We're still getting out the people, sir."

"Black people?"

"Well, yes..."

"Damn it, Dick, this is why I am president. People want to see dogs saved, but unless one of these blacks is like a principal server in your kitchen, or someone else you can't really live without... otherwise, you know, they're probably on welfare, or pregnant or aborted. But when it comes to dogs, well people love that shit. First campaign I did, one of them I think I might have even lost... I shot a dog to show how damn serious I was about getting this job. It was a goddamn dog, who the hell would care? I learned my lesson about Texas, though, and next time I run I shot a cow, and that was okay. Used a shot gun."

"Yes, Mr. President, we all know how tough you are."

"I learned all this in the jungles of nam."

"Sir, uhmm, the whole Vietnam business need not enter into..."

"You still don't believe me?"

"No."

"What about my witnesses?"

"Those were just some tourists that you brought into my office, after paying them a hundred bucks a piece, and from what I hear your mother is saying that cash is coming out of your allowance."

"Dammit!! I need to find me a bar where no one has heard of me. That used to work for me... before I had to come save the whole goddamn world from Hassida Massida, and his evil ass henchmen. Just like goddamn Dudely Dooright, I am. Hey, can we watch some cartoons?"

"After your nap."

"Where does it say nap on the note from my mom?"

"Right there, sir."

"Well, okay, shoot me up with sleep juice, and have my beaners ready when I wake up... I got to down some speed, cause I am a man in need... Deed. Indeed. Hey, what does indeed mean in the native German?"

W.'S ROBOT TWIN ADDRESSES NATION

I watched the presidents speech tonight, you can imagine how surprised I was to get a call from the W. himself. "Hey, asshole... got any weed?"

"I thought you were on tv?"

"Oh, that's a fucking robot, man. My dad had that made while he was a working with Reagen, so he could run the damn thing for president, should I decide to do something else, you know?"

"Like travel around the world killing hookers?"

"How the hell did you know that?"

"You've told me this like ten times."

"Well, fuck ya then. And all you damn liberal weasels. You probably think the flood did all that damage down in New Orleans, don't you?"

"Well, yes..."

"That was all the looting, man. The water didn't hurt shit."

"What?"

"Look, man, I gotta go check out some of those new whack off devices that I have RAND corporation coming up with. I got them and like twenty think tanks working on this shit... maximizing my pornographic experiences, you know? Shit, man, I am styling. What the hell did you call me for?"

"To tell you that I um...well, I don't have any weed at all. Not even a bud... for me, that I can't spare...."

"Don't call me unless you got weed. Rock on, weasel balls."

Then he hung up. I sure as hell wish that guy would quit calling me, but I'm afraid to say anything because he has a tendency to have so many people killed.... I never should have told him I can get weed.

PRESIDENT RESIGNS TO 'COLOR' PROFESSIONALLY

In a bizarre impromptu press conference today, a disheveled president Bush announced to shocked reporters that he was quitting the presidency to take up professional coloring. "I am all about the coloring now. It's just what I do, man. And staying in the lines, I can that if I want. I don't have to. Where do I sign up to become a professional color guy anyways?"

At this point the president's mother called him back into the white house.

Dick Cheney was later seen out back of the white house burning large stacks of coloring books, while from open windows in the Oval office, reporters could easily hear a cranky president throwing a hissy fit and screaming over and over, "Want to color!! Want to color!! Want to color

WHAT IS IT WITH CROTCH SNIFFING?

Quite often, when I am walking Ruby Dog, she will sniff some babe's crotch.

Often these cutey pies just melt into cooing and petting Ruby and laughing.

Yet, when I politely ask, "Do you mind if I have a sniff?" They act like I am an axe murderer.

Humans. Thank goodness, once again, for the whole marrying into the marsupial species thing, with my little quimy, Betty Lou Sue Chantalice X. Opossums don't care -- you can sniff them anywhere you want. Seriously. They smell different in different places.

CONFESSIONS OF A BLOG FLAMER...

Life is hard when you weigh four hundred and fifty pounds and have pimples going off all day, exploding all over your face and chest and ass... Not to mention my allergies, which keep my nose seeping snot all day long -- I try to keep a handkerchief handy, but still my shirt cuffs end up crusty with nose juice. I stopped combing my hair and bath sporadically. No one cares as long as I don't leave the basement.

If not for all the internet porn, no girls would ever expose their scrumptious curves to me... not just because I'm so buttfuck ugly, the only thing I have ever been good at is the game Galaga, which is not even cool -- and hasn't been for like ten years. Well, and having sex. Just, ah... with myself, you know, but still... I'm pretty good.

During rest periods between shooting jiz on the carpet (mom thinks I keep spilling glue), I surf around on the net leaving crushing flames on all the blogs that I can. Sometimes, while I have the page up, I pop a pimple on the screen, splattering your images with white, stinky puss. This makes me feel almost as good as when I made assistant to the assistant manager at the dairy bell and got all power mad and . . . well, it doesn't matter what happened, the last time I worked, you know... like ten, maybe, years ago...

Sometimes my teeny dick even gets hard when I leave a crushing missive on some poor souls site. I then pull up the playboy shots of Buffy's Cordie Chase, and do the nasty with myself. Yea, boy, I am good, often whacking away at almost uncontrollable speeds... there have been accidents, nearly fatal.... Anyways, that's enough about my exciting sex life.

Well, have fun surfing around out there--if you can, now that you know a one time assistant to the assistant manager at the dairy bell is going to be dogging your every step....

MAD DONNA EATS ANAL WARTS WITH MAGGOT PATE!!!

Yea, someone with an English accent told her it was cool. He was kidding, though this went straight over her head, of course, of course. Oh, well... it keeps her servants amused when they watch their bitchy boss eat squirming maggots and pretend she likes it. That dum rhino horn butt fuck of a diseased slut!!!! Here's the latest rancid, runny shit to drop out of her

festering, puss filled herpes sores covered poo spewer. . .

FROM SOME NEWSPAPER:

Mad Donna's charitable toward Tom Cruise. "[Tom and I are] both in the take-a-lot-of-shit club together," says Her Mad-gesty, who feels they're both persecuted for their fringe faiths.

"I don't really know what Scientology is," says the dedicated kabbalist. "But I don't think anybody else knows, either. They need to shut the [bleep] up."

"HEY, MAD DONNA, YOU DUM DISGUSTING PILE OF RANCID, REEKING, WART CRUNCHY, FLY COVERED CRAP... SOME PEOPLE DO INDEED KNOW WHAT SCIENTOLOGY IS! WE ALSO KNOW HOW TO AVOID STD'S -- SOMETHING YOUR BLOOD AND PUSS DRIPPING QUIMBY SURE COULD USE.

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT SHE SAID:

'NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THIS SCIENTOLOGY IS?'

DOES SHE EVEN LISTEN TO WHAT SHE IS SAYING?

Of course not... she hears only her own whims

That she thinks she is smart is so funny ... she really thinks she is smart--which in her case proves she is dum. Go figure?

She gets this odd impression because the sycophants on her pay role say so. So do the kabbalists, since she gave them 18 million dollars to fund their cult-- that act alone would put her on the Psycho Killer Shit List... had she not already earned a spot when she forced Sean Penn to act with her.

ISN'T THIS JUST LIKE A NARCISSIST TO ASSUME THAT SINCE THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, NO ONE ELSE DOES?

And why does she think she is in this 'take lots of shit 'club, ANYWAYS? Because she deserves to be buried in piles of steaming, creamy cat crap... and drown.

TINY TOM -- THE ARDENT ASS LICKING UNEDUCATED TWIT FOR BRAIN -- CRUISE DOES THE SAME thing... The L-Ronbots hate psychiatrists so much because THOSE WITH even MINOR TRAINING IN DIAGNOSING BORDER LINE PERSONALITIES AND NARCISSISTS CAN see right through these 'sub- supposed to be housing 30 different aliens in their bodies. Sickos and Zealots can make you believe anything when they brain wash, which is a tried and true scientific phenomena that works on anybody who ends up in evil hands for the proper amount of time... a very, very slippery slope that YOU BETTER STAY AWAY FROM!!!! read THE PHISIOLOGY OF BRAIN WASHING AND par silly's,' and medicate them right out of this mental hell . . . where they are CONVERSION if you don't believe me.

I will kill anyone I know who gives money to them; take out their family if they join... I sent out very nice cards announcing this to all my friends, with a little note inside describing the schools their kids go to, their grandparent's favorite restaurant, etc.... Signed in blood. I would advocate shooting out the windows of their reading rooms if I could be sure no one would be hurt and it was legal.

And it will be legal, when I have enough hamsters to wipe these mental diseases off the face of the planet and replace them with an hour of hypnosis and frequent breaks for sex and weed, yo yo-ing and Frisbee. BOW BEFORE THE LAW, OR SUFFER!!! SUFFER, I SAY!!!!

By the way, Mad Donna (the virgin mother? She's MORE LIKE THE 'HO MOTHER') wrote a children's' book about how wealth wasn't everything, after spending her whole life whoring herself out to fill her pockets with money and the radio with her crappy music.

I hear her pussy is so stretched out that she carries her luggage in there, and the baby... which has a little oxygen mask and designer wet suits that make it look like a penguin, and other animals... the wet suits are all covered in nubs like Ho-Momma's favorite French tickler. His oxygen tank also has a valve to release knock out spray, which little brained Mad Donna uses all but maybe an hour a day, when she is the mood for kids.

Sometimes, if she is not in the mood for kids, she has them put in a coma for a few weeks. I guess the older they get, the more often she does this. She claims she is going to knock the girls out at eight (which is when she first became a slut), and then keep them down until they are ten years old and still virgins, which will be some sort of family record, or something...

Money sure does make available a lot of options that us poor, sane folk will never have... boo hoo, boo hoo.

SPREAD THEM WIDE FOR CHRIST

By Guest Columnist

Gilford Tuttle

My Jesus is Buff and has a blond crew cut. Yours better be too, or you are going to hell.

I am a Christian warrior, a savior of all white fetuses and a follower of the one and true, well muscled and white, short, blonde haired Jesus H. Christ. I am known throughout churches in the greater Fort Wayne Area as the first lay minister to campaign against the long haired, hipped out versions of our Teutonic Deity, Jesus H. Christ. I am proud to say that I have in the works a t-shirt, which will show Our Son Of God as he was, is, and always shall be? with a short, blonde crew cut and a strong, manly physic. God is on our side and prayers assure me that we will destroy all the false images of Christ that show Him looking skinny and weak with the long, curling hair of a harlot. A prophet at my church had a vision that Satan himself designed this demeaning view of Our lord and savior, and then inserted this blasphemous seed into homosexual artists by acts of sodomy. And yes, that prophet was me, too, though I don't like to say because I am,

like I like to say, One applaudingly humble soul. Like they said at the mail order seminary school, where I paid 87.45 to become a licensed Minister and be certified to sell My White Lord brand bibles, 'my handwriting is legible,' so to speak (don't be afraid to look this word 'legible' up -- I had to, and I am blessed by god, as my minister said, with the ability to say words to other people). Legible means clear, concise, and perfect. I am legible. No one could deny this, anymore than they can deny my ability to write better than anyone who has now or ever before lived.

I wanted to use my first column here to make you aware of the Blonde, Buff Christ Almighty, who is said to have balls as big as mountains in heaven. In the course of the next few weeks, I am going to convert you. God has told me as much in my prayers, so this is written in stone. Some of you don't know how lucky you are to have read these words, though I suspect many of you have already realized as much.

Let's start by me repeating something that really woke them up in the pews on the day when I said this during open testimonials. My Jesus is not a satanic, hippy, Jewish homosexual! No, not my Jesus. This should be enough, I am told, to convert even the most devil riddled heathen, and that it does not speak of the immense powers of the long haired Satan!!!

I am also here to once more bring you the very best literature, coupled with brilliant thinking, and impeccable spelling. You are all wondering why someone as brilliantly talented as myself has appeared in the Mucky-Muck of this blog? I say this knowing, from years of thinking about how my greatness affects those around me and using a brain that I dare say, if you are reading this, you could hardly even imagine having, that if you did not start reading this in awe of me, you were after a few of my glorious, memorable, quotable, rather deliciously tasty words. Not that I am trying to say that I am the ultimate judge of my writing; no, that would be my wife and she knows here stuff, teaches kindergarten down at the church school.

My wife is so damned smart that you would be amazed, just stunned into

silence--unless I had spoken first, stunning you even more, I must add for the sake of honesty. You know, she says she didn't need books when she was a kid and still don't need them now, and after praying to Jesus our lord and savior (no matter what kind of blasphemy you have been reading in this one sided, radically liberal, marijuana propagating excuse for a blog.), she learned while one with the spirit, that she should never use books in the church school. We brought the pastor in on that one, and after much loud prayer and speaking in tongues by our two year old, the Lord Spoke to Us and said all they need is the bible while they are in school, because Satan is in control everywhere except our church school and it was best to influence them now, when there is still a chance that our girls won't become harlots, like most eight year olds.

My god, I wish I was you, sitting out there being stunned into blessed euphoria by my words? oh, well?

Oh, yeah, almost forgot --as far as you are concerned, you really should know that in the end time to come; only our congregation of fifty-three will be saved from the burning, fiery pits of hell.

I should explain a little more about our two year old, who thought was just babbling, until he Minister declared one night that he was speaking in tongues, and you can bet we were all pretty happy to have witnessed a miracle in our church, let me tell you!! A miracle was performed long before the preacher came, so I have now, yes, performed a miracle. Not that I mean to toot my own horn, but this really is remarkable, to most. Not that this came as much of a surprise to me, because I always assumed it was just a matter of time on this one. I mean, I am in the presence of miracles everyday, you know, little one's done by God, like when I needed to call the electric company and get an extra three days and they did it!!! What a miracle, praise him, praise him? me and the wife just couldn't get over how nice it is to be blessed in the lord that night; no, we kept pointing at different electric appliances and saying things to each other, ?You know, we would not have a working toaster, without the blessing of the Lord.? And so on all night, until both of us were quite pleased to have this broad suburban lawn and all the ceramic various statues that adorn our oh so humble abode (which isn't really as humble as I always make it out to be, of course, but that is just the way I am? which is of course the way you should be, if you expect to get into heaven and pump iron with a

blonde Jesus with balls the size of mountains!!!

Now, I should write that I see my mission in the Elves Attic as not only to bless you with the salvation of your soul and my brilliant, uncannily astute views, no -- I will be adding some of the Lord's brilliance, as well, though you will never know the difference, of course, because my often ?interesting? thoughts (as this check out girl I talked to once said), are the product of god using one of the best minds.

. Let me end this with the message that I had put on buttons to hand out to my Sunday school classes, and I urge you to do the same at your church (Jesus just told me that he will be very pissed if you don't): GOD WANTS YOU TO SAY NO TO HIPPY SATANIC JEWISH HOMOSEXUAL JESUS OR HE IS GOING TO LET SATAN PAINFULLY ASS FUCK YOU FOR ALL ETERNITY.

Please go in peace,
GILFORD TUTTLE, WHITE, CHRISTIAN, COLUMNIST.

EXCERPT FROM JOHNNY PAIN'S BOOK:

THINGS I HATE AND REALLY, REALLY WISH I COULD KILL, AND
OTHER FACTS. VOLUMN TWENTY, PAGE 7, 456, 432.

When my imminent demise takes place, I want to be cremated and have my ashes taken to a big party hall filled with waiters walking around with trays of joints and drinks of various viscosities, a death metal band playing, and everyone I loved or tolerated and of course a few strangers who are just there for a munch and a buzz. One point of this Death party will be to have a good time, and make those who would otherwise be crying, laugh a bit -- that would be my greatest achievement since toilet training... oh, that I were joking... I suck so much, jimminy... Now, beer drinking will be a big part of this event -- everyone must drink at least three big frosty mugs, to properly pressure their kidneys into spitting yellow streams, and there will be only one toilet open to these pee'ers at this party.

In that lone bowl will be my ashes, specks of black and chips of bright white bone floating in the increasingly yellow water... (and no, you porno's, this is not a golden shower, so don't even go there -- for dog's sake, my mom will be there!!!).

This drinking in and streaming out will continue until everyone has had a chance to piss on my parade for one last time... then I will be flushed down the toilet, where incognizant bits of me can travel the rivers, soar up into the clouds, and come back down and become sap in a tree (which is really what I wanted to be when I grew up, before everything went so horribly wrong).

After this event, it is my hope I will be remembered with a chuckle and the mind mutter, "That dude had a pretty funny funeral." With any luck, this death party will be so weird that when I am brought up, it will inevitably be spoken of first -- which will be a supreme improvement over other notorious stories that might come to mind, believe you me. . .

OUR GOD RALPH

The Rise Of Ralph essentially began one Million, two hundred thousand, four hundred and twenty seven years ago, when a group of hunter gatherers were on the run from a larger, and thus more aggressive tribe; chased from their traditional stomping grounds, they faced many perils out in the unknown wilderness; lost good friends and family to beasts human and otherwise; in the end though, as was want to happen back then, when there were still great tracks of land unspoiled by man, that after nearly a year of barely scavenging up an existence and seeing the very young and old die off, the weary survivors of the tribe came to a fertile plane of rich, black dirt nestled between three mountains and accessible by only two small paths; their elders searched the nearby creeks and woods and finding dung from deer and bear and beavers a' plenty (and, more importantly, no signs that other men were living in the valley), they decided to settle there and start planting corn and beans and raising dogs and cattle.

Near where they settled was a grove of majestic, ancient Cedar trees on a small Hill almost dead center in the otherwise flat plane of a valley, and there lived the god, Ralph. Or at least he was there that day. Back then Ralph had a lot more plant than animal friends.

The villagers discovered their God one sunny afternoon when they decided to harvest the cedars and suddenly found themselves being hit by lightning. The villager's asked the spirit for forgiveness, and of course never messed with the Cedars again.. After the initial shock of losing a few men to Ralph's wrath over what he saw as his friends about to be killed by some new infestation, the tribe got together and decided their best course of action was to win the god over.

As was the way of people back then, they were used to the gods who inhabited various streams, rivers, mountains, animals, and etc... Like people still, they had always wanted a God of their own, and here, purely by chance, they had stumbled on a God without the usual religion filled with humans who drove them off as being 'unchosen.'

Ralph himself was somewhat uncomfortable with the situation until the villager's turned him onto a type of moonshine that they made out of whatever local fruit they could scavenge. Ralph, like all gods, loves getting a good buzz on and the idea of humans bringing him booze on a daily basis was too much for him to pass up. They asked him for small favors that were nothing to him .. a lot of it was just normal, like the change of the seasons. What he could do for them, mostly, was make rain if they needed. For a myriad of reasons the least of miracles for Ralph was changing the weather.... Or at least this was a miracle that Ralph could be counted on to do. He refused to let himself become some kind of tool for the humans to use. He knew some gods who did this, and it had always lead to them having their followers attacking someone to take over more land, win more followers... because God's could actually

gain strength on the weird plane the humans existed on by having followers... inevitably they ended up all too tangled up in human affairs for the interest of Ralph.

The God's took a celebrities interest in how their humans looked at them... or at least, most did. Ralph was as unique as all Gods are and he had different notions on things. Live and let live, he had always told himself. Fight if you have to, but.... He was not about to spend all his time being a war god.... No, he liked to party, tell jokes, zip around the world seeing the sites.

Most gods, being basically like needy performers with, for lack of a better term, 'god complexes,' were always trying to one up one another by smiting this and that follower of another god, or making someone else a saint . . . Ralph was almost unique in being the one god who really didn't have much ambition, and so he stayed out of all of this religious tomfoolery until he discovered the wine... Parties... and a genuine fondness for the humans. They completed him in a way, though mostly their perception of reality was one Ralph liked to slide along using to remain in the humanly realm, instead of having to go to the bother of making up his own universe, which was a lot more bother than this God was about to go through. He is a beast of great passions and loves and endlessly curiosity, which gives him enough charm to almost make up for his lack of real power in the pantheon of gods.

As will happen when power is splashing around the ethereal plane, a few Gods rose to the top of the heap, like Allah and Yahweh and Morton Smeed (the latter who is now forgotten, though he was once worshiped all across the planet in complex call and response ceremonies that were made up entirely of 'burps,' which are known to historians to have been not only quite transcendent, but also cured warts on or about the left toes).

Ralph thought the gods who were scrambling around gathering worshipers' were wasting time better spent playing with puppies or kittens or little kids, at times... in others banging on a set of drums he had... particularly after drinking a lot.

Elders of the Church, admitted, in fact, that Ralph. was kind of a slacker when it came to Godding. He really didn't care if he had a lot of followers or not.

God's need only a few followers to exist, and Ralph had enough for his purposes, and would have lived and let live if the other, nastier gods, would only let him. . . He simply wasn't into all the blood and gore that the other god's seemed to get off on -- bringing them back to life intact was a simple matter for the God, though quite unsettling for the humans involved.

In fact, he was the original pacifist God, at one time... or at least he had gotten drunk and talked to Jesus about how non-violence was the best path for humans, period... Jesus took a lot of Ralph's drunken sermons and pieced together the Sermon on The Mount -- which is why they are so oddly peaceful when compared with the curses Jesus was known for throwing on people for the slightest of slights -- you did not want to serve him cold soup, oh no... that was leprosy, at least).

No, Ralph did not care for domination at all, though his ideas on pacifism did change after the human population explosion. In fact, as more and more species became extinct around the globe, the god Ralph grew more and more misanthropic and partial towards killing for whims, like most gods.

Ralph wasn't big on telling people what to do.... either. The other god's couldn't get enough of making up laws about this and that, and sometimes they even thought they were doing the right thing; but way more than half the time when a priest asked Ralph a question about the after life or whatever, he would just kind of shrug, and then make it out like 'man wasn't read to know,' though anyone who knew him well knew they were just being blown off because Ralph was bored with the conversation. People expected all the mysteries of the God's to be revealed to them and that simply couldn't happen, human brains were simply too small to even begin to explain the mysteries of the universes, so Ralph barely bothered, though he certainly was a strict advocate of animal rights, and did enforce a number of laws about how they were treated.

Ralph could see a bit of the future, of course, like all God's, and through the hundreds of peaceful years his tribe co-existed with him, as he protected them from the elements, did a few water to wine tricks... etc.... and basically grew close to the humans, he knew that one day the peaceful tribe would be taken over by one of the blood thirsty armies of human's that the other ,power-tripping Gods and Men were always putting together in their never ending need to enlarge their audiences, and thus feel more loved and worthwhile and powerful in the earthly realm.

The material earth existed on the only plane not actually created by a god. A chance event that none of them had foreseen, because before earth they had forever lived in planes of their own creation. Come together here, on what started out as essentially neutral ground, the gods were only as powerful as how many human entities they could draw energy from during prayers and other, sometimes surprising, human activity -- such as bowel movements.

Ralph liked earth because he didn't have to make everything up himself. In the forever time, he had grown a little bored with concentrating on keeping a universe together, and when the earthly plane appeared to them, during the event humans call the Big Bang, he had welcomed a chance to watch something besides what was essentially his navel. He also liked having someone to talk to. Gods had never thought to talk to each other.

They started doing so only on earth. Ralph was in fact the first god to inhabit the earthly plane, and was the first to learn that making friends with creatures like trees would let him remain on the planet. It was a small step from there for a god to look into a human and see the implications of the dawning consciousness for an answer to the question that had begun to haunt them in apehood --- why do we die?

Early on, some years he would get behind on the harvest and the villagers would literally spend days in prayer getting him to come down and make their fields grow, yet on the other hand he never asked for sacrifices or really much of anything beyond the occasional dinner invitations and to be present at all parties. Hardly any of the villagers seriously even considered converting.

The day came when the inevitable army of men covered in steel rode stallions down into the village and began cutting down the men, raping the women, and stealing the children and wealth, as the Christian and Muslim god's had them doing a lot back then -- as well many, many gods long forgotten by man.

Ralph did what he could, but he wasn't very powerful when compared to the other prayer inflated gods. He gathered up one family and took them into an astral plane, keeping them there until the marauder's had all passed and the vengeance of the attacking God died down and then landed them in a safe village afterwards, where he was able to conjure up a job for the father.

Ralph followed that family then, all down the eons, to present day; part of their secrecy was to keep all knowledge of Ralph from the children, who were only told on their eighteenth birthday about their god, Ralph. Ralph tried to make a good impression at such times, usually would shave and tuck in his shirt and make himself smell like something pleasant, like sandalwood. He had a hard time keeping a straight face through all the mumbo jumbo that the various priests had built into the ceremony over the years, and this seemed to endear the new recruits to him. He would give them a few miracles to seal their faith. Something of a guardian angel, and something of a smelly houseguest, the God Ralph has all the normal tenants and rules of any religion, but Ralph could seldom be bothered to remember them in the best of times, and for the last few hundred years he had been smoking weed around the clock. Huge fat Rasta joints that never burned down.

Ralph requires one person in the family to write down his exploits, as must be done for god's, so that when he gets bored he can read back on his accomplishments (god's do this a lot more than they ever admit). He chose Mugully Foolip for no other reason than alliteration.

Everyone told Migully that there was an honor that went with being the scribe of a god... But Migully was not so sure... there was the practicality's of bunking with Ralph, -- who could be meddlesome. He also refused to pick up after himself or clean the bathroom -- and for a god like him to do a task like cleaning required about as much effort as half a human thought. He could just think, 'make it clean.'

Migully bitched at him at first... but bitching at a god is a tricky thing. Ralph was known to lash out and give people an extra arm, or make one of their eyes explode. Migully learned his lesson the day he tried to get Ralph to clean up after his nine cats and was turned into a large turd for the day. It was not a mistake he made again. Like most human's, he just ignored his god when he could, and dealt with him when he had to... which was more than he liked, because of the scribe thing.

"Someone is at the door, Migully." Ralph didn't like the sound of the doorbell, and it was an annoyance that he blamed entirely on his scribe.

"Who is it?"

"Okay, I'll check... fucking Mormon."

"That's like the third this summer. Don't you think it's about time that you smite one of them? You zapped those scientologists on their first trip here."

"Man, can't this wait until there's a commercial?"

"He's going to ring that doorbell again in a second."

"Okay, okay... there, I just made him spontaneously combust. His fellow missionary is on the lawn right now hysterically wetting himself. Shit, I deserve Nachos or something like that when I answer prayers."

"Really?"

"Yes, that is a tenant."

"It is not."

"Sure... something like, Verily bring unto my altars nachos slathered in near-cheese."

"I've been your scribe like less than a week, and already... well, you're tempting my faith, Ralph. God's aren't supposed to lie."

"We don't lie, we change the truth. It's really all the difference in the world. Remember that day that I made you into a cat terd?"

"I still gag when I think about the inside of my mouth being cat terd."

"Unless I get some nachos, you are going to be terded out for like the next week. You can write that up in your scriptures and preach it, man."

"Really?"

"What did they tell you?"

"Anything you want me to write down, I write down."

"It's scripture now, baby."

"Are all the god's as... cavalier as you?"

"Would you rather I rule on abortions, or nachos? Keep the peace, man.. A lot of those gods who you think have all these cool rules, have no better idea than anyone else how you humans should live. You came into existence. You need to just exist, without us telling you what to do. That's slavery, dude.... I'm mellow like this ... the exception, because of the kind of grove that I originally inhabited."

"Cedar, right?"

"No, we just put that in after that movie Reefer Madness came out. It was a grove of pot. Nice red, hairy buds."

"Really?"

"No. But that sure would help the taste of those nachos. Put that in there, too -- verily, nachos must... something like, come with holy weed and some sort of smoking device that is not a pop can and a bit of aluminum foil poked with holes."

"Look, I'm sorry about that, okay?"

"Tell you what, get the nachos and put a bong on my altar, and I'll forgive you."

"Okay."

Later in the day, after weed and nachos, Thus Spoke the God Ralph: "I am sure that you have heard of De-programming, Muggily, where a cult member is taken to a hotel and fed big Mac's and forced to watch soap operas and Jim Varney films until they are as normal as the rest of you humans? Well, why doesn't anyone do this with, say, the Mormon's? Or Seventh Day Adventist? I mean, you could even show these Catholic priests a little hetero porno and maybe save some little arse's from being sluiced with Jesus juice. Why not just deprogram whoever you want and then program with a better religion... one that gets pot legalized and shit. Humans have to vote such things, and you know I don't have the power... I'll need your help snatching enough people to make this effort worth my while."

"Snatching people? What does that mean? NO, the Cult Awareness Network got sued over deprogramming scientologists or something... why go to the bother. " This was the kind of moment Muggily dreaded... everyone had warned him to be careful when trying to dissuade the god from one of his nefarious whims, and he had already spent a day as a terd after complaining about the cat smell. "Uh, Ralph, and wait a minute, isn't the Mormon god a little stronger than you?"

"Man, you don't know shit, do you? They all become like mini gods.... That's why I can smite them."

"Like the Jehovah Witnesses?"

"No, they have a god, he's just too into coke and Viagra to give much of a shit at this point. Like Buddha."

"I was an atheist until I turned 18 and we had the Shumbagogo. I never would have believed in any god, let alone you. The more I get to know you the better off I think I was."

"Careful, Muggily, as a god, I think of killing you as only slightly more serious than swatting a mosquito... slightly, ever so slightly. So, scribe, just listen to me... I have now gone back in time and a couple months ago I decided that it was high time to start deprogramming some Christians. I thought and thought and thought about things that can radically change someone's life; something they could convert to instead of their silly myths; something that would hook them, like religion did... finally it came to me -- I'd make them crack addicts. I figured, once I got them addicted to crack they would have to steal and prostitute themselves to support their habits, which would cause their moral compasses to shift all over the place, eventually shattering their lying paradigms and breaking them out of their little 'Denny's Prayer Brunches Mania.'"

"Man, you really hate Brunches."

"Let no man say other.... they really are soul killers, those brunches. You throw in backgammon and you are on your way to the hell realms, boy. Here's my plan for deprogramming thee twerps, okay? I started with two Mormon kids, a scientologist, and a kabbalah -nut... the Mormons were the first, because they were riding along the street, so I took this van and ran them over, breaking enough bones to make them easy to push around and get in the van and all. I then drove them to a crack house, and had them shot up with heroin, making their pains all go away. Now, I have them on a constant diet of porno and south park, and they seem to be responding well, going from having gag reflexes and shaking their heads to laughing maniacally and masturbating with impunity. The others are coming along nicely, too."

"What do you mean, you . . . started?"

"Yea, I went back in time, just now.... and started this last Tuesday. You have to remember these conversations for later, scribe. Okay, where...after their bones have healed in horribly mangled ways, they will be in pain for the rest of their lives and thus horribly messed up on pain drugs and as ready to hate god as some... I don't know, wombats, I guess... they are the real hardcore atheists of the animal kingdom, of course."

"Really?"

"Mugily, you will believe anything, man.?"

"Where are these Mormon's and what did you say... scientologists and kabbalah-nuts... that you're experimenting on, exactly."

"Oh, I took them to this place I know across state, so you wouldn't get up your brethren and start meddling, like you did when I was growing that Mau Wai."

"You almost got us all arrested."

"Like I would let that happen."

"We never know with you, Ralph. Sometimes you are right there with what color to paint the car, and the next day you can't be bothered to save the dog's life."

"I have never let one of your dog's die un-naturally."

"Just the humans?"

"There are too many of you, Mugily, by the reports of your own damn scientists. Next I am going after a catholic priest. I will attempt to change his sexuality, and if that works, break their Bingo addictions."

"I think you should just go to a movie or something."

"Too late. Just write shit down and enjoy the ride that is Ralph, okay? Got the nachos and weed?"

"Is that all you ever consume?"

"Yes."

Mugily sat down in the cat scratched black leather coach that had been so pristine when he bought it a year before and had been totally trashed after just six days with Ralph's unruly, spoiled felines. The room was beginning to smell from the litter again. He was having to change it almost everyday to keep up the illusion that the place did not smell of cat, like he secretly suspected and was indeed correct about, though he would never know because his friends and relatives were just too damn polite to tell him -- not to mention, they all kind of felt for the scribe in Ralph's life.

Scribe's often came to bad ends, a miracle gone awry -- once only half of a scribe showed up in Puerto Rico for their annual Smiggly Soo Pen reunion... the other half of the poor man never was found. While Ralph could easily have fixed such errors, he sometimes simply was not 'in the mood,' and there was no reasoning with him at such times. He was a creature used to playing with his moods, trying to keep what he often referred to as, "The Big Chronic."

"Hey, I don't see you going out to the kitchen to make me an offering of Nachos?"

"Can't you just conjure these things up?"

"You know, I'll bet no one makes Jesus get his own nachos."

"Can you introduce me to some of these other gods?"

"What, you shopping around now?"

"No..."

"I was kidding, but you are only particularly so... Sometimes reading your mind makes me fucking sick. Oh, don't go there even in your.... now your just thinking nachos, in cheese sauce, trying to throw me... oh, chili and cheese. I think you need to go down to the Tex Mex Chix and get some of those Beaver Meat Cheese Nacho Supremes and I'll ... bless you, or some damn thing. Verily, verily, I say -- goeth in search of Nachos... but first, get something to poke the resin out of my bong and change the beer in there. Verily, verily, I have spoken... whoo, whoo, whoo."

"That used to make your priest's shiver?"

"No, shit. It was funny, man, so... you are not scared enough of me, you know? That will probably lead to my accidentally killing you. Well, half accidentally killing you. Oh, I'll see it coming a few days before hand, and I'll think about changing time, tell myself I should... then, it'll be too late and I'll content myself with a new cleric."

"Uh, okay... really?"

"Sure."

"Did you really get the munchies and turn a scribe into Taffy and eat him?"

"Now... I can change anything into Taffy, at any time... why the hell would I waste a scribe?"

"I just wondered."

"Is that in the scripture somewhere?"

"I don't think..."

"A lot of that shit, I was way too drunk to remember much... you know, how you get all serious and melancholy sometimes... well, when you're a god, you get like this, then you get to exaggerating, as gods do... next thing you know, you've got the book of revelations. Yea, that was me. The Christians pretty much took whatever they found, drew a smiley Jesus face on it and called it their own, you know?"

Mugily's neighbors are just the normal, salt of the earth kind of folk that you find out here in the heartland of america... There is Ritlip, molester of plants and hater of noises from small children. He is haunted by his super power -- the ability to hear his neighbors tiniest doings.

In the apartment above him was Hiplo, who is obsessed with pouring tins of left over tuna water on panty displays at upscale boutiques (most of them have his picture up in the break room with a 'mace on sight' order, and he indeed gets maced all the time). In his spare time, he lives out a disability he got after taking some psych tests once when he was thinking about joining the army... or the navy... he couldn't remember after awhile and was known to occasionally get stoned on cough syrup and have one or the other branches of the armed services tattooed on his body. In his spare time, he likes to sexual stuffed animals.

First floor front apartment was Jakolp, a hot shot, celebrity janitor with a local cable show where he displays pictures of what clogged up various celebrity drains and toilets. Shocking and grotesque, his show is the highest rated in the public access market, with two or three letters a month pouring in from fans. He is a Yugoslavian immigrant who was a reknown heart surgeon in his own country, and resents like hell that he is treated by the stars as their 'toilet toy' (though he was not above copywriting the name, putting it on business cards, and all the other sound business practices that it took for him to take the celebrity janitorial world by storm).

In the basement apartment, which is even with the streets, lives a foot fetished out freak, Kiplo, who has paintings and busts of feet filling every space of wall in his place. Suspicious stains on the carpet in front of some of the paintings are explained away as 'glue spills,' though no evidence of actual use of glue has ever been discerned. He is the seeker among the dullards, a guy who thinks anyone who gets a job and has kids and lives a normal life of decorating the garage with power tools was part of a vast conspiracy that was vaguely related to a plot by Beavers to cut human water supplies and return their god to the throne of earth, which he was knocked off when man developed opposing thumbs. He is sure that one day he will find enlightenment, that it will come as a surprise in a box of cereal. This he eats all day and night, and weighs around four hundred pounds...

Kiplo covers his walls in tin foil so it looks cool with colored bulbs, and though no one can stand the cold, cerebral yet ever so slightly trashy look of his apartment, his neighbors are too afraid of pissing of 'a crazy' to say anything more than the usual polite nicities.

Their lives were basically your normal one. They had allegiance with a local gang for protection, paid the cops off, kept up on our health insurance, cashed their govchecks and used their stamps. They hadn't even had a water abuse ticket for like three years, before Ralph.

Their tranquility was shredded the day his eleven cats came ripping into the apartment... he even brought a dirty, disgustingly full litter box with him.

In less than a week, Ralph had started a religious experiment with brain washing, purely to try to get them to stop ringing his doorbell, though after all the trouble he caused for

the humans around him Ralph would have hardly admitted such a thing; .He had managed to bring the full wrath of the Mormon church down on their heads. The High, High Mormon, Mormon council was convinced that all of the residents of the building were part of some 'Ralph Cult,' as the newspapers were calling them. There sort of was a cult, too, so this made defending themselves against this charge all the harder, of course (though the cult was actually a mind control experiment of Ralph's, where he was deprogramming mormons). Soon the Scamatologists and every religion that Ralph had experimented on, were searching to snuff out the poor residents of Mugully's building. Tying their fates, inextractably, from Ralph == they kept getting killed and having a God around to resurrect is a big boon.

A lot changed when the Bush Monarchy took over the world and the rich moved to the moon (finally answering the question of why they didn't mind polluting it all those years -- they'd been planning on moving to the moon for hundreds of years, and considered the environmental destruction of earth 'a jolly good joke on the disgusting, smelly masses'). No more wars, no exploitation, no working sewer systems, and few jobs... luckily, with the rich gone, the mechanical types easily created machines to do all the work so mankind could spend more time exploring such subjects as daytime television soap operas. Some god's were so appalled by Bush letting their beloved earth fall into disrepair that they tried to stop the family from taking over the world and putting a monarchy back in place. . .

Ralph found out about the whole thing way too late to be of much use to the resistance that sprouted up... though to his credit, he entered the fray knowing full well that they were going to lose. Jesus and Allah were of course the main combatants. They ended up splitting the Moon and banishing the other gods to the sludgy, brown mess of a planet that their industrialization, and moon moving preparations, had developed.

The atheists just figured that the chaos of the universe had kicked the meek in the ass again... god worshipers blamed their gods... some were cursed right off the earthly plane that day... Cursed away entails of course being sent to the nether, where nothing is substantial unless the god's make it -- which is a lot more work than Ralph wants..

But that felt like ancient history at the moment, as per Ralph's rather slipshod godding, the entire apartment building he lived in was being attacked by no less than four major religions... the Mormon's had found about Ralph's experiments with brainwashing, which he did on a whim simply because they rang his doorbell too often... a mistake he would never admit -- in fact, he was already changing history enough that he looked like a victim -- to himself, at least.

At the moment they are in a bus at a very high rate of speed, blowing through red lights and in fact ignoring what is generally thought of as the rules of driving... at first, whenever a cop got on their tale, Ralph was killing them in spectacular flame filled accidents, until Mugily protested that they were just doing their job. After some grumbling about how the human population was causing suffering to the penguin, who

Ralph made clear were to be revered as 'nature's goddamn clown, man!'. "But you are right, Muggily... I'll resurrect the dead cops and send the others across state. No, to Tahiti. There. That's fucking good karma, which is bullshit."

Ralph was no great driver in the best of times, and as he flew down the highway at 120 he was also drinking a beer and rolling a joint. Muggily was by then quite sick of being killed in accidents and resurrected.

"Ralph, there is no need to go this fast. The Mormon's are never going to catch us."

"Oh, I'm not worried about them. I already know when and where they are going to catch up us, remember, I'm a fucking God. I'm just kind of getting off on driving fast."

"You know, that is fine for someone who is impervious to pain, Ralph, but when us humans die, that shit hurts. I mean, you reattached my head three times today.... and I'm going to puke if I see my intestines splattered on another road. Seriously."

"Man, I should fucking smite you for pissing on my buzz. In fact get out ..."

"No, not the scripture..."

"Hey, you are the fucking scribe of a god, have some respect."

"Okay, don't give me a second asshole or something..."

"A second asshole, eh?"

A shout of surprise from Kibo in the back made clear to Muggily that the temptation of surprising someone with a second asshole had been too much for the god. "Oh, let their asses be, dear lord, Ralph."

"Don't get sarcastic with me. Uh, oh... looks like a gas truck up ahead. Get ready to fry boy..."

"Noooo.... ahhhh... ugh... huh..."

Once Ralph resurrected and healed everyone, including the truck (which took him mere seconds), Muggily was once more sitting in the front seat, staring down at the road pouring into the windshield, dreading his next death... when Ralph suddenly spied a sign for strawberry pie and changed the truck into a helicopter which kind of zig zagged over farm houses and fields before smashing into the parking lot of a small country restaurant. After resurrecting and healing everyone, they all sat down to some scrumptious pie, and none could help but thank Ralph for the particularly tasty strawberry's, and while he was quick to accept their praise, he had nothing to do with it...

On the run from the vast Mormon Mormon High High Counsel, and a crack team of ninja scientologist lawyers, some crazy Kabbalah killers lead by Mad Donna, Assface Kurcher and Demigod Moore, the God Ralph and his often unfaithful followers are trekking across the welfare and robot-worker propped up 'Land of the Once not so free but now really a bit Too Free,' post-Bush world (meeting culture after culture that had sprung up among those ... 'left behind' ... when the Bush Monarchy moved the rich to the moon and created The Very Very White World). After three days of driving at speeds upward of 150 miles an hour and causing dozens of accidents that forced Ralph's followers to go through numerous painful resurrections and healings, came to a part of the country that is filled with trailer parks.

Trailer parks stretched throughout the mid-Americas for thousands of miles on all sides, and little was known about the inhabitants. Leading into the labyrinths of mediocrity was a road filled with bags of garbage, old car parts, and a number of surprisingly well kept up garden gnomes in various holiday themed outfits. Ralph of course sped up when he saw the barrier and was disappointed when the bus smashed right through.

Immediately the world almost seemed to turn on it's side... all the people they were seeing were grossly malformed.... eight arms, three heads, four huge ass cheeks... and not some few of them seemed to have goat horns, and a few had their legs, ears... All of them were extremely fat.

"Yuck," Mugily said. "What the hell is wrong with these people?"

"Descendents of hillbilly's and white trash and the meth armies and.... Basically, the normal were eaten by the deformed and stupid enough not give a fuck... plus, there is no government in place here to stop inbreeding... and the walk to the neighbor's was too far for them. gGoats were closer than the neighbors too. Usually that doesn't result in offspring, but all the inn-breeding and this strange beer they drink has actually managed to make their genes stupider than normal. They all weigh over three hundred pounds. You notice that?"

"Of course, I noticed. They look like huge warts on the landscape."

"They would probably look better as warts. Yes... they... would."

"Ralph!!! Do not make them ... into warts... you just act without thinking, and though I know you know the future... I actually go through deaths... and..."

As he spoke, two mountainous women in tube tops and short shorts standing outside of a trailer became huge, bloated red warts. Mugily expected this to enrage the others, but instead they non-chalantly began breaking pieces of the warts off, rubbing them on their genitals and then eating them."

"Oh, god... Ralph, tell me they don't consider that seasoning?"

"They're just seeing where the wart fits best. You fucking humans and your gland rubbing and juices spurting... " The one thing that Ralph found disgusting was human sex. The gods looked at it like humans were basically puking vile juices on one another while flopping about all slapstick -- Mugily suspected this masked Ralph's jealousy over not being able to connect on a deep emotional level, but he was wrong.

" They'll eat the evidence in ... wow, they devoured those warts."

"Can you bring them back?"

"Why?"

"Yes. Good point. What's with all these obese Elvis statues?"

"They worship the older, dissipated Elvis. They try to look like him. Mostly they just watch soap operas, drink beer and have family oriented orgies. Very Zen people."

"Don't stop anywhere."

"We have to. I've already told Elvis's ghost that I will talk to these people on his behalf. He doesn't like being the patron saint of Gravy and Biscuits. He wants Cadillac's. I'm going to see what I can do. I loved Hound Dog. Once played it for fifteen years straight. I'm going to give them some more warts to eat, to ... uh, make friends."

"Ralph, don't piss them off. Can't you see they all have shotguns in their pick ups and those little confederate flags that on their bumpers, the ones that declare -- 'Too Stupid For History Class.'"

"Mugily, my scribes usually do what I tell them."

"And look where that has gotten you Ralph? We've got Ninja scientologists, mad cap Mormons... that whore Mad Donna... all trying to kill us. They've already succeeded like twenty times and I am so sick of feeling my own death.... and they'll kill us again if you keep warting these people."

"I'm just trying to make following me fun. Forgive me for enriching your pathetic little human life. Well, I guess we should stop and talk to them."

"No, let's just keep..."

"Hey, look, a statue of Elvis with a chicken wing hanging out of his mouth.... Oh, reading their minds is pretty gross... all they think about is beer... and their sisters, mothers, uncles... wow, I thought you were sick, but these humans. . . All they eat is gravy and biscuits... barbecue their dead at big, ritual parties where the women flash their breasts and the men flash their... these guys have big asses."

As the unwieldy crowds gathered around the Bus, Ralph took the PA and began speaking to them: "Listen, we don't have a lot of time... first off, I am Ralph, a god, and I am here with news from Elvis. He wants you to give up goat fucking, first off."

Hearing their beloved goat fucking maligned by an outsider pissed off the Elvi Peep's (as they called themselves). Enraged cries of, "What? Take away goat fucking? That's blasphemy!"

"Only one touching my goats is me, and peoples who can trade a sheep or a large cat."

"Get him!!! Make him fuck a goat!!!"

Ralph waved his hand in the air and bongs suddenly appeared in the hands of one and all... "Here, this is my special blend. I want you to put down your beers, inhale the weed, and lose your four or five extra asses, okay?"

Beer cans and rocks and small children began to pelt the bus as the angry crowd threw whatever was close at the interlopers who were threatening one of the profound tenants of the Elvi -- 'No Goat Shall Go Unsodomized.'

"Look, you walking warts... Elvis has spoken to me, okay? Why the hell else would I come here?"

"To fuck goats?" One of the crowd asked?

"No, you see... I'm here... "

A commotion on the edge of the crowd caught their attention. Then a group of black clad ninja's and hippy looking people with red garrotes could be seen trying to fight their way to the bus. The commotion died down almost as soon as it began.

"Ralph, what is it?" Mugily asked the now seemingly bored god.

"Oh, the wart people are eating the scientologists, cabalists, and Mad Donna and her hanger ons. They're already sending out replacements after us."

"People of the trailer world," Ralph told the crowd, "We brought this offering of folks to ritually sodomize and barbecue as a way of showing our friendship. Now ... there... you are cured of your impulses toward goats and relatives."

Cries of approval immediately began to come from the crowd.

"Hey, Elvis never shared his drugs..."

"Will you bless my gravy and biscuits?"

"Thanks for making me despise my uncles asshole, Ralph."

And lots of other affirmative remarks which helped to quell the trembling in Mugily's bowels that he had been feeling ever since learning he was distantly related to the white trash that he was sure would eventually ritually sodomize them, which they called 'stuffing,' and then cook him up in a barbecue.

Later that week, as they drove out of the other side of the trailer park, the ghost of Elvis tearfully saw them off, then went off to be reincarnated as a common, garden variety toad, which had been the earliest and most pure dream of his childhood.

After curing the inbreeding and goat fucking tendencies of the Elvi-Peeps, Ralph and his not really all that faithful followers drove the RV through miles and miles of beet fields. The beets were getting on everyone's nerves, as beets tend to do. . . especially evil beets, as these surely were. Ralph finally changed them all to bushes growing little lamb heads but no sooner did they kind of laugh at his miracle then there was a loud crack of lightening, the sky turned black, and the beets were back -- and this time they seemed even more menacing.

"Shit." Ralph looked about nervously, which made Mugily the Cleric very, very, very nervous, because he had never seen or heard of Ralph getting nervous.

"What is it Ralph?"

"Those damn Elvi-Peeps are praying to me... oh, no... they've made me THE PATRON SAINT OF NOT FUCKING YOUR Uncle's ASS.... Jesus is jealous. You know all the 'no god before' me crap he is always preaching. Their prayers have unwittingly made me powerful. Getting the attention of the man is the last thing I need, Mugily."

A thousand foot high visage of a storming and raging Jesus Christ appears in the road in front of them, surrounded by millions of angels armed with swords spewing orange and yellow fire.. Under his breath, Ralph whispered to Muggily, "Jesus is such a fucking drama queen... hey, ooh, I'm Jesus, watch me cure some leper's. . . there is nothing to curing lepers."

Without bothering to stop the bus from careening down the road at a hundred and fifty miles an hour, Ralph flew up and out in front of the huge Jesus face and told him, "They are not worshipping, me, man... they are just confused by the loss of Elvis, like all Hillbilly's they believed he was immortal."

The bus carrying Ralph's followers crashed into a viaduct and they were trapped in the gnarled wreckage slowly broiling to death.

Ralph tried to explain to Jesus that he was in no way trying to get followers or anything of the sort -- "You know me, man..." He told the enraged deity, "I can barely remember to keep my fifteen alive. Half the time I can't even remember to do that."

Jesus, seemingly having none of Ralph's explanation, raised his arm as if to smite.... The sky turned black and a howling wind blew up... then, the Robed one started laughing and all the angels' joined. Ralph, we had you shitting in your pants, didn't we, Ralph!!!! Ha, good old Ralph, never too quick on the uptake are you?"

Ralph explained all this to his followers when he next resurrected them to continue eluding the Mad Donna, Assface Kurcher, Bouncing Tommy Cruise and the Demi-God -- who have already killed them all dozens and dozens of times, and more than likely will again and again...

The Blessed Rv was stopped at a boarder crossing run by seven foot tall, burly pigs. They spoke perfect English, in mannerisms that were recognizable as human. The guards were looking for Jewish or Muslim names, and then forcing them, in small tent chapels set up just for this purpose at every crossing, airport and train station in the country, to either convert and pledge allegiance to the god of the pigs, Porky, or simply disavow human religions all together. No one was actually thrown out for having one of the two prejudice filled religions, because everyone knew the policy; people who were unwilling to say a few otherwise meaningless words simply stayed out Pigland.

Mugily had no idea such a beast existed and at first thought Ralph had changed them into pigs, and he half expected them to look at their hooves and start screaming, then kill him again. Constantly being killed, often horrifically and slowly, had torn Mugily's mind a bit-- broasting in the burning RV once for forty excruciating minutes was a particular motif in his reoccurring nightmares. A twitch under his eye bothered him immensely, got him to habituate, when talking to other people, to holding his hand up over the offending tick -- an un-natural position which actually emphasized the tic to whomever he was talking to.

Others were showing much more outward signs of stress of being on the run.. Kiplo the food fetishist had taken to stringing shoes around his neck, waist, arms... he had red high heels and black, shiny combat boots and slippers and moccasins. The Toilet Boy To The

Stars, the once cocky and proud celebrity janitor, was constantly cleaning the Rv, often for up to 36 hours at a stretch. When he was asked why, he would get all abusive and superior, once telling Mugily, "You can live like this if you want, but not me, man. I will not live in filth. You think you know shit. You don't know shit. I know shit. I seen some shits." He would then keep up his mutterings for hours. It didn't take long for everyone in the RV to learn to just step over and around him as if he were a sleeping dog.

Ralph too was a little disturbed at the moment, though not about the deaths of the humans, which he considered insignificant since he could resurrect them. To his god ears, the humans complaints about the agony of their deaths was pointless whining about the human condition. When Ralph talked to Jesus, he thought he was talking to an old friend, until it was revealed to him, in the cruelty of the practical joke Jesus had played on him, that they were less than friends. Indeed, Ralph had realized then and there that the other gods thought he was stupid. All because he had chosen to just be a part of the physical environment, to accept and kind of relish it, rather than attempting to make it like his own realm.

After the pigs passed them through, a shaken Mugily started to ask Ralph a question, and as always as his mouth started to open... the answer appeared in his mind.

The Rising was behind the first pig out of the blur of a low intelligence. They believed that just because humans were the first species to employ the benefit of high intelligence and speech capabilities, that gave us no right to effectively stop the evolution of other animals by keeping them tightly penned and stupid in a life track going quick from a womb to the slaughter house. They conducted their experiments completely off the map, on a small island in Indonesia patrolled by a vicious private army.

The first Pig, Heeply, after being educated and socialized, was quick to accept that they had been eaten -- after all, the pig had never been above eating a human. The hatred of the Jew and Muslim, though -- that still lived on, even a hundred years after the eating of meat was effectively banned by the Un. This riled the pig, like any prejudice will the demonized party, and after many years...they started petitioning the Un to stop the Jews and Muslims from spreading slander about how they were 'unclean,' and other vile words that were peppered about their holy books. The Jews and Muslims still refuse to touch the pig. Won't shake their hands, allow them into their holy places or delis or cafeterias.

There were problems with the first pigs, a lower intelligence than expected resulted. The Rising Group rushed through the experimental phase to trials on pigs, and then when there were problems with the intelligence of the first hundred, none of them would have even considered killing off the mistakes. The pigs were raised as secular speciest... and would have perhaps easily integrated into the World Culture if not for their finding out, and then reading up on, the Jew and Muslim prejudice against them. The idea of a religion itself intrigued them, unfortunately; they had been deep spiritualists before the group gave them intelligence and an education. Some of them longed to be one of the Before pigs, the ones lacking the

genetic askewing, but when they themselves were running their own labs, and discovered how easily they could just damage their brains, none of the pigs were willing to give up who they were.

Two hundred years into the Awake Time -- as the pigs called the period before their DNA was supercharged, the slow simmering anger against the religious prejudice against them finally exploded. Three pigs were protesting in front of a Mosque in Iran and a religious nutshot them dead with an ak-898 (a seventeen year old who later claimed in court that he had been sexually molested and then indoctrinated into an illegally controlling religion--laws had long since stripped the con-pastors of their ability to use brain washing techniques to convince people of their mania, and some of the perpetrators indeed were jailed) . After this, the pigs all moved, in mass, to one of the communities emptied when the Bush Dynasty moved the wealthy to the succulent playground of the moon, where the god Jesus was the sole deity worshiped.

There was a little known fact about the situation of the gods, one known only by a few, mostly Jesus and his pals and Ralph-- who it was assumed was too stoned to remember what other god's talked about, so they spoke in front of him about matters they otherwise would have kept secret. The secret was this: Jesus was not actually sustained as the most powerful god by the worship of the Moon dwellers, like was popularly thought. It was assumed, because of a mind habit picked up during the eons of human social evolution, that the power of the rich man's prayer was somehow worth more than the poor mans, yet in truth it took almost all of Jesus' followers on earth, plus those favored by the Bush Dynasty, to keep his supreme throne.

And even through Jesus had made it out like it was a joke when he almost smited Ralph, he could sense that there was some kind of probably unconscious reason Jesus had chosen just that moment to play his damned joke -- Ralph had been inadvertently picking up followers. Probably not him, but Mohhama-mohn, or one of the other powerful gods, might make a play to get some followers on the moon if they knew they merely had to convert a few hundred poor ass humans -- who most gods knew could be bought by answering a few prayers.

The moon was a garden paradise entirely constructed from the memories of the wealthy into polo grounds, golf courses, airports and large gated communities dotted with specialty shops -- and was indeed coveted by the other gods, especially after the destruction of the earth's fauna and sea life made most of the earth thick, lifeless mud.

Ralph and the crew stopped for breakfast at a diner. The celebrity janitor took one look in the door of the dingy room filled with small troughs containing various types of gruel and said, "No! I will not eat in a fucking restaurant called The Pig Sty." A pig just inside the door heard him and his hat actually rose up off as his head from the hairs on his neck bristling in rage. "What," he yelled at the startled celebrity janitor, who

despite his physical job was actually weak and scrawny and prone toward lovers handles and a small, though quite noticeable, belly flap, "is wrong with eating in a Pig Sty?" Then he screamed in a squealing, high pitched voice that turned the heads of pigs walking all down the city block and further, "We got us a Muslijew!!!"

Ralph was stoned and the munchies were a raging and he was intent on getting pancakes smothered in rich, real butter and thick syrup into his stomach. He waved off the pissed off pigs in a way that sent their anger wafting away on an invisible breeze. "He is not a Muslim or a Jew. You know, you would think, victims of prejudice like you pigs would just get over prejudice altogether, rather than going down to their level and actually becoming part of the problem. Do what you want, though, I don't care as long as someone else makes me breakfast because, even though I am god and could just make the food appear, then there is no anticipation involved. . . lacking that, things simply aren't as relished, and if you don't relish, well . . you might as well have not been born at all, eh?"

The pigs around the table were impressed by what they thought were Ralph's words, though it was as much a reaction to his getting rid of the anger in their minds and tweaking the hormones that would make them receptive, so Ralph could get his breakfast quicker. Mugily and the other disciples had come to rightly fear the uses of Ralph's powers. Something usually happened to them, as if they were in a bad horror movie or a twilight zone with a Faustian air, where any use of magic brought a price in pounds and pounds of flesh. At the time, though, it seemed like their breakfast went on to take off without a hitch . . . What they didn't know is that the pig that was pissed off was the son of the ruling porker of Pigland. Hoppy had actually already been pissed off when the God and his entourage walked in.

As his father explained to him two days before, and set off such a quivering in his son's soul that he had been riding aimlessly around Pigland on a motorbike ever since, "We have film of a rabbit that bested our god. A rabbit. Even a little wild pig could kill a rabbit, let alone with that gun... but no, our god is a buffoon."

The pigs had originally created their religion around what they believed to be the first talking pig. This sad fact was based on very little evidence -- an amusement park ride and stills from various films showing a brave pig with a gun -- they knew not why he was walking with the gun, and assumed, in the revolutionary thinking that was popular just after the pigs settled Pigland, that he protected his oppressors against the Muslim and Jewish religions prejudice, as well as the Christians and others who wanted to eat them... Now, Porky Pig had been revealed to be a buffoon in other cartoons, and Hoppy was right then questioning his god and who should walk in but... a god who could wave his arm and stop a murderous pack of pigs from verbally berating a group who looked enough like Muslijews to get beat up in some bars -- and the pigs lived for such moments, which actually never came though they were often portrayed on Pigland soap operas and light comedic movies.

As they drove off Ralph explained what had happened to Mugily and Kiplo and gang. "Yea, they started this religion after finding an old amusement park ride featuring porky. It didn't work, wasn't much left – but they figured it was Porky hunting humans. So that became their churches, you know, rides . . . like the old haunted houses in the traveling circuses with their creaky little cars and chains . . . except a lot better. I think if I ever was to start a religion, I would use this style of worship."

"You have a religion, Ralph."

"No, I have a few humans I half-ass watch out for, a family kind of. I make the religion up for your kids, you know? I helped usher in the whole idea of Childhood, man. Before me, you humans treated kids over three as little adults. And usually little adults that everyone around was abusing, which taught them to abuse the kids. A vicious cycle. So I got the whole waiting until after puberty thing started. I tried to get it raised up to 21 even once, but then I kind of sobered up and wondered where that impulse had come from, you know?"

"So we're not a religion?"

"Sometimes it would be fun to be worshiped, Mugily, but that's all a big lie. You humans never really worship anything--- you are really mostly looking for an angle, some divine sugar daddy who can give you wealth. That's the kind of shit some gods do, man. Me? I'd rather just state what's on my mind. Hell, I'm going to anyways."

"What is with all these weird houses..."

"Oh, these are people who just live playing the GAME. They get enough money together to buy these pods, where they just play the game all day. Around here, they knocked out religion, self-help books, lapdog celebrity/wealth worship, sports, and anything else unrelated to what they call here, of course . . . The Game. They hooked up food and toilet tubes, and shit. They consider it going out into society to meet others on the net, as avatars, where they have developed such unrealistic ideas about beauty that they think humans in person are remarkably ugly. They stopped all actual leaving of their houses decades ago. They all live alone, of course; since their parents died and left them the houses. The pigs put them all on government assistance. They really are a lot better at running governments than humans. They aren't afraid of their impulses. They want to eat, screw, drink all the time, and the only reason they don't is that The Dream of Porky is drilled into them as the only thing more important, and as such they go to work and keep things going, all in all . . . and they don't actually like drinking until they vomit, which to the food loving pig is seen as a sign of the worst sort of excess."

"Are you kidding me, Ralph?"

"No... Come on, when have I ever kidded you?"

"You had me literally shitting in my pants, after convincing me that Armageddon was exactly eight minutes off. Worse few minutes of my life."

"Visions of a nuclear Armageddon always get you baby boomers

Ralph has the RV stopped in a rest area, overlooking a vista of field after field of the grey, muddy sludge that had replaced the grass and the forests. A warm wind was blowing the stench of a putrid landfill into their faces as they silently stretched their legs.

Ralph occasionally, like just then, had regrets about the way he had played the whole god game on earth. Every time a species died out he had killed a few humans before he could reign in his anger -- DOG FIGHTERS, guys who raised animals for any sport, for that matter.... He let his followers think it was all arbitrary, but he could see just enough of the future to know who he was going to get for what..... he had no idea the gods would destroy something like earth in their quest for power. Power?

Ralph thought of power as responsibility, and that was the last thing he wanted. ... though when the wild animals on the planet were all gone, he had begun to spend a lot of time in the past, going back and revisiting the long lost, dark green quiet of forests, the laughter of clean rippling streams. ... and then, he would have changed the course of earth had he been powerful enough.... The only past he could recreate was one in his own universe, of course... or he would have just taken his followers there. But Ralph, despite his anti-intellectual appearance, was deep enough to feel like there was no way he was going to pretend that he knew what was best for every human on the planet. The gods were forever doing that and always wrong.

Now, after the other gods had grown practically too strong to be challenged, he was finding himself suddenly gaining followers.

He had realized something else about Jesus during the practical joke -- the deity did not take him seriously. Ralph had been surprised at the time to find his old buddy had grown into such an asshole. Standing there looking at what the ruling four percent of humans had done to the earth, he realized that he was gaining followers without even trying, and for the first time ever, he wondered if he should have played the whole god game, been political around the other gods and solicitous to the humans? That wasn't him, but he doubted it was the other gods, either -- at least until they became involved in the power games and started judging themselves and others by how much earthly stock they held. Still.... he might have been able to stop the destruction that turned the look out point from a gorgeous vista of receding pine forests into a place to mourn.

Ralph told his followers only, "I just figured out that I could probably take over the moon, give you guys an Eden."

All but Mugily were awed at the thought of going a place none of them could even think of without choking on rage and hatred at the Bush Dynasty. . . Eden.

"They wouldn't let a black guy like me up there," kiplo said.

"Well, see... the Bushes would have to be... taken out of power, and then... Mugily and me would be setting up new rules... and you guys, too... except, nothing about foot fetishes or cleaning rituals. I have been working a long time to get rid of white and black as labels... You know, I used encourage, back when your family needed to be kings for awhile to protect this valley... inter-racial marriages all the time. I tell people it is purely for aesthetics, actually... you have to admit, you white humans look half finished or something."

"You're white?"

"No, I am deeply tanned."

The Janitor to the stars spoke next, asking a question that they had all contemplating asking, "Ralph, why does a god like you have to chain-smoke joints all the time?"

"I don't."

"Every time any of has seen you, you have joint in the corner of your mouth."

"I started smoking the stuff after finding out the effect it has on the humans around me.

They are a little more creative, a bit sillier, take life and all just a little easier. When I am not around humans, I don't smoke it all... "

Mugily was skeptical. "Should I write that up in the official scripture, or are you going to give me a different answer for this question next time it is asked?"

"This is another one of those things that is too complex for me to convey to a small, human brain."

Mugily knew the last statement was how Ralph blew off conversations because they bored him. Obviously Ralph was getting something out of the weed -- even if it was more pleasant human contact.

"I have another question. You're a god, so how about a little enlightenment for us?

When does that happen."

"I'm not going to make you into something that you aren't. Humans are not enlightened, and to make you so would ruin what you are. Now let us silently pray."

Asking for prayer was the most polite way that Ralph demanded silence from his followers -- he had once sent the snoring Celebrity Janitor onto the roof of the bus, where he was blown off immediately. He remained dead for sixteen hours before someone asked Ralph about him.

Ralph indeed had wanted to finish his thought... though it was sure a buzz killer -- if he was willing to clean up his act and be all selfless, he could get enough followers on earth to knock Jesus down a few pegs.... In fact, he had always liked Jesus and felt like he could convince him, if he didn't have to always watch his back, if all the religions could just get along... then Jesus could do his thing without the violence he knew the deity liked to avoid.

Ralph would then have to spend a lot of his mental energy keeping his flock and all, and nothing would ever be the same.

A black helicopter appears from behind a brown mud horizon, zooms straight in on them fast as hell and begins firing machine guns, huge metal contraptions strapped to the landing gear and spitting a steady stream of exploding bullets.

Soon enough, the invincible Ralph was standing in a pile of dead disciples. He checked to see who was in the helicopter and found the beagle with Mad Donna's head, a couple

Assface Kurcher clones and a Bouncing Tommy Death Doll. He flicks a finger and ball of white lightening encompasses the helicopter, smiting them down into a dust of the same grey as the muddy hills.

Ralph resurrected his followers and began the journey down the mountain of mud, to the land of the Specialists, where he needed just a few thousand followers to take over the moon... or, so he thought.

His followers pulled out a bottle of vodka and were doing shots, trying to quiet their nerves . . . they were really starting to get irritated with Ralph's saving them only after they were dead. Ralph enjoyed the spectacular accidents too much to take their opinions seriously. What could they do?

He wouldn't be able to get away with shit like that if he had to win over a large flock of humans. His god mind could tell that he was spreading from pig to pig through their land, a god who they could worship instead of Porky... they even designed a game Ralph The God, getting the human gamers in their lands to inadvertently worship him too. That along with the Elvi-peeps was a good chunk of the center of the Americas. As long as the powerful gods were taking him for a stoner concerned only with the next joint, his conversions would look accidental to them -- since the first ones were. As long as he wasn't noticed by any of them preaching or answering prayers, he could probably keep up the farce for enough months to gain enough prayer strength to toss out the egotist Egoists Gods and find a way to work out something with Jesus, who he really did not want to go to war against....

WHAT I THINK ABOUT MOST OF THE TIME

I'm pretty sure I Peaked During Toilet Training. Yea, that's right, I peaked during toilet training, had my last true success sitting there with my parents cheering me on, saying over and over, "Come on Johnny, make the fudgy splash!! C'mon, Johnny. . ."

Truth be told, I have never tried so hard to achieve anything in my life. Not before. Sure as hell not since. My life has pretty much been all been down hill since my remarkable, much applauded toilet training successes. Those glory days were a long time ago, back when I was like, nine or ten. . . . I'm not sure, how old are you in seventh grade??? I repress all this. . . so hard to remember... it is just sooo damn painful to ponder that lost joy . . .

The GREAT METH WARS OF SHAPPY'S TRAILER PARK EMPORIUM

Me and Boner and Shappy been up three days smoking our new batch of meth--this White Trash turned out pretty damn good. Our eyes are bulging out of our head's so much that Shappy actually had one pop out. We had a hell of time getting it back in. He bled a lot, too. Passed out at some point. I guess that's a good sign. Like I told Boner, "You sleep off a hang-over, so why the hell not bleeding too much?"

Yea, this White Trash is great... well, except for smelling like Boner's shit. That's 'cause we thought we were going to sell some to this kid down at the 7-11 on fourth street, Gerald The Battery Boy, a a twelve year old who steals car batteries to support his habit -- that's one industrious kid, and I am keeping my eye on him because he could prove to be a potential rivalry who I will have to run out of the trailer park, like I did his older sister, when she tried to bring in her own crank from those high-falutin Woodcocks on the southside of the park -- all those southsiders think that they're better than us just because they're on that side of Merrywinkle Unicorn Lane. I say, hell no, we all got the meth-mouths and live in a trailer park.

At least in public... inside, I know them southsiders are just so smart and all Game Show sophisticated -- how the hell am I supposed to compete with that? Sometimes when I am around them, I wish my parents had all educated me by putting on Wheel Of Fortune and them 'hard' game shows that require guessing at the size of different words-- who the hell can tell one size of word from the other, I say... but then, I wasn't raised watching 100,000 question, was I mom? This is one of the reason the social worker used to say I was using meth as an eight year old. Hell, sometimes on meth I feel like I could get everything perfect on the Price Is Right (which requires years and years of price checking, and then getting called ... which is why all the older price checkers at Kmart go there on vacations,

which they can afford every ten or so years, depending on saving habits!!

Sometimes I remember that social worker coming in and looking at the tv and asking my mom and dad why they never put on something educational, like Hollywood Squares? They were both a little embarrassed to be raising us on Jerry that day. This was the only time I ever saw my daddy squirm, and it made an impact on me... sure, it hurt. Dad just waited until the social worker was gone and then told us she was 'putting on airs,' that we could go to her house right at that very moment and find her watching Jerry because 'nobody, in their hearts, can resist that show.' At the time I believe him.

I seem to have gotten off the topic again. Meth could possibly be adding to this, like Boner thinks, but I doubt it. He is filled with strange notions ever since being forced to watch Ophra, back last year when he was in jail and ended up some intellectual black guys bitch. I wish the hell he would take that guys picture down from the living room wall... keeps giving me an uncomfortable feeling way up in my but.

Now, I guess I was about to explain why our new batch of White Trash meth smells like Boner's shit -- which is generally known around these parts to be surprisingly different than the smell of his ass.

Well, getting from our territory to the 7-11 is mighty tricky, of course. Any time we go out of our territory, we put ourselves in extreme danger of getting attacked by rival meth gangs, not to mention the Waterloo, Indiana Police Department. They won't actually come in the trailer park anymore. They claim it's cause of the smell and that they just don't plain give a shit about the people who live here. ... but when we leave, they are all over us the second we venture out of Shappy's Trailer Park Emporium.. And when you got the meth mouth, there ain't no hiding it from the cops. No matter how many times you tell 'em you just got out of treatment and are working a program now, they will search ya. Hell, most of them know our names by now.

So I figured I'd just use some of the education I got in the big house. Got

Boner to stick a bunch of little bags of meth up his but. Keistering is we call it when we're in jail. Hell, when I was in Marion, I kept a contraband turkey up in my hershey hole for three days while it thawed enough for me to cook it up on my hot plate.

We figured we could go down to the alley back of the 7-11, and just let them cops search us. That way, they'd think we were clean and leave us alone.

Of course, two pigs came up to us the second we left the trailer park and threw us against their cars and searched us. One of em says, "Even these three aren't stupid enough to leave with meth. They can learn. Hmp."

Bastard. I told him that I read tv guide just for the articles, but he didn't seem to believe me.

After they left, the customers began slinking up. Once we had their cash, Boner would grunt and strain until he farted out a bag or two.

The idea, as you can tell, was perfect.

There was a problem though... the Woodcocks were across the street in their usual spot, trying to horn in on our business. Them Woodcocks are an inbred tribe from the hotey-totey, stuck up south-side of the trailer park. They think they're all fancy 'cause they got cousins to marry and such, which keeps all the cars in the same family. We sure as hell wish we had cousins, but after that lab we were running during the Annual SKeeter Reunion And Pig Fucking blew all up... shot the house like twenty feet into the air and killed all our relatives, including our most favorite slutty cousins and a pig I had had my eye on for years...

Them Woodcocks send their eight and nine year olds out to do the delivery.

Marge the Momma told me she does it that way for two reasons-- said when the kids were in jail was about the only time they got to schooling, and of course being minors they usually got off with nothing little sentences that the Woodcocks prided themselves in being able to handle standing on their heads.

Anways... so people had a choice between our bags, which Boner was wet farting out and they were kind of dripping brown stuff during the hand off, or the Woodcocks nice clean bags. Well, at first... I have to say, there for awhile, I thought we were in some real trouble. But then this trucker come up, and when he got a bag of our stuff, he got on the CB and started bragging on how he was doing some meth that smelled like a White

Ass. Next thing we knew, perverts from adult bookstores for miles around

and truck stops all over this side of the county were pulling up behind the 7-11 asking for some White Ass.

Them Hoity-toity Woodcocks were fuming like a vat of grain alcohol filled with decongestants!!

We were so happy with the results that we had Boner keister the money on

the way home, only he didn't have no more bags and the money got all shitty . I guess it kind of looked like a brown dye pack had went off on the money, like from a robbery, and when we tried to spend it on a bunch of cough syryup and decongestants and such the Guy at the Jewels called the cops on us.

The cops could tell it wasn't a dye pack, but they didn't want to come close to the money. Told us were going to go out back and burn every bit of it, or we were going to jail for doing perverted shit with money. I tried to tell him that we did not put the money up our anuses for satisfaction. Duder was having none of it. Got all pissed off and was waving his baton around as he screamed, "Hey, when I get to putting money

up my ass, I burn it afterwards, because I live in a goddamn society!!!"

Then he proceeded to beat Boner, which turned him on... the big old woody

shoving out of his pants seemed to make the cop hit him harder, and harder... Then those two knuckleheads made a date at some porta-potty behind the Kroger's Market.

The world is such a messed up place. Sometimes i think we are the only sane people in an insane world, man. I mean, if people would just let us be, the world would be perfect. Well, except for meth-mouth, lack of cousins, and the Boner-butt smell of this meth.

2:50 PM

Like anyone who was listening to Tuttle's program this afternoon, I have just learned that Boner has continued the Bitch ways that he learned in prison, and is once more out peddling his ass. Boner decided to expose this preacher after listening to this Tuttle's CB radio 'salvation station,' which he uses to harass trucker's passing by on highway 6. We was a listening to the show, because a lot of the Trucker's are our customers... Well, Gilford was going on about the Mountainous Balls of Jock Jesus, and some trucker who was just passing through came back at him, saying something about how having a Jesus with big balls seemed a little gay to him. Hell, anyone can see this jock Jesus thing is a little gay -- Boner is known to often touch himself during the Salvations Station CB broadcasts, which often include graphic descriptions of a well-muscled Jesus working out.

Tuttle didn't seem to know this though, and he got all full of himself and started ranting about how homosexual marriages were going to cause a break down in the local sewer systems. He is always saying this, and most people have just come to accept it as true.

When Boner heard this stuff about the gay marriage would destroy the local sewer systems, again... and then Carl broke down and started crying over it... Well, Boner just went crazy, picked up that CB and jumped on, right in the middle of the show, and starting saying how he was bitching for Gilford Tuttle, doing crazy gay stuff on meth in some abandoned porta potty. But Bouncing, hip hopping, ankle flipping...

I guess Boner met his 'gay trick,' this preacher, when he was out selling that white trash meth that smelled like his but. Of course it has become all the damn rage in the underground gay scene here in town, which up until this I had pretty much believed was just Boner and his cat Carl.

Gays have been drawn by this but-smelling meth from as far away as a truck stop out on interstate 75!! Somebody carved our name into the wall out there, and we've been getting calls asking for White Ass all the time. That's what the street name for this stuff has become -- White Ass, which does not please me one bit... makes light of our trademark name, White Trash. I have been damned careful with my Branding, like I learned from reading part of an article about Martha Stewart during the year I was in prison... the third time, I think. We have tried so hard to keep White Trash in good graces with our sensitive customers, like the grade schoolers and their parents. I'm doing my best damage control, trying to get the kids to call this batch White Poo, or something more kid friendly...

I would also like to assure our customer's that our next batch is going to be kept the hell out of Boner's but!!! I don't care if my decision has made him cry. Lord, he did love farting out them bags, after keistering them down to the 7-11. Made him and his asshole the goddamned center of attention, and you know he likes that. Personally, I'd almost rather quit the meth than have to smoke his ass smell again... almost.

And as far as this thing with this Gilford Tuttle, he is denying everything, I guess. ... but Boner has tapes and proof and such that we will be releasing throughout the day, as he finds the stuff.

I GUESS A DENIAL HAS APPEARED ON THE TRAILER PARK
EMPORIUMS' SITE FROM THIS TUTTLE... HERE IT IS.

What, Me, But Bounce? Oh, no...

I have been accused . . . I, Gilford Tuttle, most blessed on high among men, has been actually accused of having meth fueled gay sex with some hot stud from the disreputable, untrustworthy 'southside' of the trailer park. I have not now, nor have I ever, slid my dick into this guys hot ass. Nor has his hard, long, tall one slid up deep, deep inside my quivering bowels. In fact, I am so heterosexual that if I am not at church, I am usually testicles deep in the little lady. Can't get enough of the vagina, I always say in private and silently, as the lord commands. Yes, I am 'regular' with my wife.

I have recently heard that there are even some kind of 'fake tapes,' which has a voice that does sound like me. Oh, that Satan.... he is so damn clever. Of course the dark prince will do about anything to bring down the most blessed man on the planet, I who drink of the sweet, sweet sweat dripping from the Mountainous balls of Jock Jesus... On these tapes, there is much begging for meth and hot gay, sweaty meth sex. They are just so fake.. obviously the spewings of Satan's mighty wand!!

Leaders such as me are often attacked by gay men who claim we have been having hot, drug fueled sex all damn day and half the night. The time has come for all good men to ignore this hot, heathen Boner's blasphemy!!

I have just had a vision that Jesus will be very, very pissed at anyone who believes this slander against the one he has blessed the most.

To make this go away, new revelations in The Tuttle Scriptures And Family Budget, say that all I have to do is to think of the Jock Jesus With Balls Bigger Than Man Can Even Comprehend, and say three times -- GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!!! GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!!! GET THEE BEHIND ME SATAN!!!

There, now we can all forget about this blasphemy, and go home and drink a long, cool glass of Pigmilk!!!

What? You still haven't obeyed the Lord and started drinking pig milk?

Why, "Got Pigmilk?" is what all the hip kids say -- and a wrathful god Demands.

This Tuttle is obviously very, very slick. A worthy adversary for me, Skeeter Skeeter Skeeter the seventh. He just doesn't understand that Boner has no reason to lie about this at all.

In fact, the fallout over Boner's decision to go public with his latest 'bitching,' has effected him something awful. Him and Carl are having problems over it, and I guess Boner has been banned from their litter box, which is causing some problems behind the couch that smell way too much like our meth.

He's in the bedroom crying and Carl will not comfort him this time.

New Development.. Boner has just come bouncing out of the back bedroom saying he is probably going to take it all back... I guess him and Tuttle agreed to hold a prayer meeting at some book store, Shemsties Frog Slapping Hole. He says they'll be 'a kneeling and a squealing.' I guess that means praying.

Later In The Night....

Strange shit. Boner come home from this meeting with the Gilford Tuttle and just went straight to the back yard, where he got out the back hoe and started digging up a bunch of the yard. I tried to get him to tell me what was going on, but he was all spaced out on the White Ass or something... I mean, the White Poo... When I tried to grab the keys out of the back hoe, he pulled a knife on me and you can bet I come in real quick....

So now a few hours has passed and it turns out he's making these huge, brown balls. They got to be like fifteen feet high. Then to make matters worse, he starts loudly praying to these things and lighting those Mexican candles with the sayings about lotto winning and stuff. As the night has gone by, gay meth heads have been showing up and Boner is doing something to them, making them all kneel down and... well, pray. That's about the last thing Boner ever knelt down to do.

A bunch of gay truckers and their groupies praying to huge, brown balls in the back yard is not going to be good for the straight business.

When he finally came in, we asked him what the hell was going on, and he explained to me and an obviously miffed Carl.

"I've got religion, again."

Boner was always taking on the religion of whoever he was 'bitching' in prison, so this was nothing new, but huge balls in the back yard is not going to be good for business... Well, actually, with the White Ass customer's it could pack them in... No, then we would lose that all important family trade -- our bread and butter.

This is what I was thinking anyways, when I tells Boner he has to get rid of them mud balls. Her got all weird and grabbed his shotgun and said he'd kill every heathen on the planet before he would touch one hair on them balls. He looked like he did that time the county worker said he had to get Carl fixed, and we all know they ain't never seen her again. He's sitting out there right now, on top of one of them fifteen foot high mud balls with that shotgun and a big old bag of White Ass, surrounded by all them gay trucker's in their pink little trucker caps and tube tops. One of them must have been hauling a load of white tube tops and pink trucker caps that say Peterbilt, because they are all wearing them. And nothing else. A disgusting site. Slappy is just sitting in the corner shivering and shaking and wetting and poeing on himself. Carl is in the back room throwing stuff around and chasing balls of wadded up paper, just a little swishing mess of a gay cat over this shit. When Boner comes down and sees how upset Carl is, he is going to feel bad, like he always does when he accidentally starts one of his gay religions.

Three awful days have passed since Boner first put the fifteen foot mud balls in the back yard. Things have kind of spun out of control ever since then, with all these huge semi-truck's sporting rainbow flags blocking every entryway into Rabby's Trailer Park Emporium. I guess by now the Legend of White Ass has been told across CB radios all over The six county area, and carved into the stalls of every truck stop from here to Fort Wayne.

There are now a couple hundred of them out there, gay truckers and their groupies -- various fag hags have been showing up today, too. All of them wearing just them pink trucker caps saying Peterbilt, and them damn white tube tops and nothing else. The sight is making the neighbors vomit, and that is not adding anything pleasant to the usual dog shit and urine scent of this trailer park.

The cops have been keeping watch on this from outside the trailer park, which is making me nervous as hell. I sent shappy up to see what they was doing and he says they're just drinking beers and whacking off. Shappy thinks this is all anyone ever does, so when he is supposed to be checking on cops or Buffalo Surveillance, or whatever... he always just comes back and says, "They're drinking beers and whacking off." Boner buys this story everytime, too.

I am now convinced that Boner started his gay trucker's church all because I told him that he couldn't keep putting the meth up his but.

By now you all should know that he keistered the latest batch of White Trash meth, turning it into the gay trucker phenomena White Ass... and that I told him we weren't a going to let him put anymore meth up his but. This was after Boner was all happy with having farted out all these bags, tricking the cops and getting to make his asshole the center of attention.

Boner was pretty sure this was the best thing that ever happened to him. A crying Carl told me this afterwards. Carl at least is avoiding the mud ball religion thing. He's just in the back room snorting white ass and playing with those crumpled up paper balls of his.

Anyways, I'm a thinking now that Boner Started this whole religion just to keep putting the meth up his butt. If I had told him that he could keister some of it, maybe... but no, I was so sick of smoking meth that smelled like his ass that I pretty much told him there was no way the white trash was getting anywhere near his asshole.

I guess I shouldn't have been so hard on him. Boner has had a difficult life, what with being abducted by a family of pigs, and raised out back of the house. He was a teenager before my parents realized anything was the amiss. Like daddy used to say, "If you'd a been raised by pigs, a rutting on your brothers and sisters all your life, then you'd fuck sheep and chickens and stray cats, too."

I hate to say it, but I am almost ready to join the enemy camp, which has turned out to be none other than the secretly gay meth snorting minister Gilford Tuttle. He is on the CB every day now, from when he wakes up until he passes out late at night, going on and on about the heathen activity taking place in Boner's church. His descriptions are pretty damn graphic, and not for the light hearted. Shappy is of course wetting himself whenever he hears the guys voice, and then the diarrhea starts and no place in this trailer is splatter free after a few days of this, believe me.

Boner took all the latest batch of white trash, and has spent the morning 'converting' it into white ass, by having his minions poke bags up into his but, which he then wet farts back out.

They've got some kind of religous chant going while he does it. Whenever another bag of white trash is poked in -- on the end of this large black dildo, Boner's yelling, "I'M BITCHING FOR GOD!!"

His followers then chant back, "He's god's bitch."

They've been doing this all morning.

"I'm bitching for god."

"He's god's bitch."

It gets to you after a few hours, believe me.

Carl came up with a solution to the problem of the fifteen foot tall Jesus mud balls and Boner's gay trucker religion. I'll tell ya, when Boner took that kitten and dipped it in a chemical vat and held it over them flames and used that eye dropper and meth and Crisco and all the other shit to turn Carl into some Super Gay Cat, I thought he was crazy. But he told me he learned the recipe from the most twisted prisoner that he ever bitched, and sure enough...

Carl told me and Shappy, "We have to offer him some way of getting his but attention. Right now, he's in asshole heaven. He won't give that up easy."

Carl then kind of fluttered about the room in that swishy way of his as he added, "Well, he does love his enemas... we could put the white ass in enemas and put Boner in charge of production! To get the smell that we all love so much, Boner could dip each of the enema's in his White Ass smell. We'll poke each and every one up his but before we sell it. That way, he would be selling his but juices. You know he's always dreamed of finding a way to market his sweet, sweet but juices."

And that's true, Boner's dream has always been to market his but juices. Or his 'sweet, sweet but juices,' as he always called them. I just thought that was crazy. Same as I did when Boner said he was going to make himself a Super Gay Cat that can talk.

Carl went out back, weaving between the half-naked truckers, their sagging white beer bellies and matted chest hair and flabby titties showing sadly through their tightly stretched white tube tops... They were all involved in some kind of Daisy Chain that I tried not to look at.

Carl had in his mouth a big old red enema filled with White Ass and Crisco and Water, snuck up beside where Boner's fat ass was hanging off one of them big mud balls, shoved that red nozzle up deep into boner and and jumped up and down on it, splashing the meth deep up into that old boys bowels.

Boner's face lit right up, and his ears started flapping like they do... he looked like he couldn't have been happier with that white ass blasting through his bowel. Carl jumped up beside him and real quick explained to him about how we wanted to put him charge of putting his but juices on the new line of White Trash Enemas.

Boner was so happy that he jumped down off the balls with no regard to his anus having just been filled by a large enema. His feet hit the ground and he let loose with a brown blast that splattered the truckers and fag hags and their groupies.... This seemed to launch them all into some kind of sexual frenzy, which set off a new round of vomiting among the neighbors that was a watching and taping everything on their cell phones. Shappy had to run back inside.

I guess actually Boner was relieved that Carl was taking this latest gay religion of his with a grain of salt, instead of the usual week long hissy fits he's known for. By the time they got back up inside the trailer, Carl got Boner to agree to disband the religion in exchange for renewed litter box privileges -- Boner has been messing in the plants up under the windows and behind the couch ever since these two started having problems over Boner's Bitching...

Boner told all the trucker's to go home, and they reluctantly did. You would think they would learn after awhile that Boner doesn't really mean it when he starts these religions, but they fall for it every time. Carl says it's cause Boner is so hot, but I happen to know Carl was conditioned to think this by Boner when he was a small kitten.

I'm letting him keep the mud balls and the little shrine, mostly because it will be easy for his gay trucker buddies to find our trailer, which should

help the traffic problem that all these truckers have been causing as they cruise around the trailer park looking for some White Ass.

Boner's as happy as can be with his new product line -- him and Carl have been trying out different types of enemas all afternoon. They've still got like six crates to go and they're both already leaking something awful.

I'm going to have to hose out the whole trailer when they've done. . . like I always have to when those two get to playing with enemas. Sure am glad things are back to normal around here.

SO I PRETENDED I WAS SICKING RUBY ON SOME

old lady and she ended up getting killed. Does this make me bad?

I could see this woman's fingers start shaking a half block away from the Ruby, her eyes widening as she came closer to my wolf looking dog-who was smiling and thus showing a lot of teeth... I practically had to step off the sidewalk, wait until she got her motorized wheel chair up right beside me, and then release Ruby as I screamed, "Kill her boy, kill!!!"

There was this high pitched scream and blue hair bouncing as she tried to speed off on the ice and lost control, fell over in front a guy on a bike and got run over . . . and then her damn coat got all splashed with blood when the bicyclist's nose was scrapped off on the sidewalk. This is not my fault, and I don't think I should have to apologize to her, or pay to clean her damn coat. I mean, I was merely trying to give her a little thrill, you know? Like a roller coaster ride or something like that. She should be thanking me. Tell that to the cops and M...

I had no idea all of this mayhem would occur, and as such, no matter what M. says, I am keeping the video footage that I made... so what if it does make me laugh like 'an evil hyena?' I mean, like I told that damn skeptic, M.,
 -- I only laugh to hide my tears..... Really.

You should see this footage. Did I mention the guy lost his nose? It was laying there on the sidewalk. I walked up and picked it up and told the guy, "I have your nose."
 M. says I was being thoughtless, but hey--the guy needed a laugh. By the way, I didn't know he was dead yet, or I wouldn't have wasted the energy kicking him
 when he didn't laugh at the nose joke.

You know, much to my surprise, I just realized that there is actually a lesson to this meandering, memoirish mourning...
 You see, the bicyclist died and couldn't call M. and get her all upset, or threaten to sue us, or convince that cop that she wasn't senile and had not attacked Ruby while screaming that she was spike the vampire, like I told him... That sorely deluded officer got so mad that he asked me If I was insane, or just needed an ass kicking.

Luckily, M. stepped in front of him and just let loose with her black snow boots, kicking him solidly in the groin, telling the falling blue, "Nobody kicks his ass except me, and believe me, he has one coming." The cops face turned purple and he just layed there on the ground in a fetus position moaning. I was going to kick him, but M. shot me a look so I didn't.

Well, no, I am kidding. ... M. did not come to my defense, of course... in fact, she told the cop, "He is insane, but that doesn't mean he doesn't need his ass kicked."

Well, you are probably waiting for the moral of this story... that would be, if I had it do all over again, I would have saved myself a hell of a lot of hassles by stomping on the old ladies head until her brains squirted out her wrinkly little ears..

M. thinks this is would be 'just horrifying.'

When she said this, I was like, "Well, yea, so?" Turns out, she explained to me, in M speak, 'horrifying' is somehow bad.

"Tell that to George Romero," I told her... but, she refused to see the light, just stubbornly held onto her ignorance and still thinks I would be do something 'bad,' by saving us hassles, which is so achingly obviously good....

THE JOB INTERVIEW SUCKED... I THINK IT'S MY LONG HAIR, MAYBE?

I have been trying to get a part time job and having no success what so ever. M. finally convinced me to record one of my interviews and then go over it later to see if I did anything wrong. Below is the typed version.

"Hello, Mr. Pain. My name is Fantick Flitterbum, and I'll be interviewing

you for the job today."

"Great, thank you. You know, you are very handsome man and it would be a pleasure working where I could just see you once in awhile. Not that I'm an ass angler or anything."

"Huh, well... thank you. Looking over your resume, I see that you were involved in umm, 'euthanizing small animals?' It says here that you worked out of your home. Uhm, where is the name of the company that you worked for?"

"Oh, it wasn't that kind of company. I did the euthanizing on my own, as kind of a public service. I've always taken an interest in killing things, you know? I mean, you got a cat in the basement, you send me down there with just a stapler... just a stapler, too, because anything more deadly really makes the fight a little uneven."

"I love cats myself."

"Oh, me, too. I love all animals. Except fucking wombats."

"Wombats?"

"My dad died at the hands of a wombat... and my younger brother was raped by one. You would think that would be enough, but no... then they framed me. That's why I was in jail from the age of four until twenty one. Oh, on the resume that's when I say I went to Harvard and got all them degrees... which is technically true."

"Technically true?"

"Technically speaking, yes."

"Okay, tell me, do you have any experience working at a women's make up counter?"

"No, no... well, sometimes... well, okay, here is why I figured I could do this job, see? Once in awhile I dress up like my deceased great grandmother and pay prostitutes to masturbate with my cane. I have been told that I am just an artist with the make up. I pay them to say it, but the way they say it shows they really mean it. I also have them talk about my enormous penis.... well, monstrous really. I have pictures in my wallet, here... these have not been touched up in anyway, either."

"Mr. Pain, I really don't wish to know... could you please put those pictures away.... in fact, I'm going to have security escort you out."

"Hey, man, don't get all jealous. I could like do your girlfriend, too, man... though the looks of you, you're problem into some weird shit... that's cool, that's cool.... I say, if you don't get arrested for doing it, it can't be any fun right?"

Then these fuckers from Security kind of pushed me out the door.

I finish typing this up and feel like I was really burned. I mean, maybe I should not have brought up the whole 'monstrous penis' thing. M specifically told me not to mention the monstrous one in the interview. 'Do not bring up this supposedly 'monstrous' dick of yours." She said. But reading this through, I don't see anything wrong with this. It is probably the way I dressed. The punk shirts do get a cool reaction when I walk through the office to the interviews, though. Today I had one on that said, 'Fuck My Earwax. '

M doesn't think I should

use guns in my act. I was thinking that I should shoot off some shells from a double barreled shotgun, to emphasis certain important points that I think you silly people really NEED TO UNDERSTAND. BOOM!!!! BOOM!!!! CHAW!!!

I will SHOOT OFF BOTH FUCKING BARRELS into lamps, blow the shit out of a table. . I suppose it will have to be an empty table. Who the hell came up with this idea that killing should be illegal anyways? I would like to shoot that fucker first. Damn them, damn them I say, for making killing illegal!!!!!!?

M. even criticized this change in my act for, quote, "bullet holes. Did you even think that someone might not want you to shoot up their caf?"

Yes, there would be the bullet holes in the walls of the Big Star. That is what I call character, man.

Bullet holes in the walls -- I'd even be willing to paint some fake blood

around the holes -- which the kids would love, dammit!! Who wouldn't want to have coffee in such a cool atmosphere??? I mean, while this just came to me, it is true? the whole shotgun thing is an anti war statement, with shades of nation building/ I can't expect people to get this, because most are too stupid or just plain old more interested in what is going on in their head than the people in the room, like me.

M. also pointed out that she thinks Cheryl, the owner of the Big Star, would, quote, "Have you goddamn well arrested, and with good reason, mind you."

I think Cheryl is cool enough to understand an important artistic statement is more valuable than a couple lamps, or even chunks of the ceiling, a few customers, or whatever.

I mean, it's not like I'm shooting animals, for dog's sake!!!

We have an overpopulation problem, but try to tell M. that is reason enough to randomly kill and you will get only objections from that little fantasy world in her head.

She will probably not buy me a gun for the show on Friday. I'll keep trying to convince her mind you, but... M. has a known tendency to be stubborn and I've wasted days now trying to get her to see my side? thank dog I have all these other plans to arm myself (no less than three notebooks of scribbled notes, but to be honest, I was so stoned when I wrote most of them that I ended up writing about a fly that was in the room, mostly ? I named him buster).

I'm pretty sure the only way I can get my hands on a double barreled shotgun will be to convince the cats to finally tell me where they keep their arsenal? I know they are armed and ready for some serious shit.

They fear The Great Mouse of course, who will one day come up from hell and hassle them about sleeping less and getting more done-- as I have written in here before. So far, like every thing pretty much that I try to talk to them about, they treat my questions with an insolent silence.

M. now says this oh so fucking stifling NO TORTURE policy of hers is permanent, so I am trying another tact, winning them over you know, by giving them all kinds of treats. Even this chicken that we were supposed

to have for dinner? that wasn't enough for those greedy bastards, though. I hit them with question after question when they were done eating. And what did they do? Nap.

They napped through today's lecture, too. You better be afraid of me from now on though, because I will be armed!!! Well, unless the dictator M. has her way.

THERE IS NOTHING WRONG...

...with spending the week picturing hamsters singing all the songs on the radio. For some reason when people ask me what I have been doing and I tell them this, they act like I am joking in that way I intuitively respond to by lying and saying that, " Yes... yes... joking, of course... here, I am joking, ha, ha...."

The D.A. is OUT TO GET Michelle Jackoffyourson!!! OR SO THAT CHILD FUCKING FREAK SAYS...

Does anyone believe this who isn't just rationalizing the evil of being on that freak's payroll?

Michael jackoffyourson is at the top of my Psycho Killer's Hit List. I mean, if you are one of those people who is going to go out in a blaze of blood and glory and bullets, why waste your effort on a McDonalds?

Go kill someone who deserves it. Like this child fucker. Your family and friends will find your dark deed easier to live with, and your prison art will be worth a lot more.

I'm not advocating that someone kill this freak, really.... no, actually I am.

If your predilections are more toward a slow, torture kill -- can you imagine how that freak can scream? With those vocal cords of his, those could be some of the most blood curdling, pleasing screams that you have ever heard!!!!!! I'll be the first of possibly millions to buy a recording. This sure would make some psycho's family proud... for once.

I'm just saying....

MASSAH JACKOFFYOURSON BACK IN COURT SQUEALING FOR ALL WHO WILL STILL LISTEN TO THE RANCID RUNNY SHIT POURING OUT BETWEEN HIS FREAKISH LIPS, THAT HE IS INNOCENT of keeping a kid as a drunken prisoner and forcing this kid to make a tape saying that he was not indeed doing shots and playing rubba, WHICH OF COURSE HE WAS.

JACKOFFYOURSON actually told some kids in the crowd of any old asshole licking well wishers outside the court that they could come to Never Never Land whenever they want to... and something about peter pan teaching them to how to really fly with forty ouncers.

Proving once again that dancing and singing and flashing your skanky tit at little kids on tv has nothing to do with intelligence or morality or lots of words the jackoffyourson's can't pronounce, let alone conceptualize, VARIOUS OF MASSAH JACKOFFYOURSON'S DUM AS HAMSTER SHIT SIBLINGS ACTUALLY DRESSED IN WHITE AND WALKED THAT SURGICALLY SHAPED PILE OF SHIT INTO COURT CLAIMING THAT CHILD FUCKER IS.... GET THIS...INNOCENT!!! You know they all had lobotomies at some point, to make them, to quote a pre-operative massah jack-off-your-son, "As happy like as chimp when he rubba da llama thing."

FOR aiding and abetting child fucking, THE WHOLE CLAN SHOULD BE IMPRISONED AND RAPED WITH A BROOM ON A TRI-HOURLY BASIS FOR, OH, THE REST OF THEIR UN-NATURAL, FREAKISH LIVES-- AND I DO NOT MEAN THE END OF THE BROOM WITH A HANDLE!! Unless, as in Massah Jackoffson's case, this is something they enjoy... he will have his rubba and it's tiny buddies cut off, then be slow roasted over charcoal for a couple days, until his vocal cords are shredded from screaming, when he should be dropped into the flames and burn alive, feeling every torturing flicker of that consuming fire. Well, at the very fucking least . . . though maybe his fellow prisoners will come up with something much, much worse? We can only hope, I guess...

I am amazed each and every time I see this pervert is still interacting with children and people are not just fucking converging on him and ripping him to shreds with their bare hands. . . . If this isn't proof that we should be replaced by cockroaches, I sure as hell don't know what is?

SPIKE THE DEALER

"I said you were pretentious because you come off that way sometimes. You know, somebody said something to me about it.?"

Spike often makes up a 'somebody who told him something,' So the unwary listener will be more likely to be drawn into his delusions.

I forget myself and launch into a rant that really, really made sense to me at the time and still does, That fucking somebody!! You know I am a crippled mess who has no fucking self-esteem? a self-hater. Jesus, that fucking somebody who thinks I am full of myself should fucking know that, no, I hate myself almost as much as I hate them. In fact, I am full of pain and chaos and disorder and moldy moods and occasional long, herbal scented breezes of pure happiness.

"See, that's pretentious, thinking I want to hear this shit -- that I know is from that fucking blog? I told you I don't think this mean hater shit is funny, alright?"

"When did you start saying hater?"

"I say hater.

"Just seems youngish, that's all."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"Spike, you know I never mean shit."

"You fucking got something right for a change."

"By the way, what I said was not from the blog."

"How many times I got to tell ya, dead-fuck-face, I can tell when you're lying."

He can't. He just guesses all the time and occasionally I am.

"You know, I really am grateful to you for giving me a little a hop."

"What?"

"Oh, you know, like a bunny hopping? Having hop?"

"Jesus? Ain't ya got somewhere to be?"

"No."

"Yea, you never do, do you? Why M. doesn't throw your sorry ass out? She'll figure you out one of these days."

"Spike, you are so full of shit? what the fuck, I pride myself on being honest with her.:"

"Yea, and that's supposed to mean what? You come over fucking practically offering to blow me for a fucking nickel of weed, and because I am a humanitarian, I give it to without asking ya to grease down your ass, and now you're telling me I'm full of shit?"

Spike, that's fucking disgusting to say shit like that. I say this, but inside I am laughing . . . did I mention I rolled a joint and lit it up? I stand up and try to leave, adding, 'Listen, brother, thanks for the front. I'll see you next week."

"Don't fuck with me on this; I gotta pay my rent outta that money you owe me."

I stop in the hallway, and knowing better, I still bite, turning around and saying, "Fifteen bucks"

"I am fifteen bucks short now."

"Spike? the weed would have just been sitting on your counter. You have like two customers, Spike!!!? Then I do start laughing, hard enough that he smiles himself after a minute. I jump on the moment of peace to make my exit, telling him, "You cantankerous old fart buddy, have a great afternoon."

He loves it when I call him fart buddy, after he farted repeatedly in my

presence on the assumption we were 'fart buddies,' which I told him we most certainly were not. So now, when I want to make him feel good, I say we are fart buddies like he was right all along and I was just some damn fool."

Well, I got weed . . .

Yea!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SPIKE HAS BECOME ADDICTED TO DOCTOR PHIL

As I have written before, my dealer, Spike, an old retired cabby with a bad attitude, is addicted to playing poker on line. He begins the day winning, then gets too drunk to play and starts losing but he just keeps right on playing...

Well, if possible, he has now replaced this odious habit of losing his money to an online casino with an even more annoying attribute -- he has become a religious zealot, basing his entire philosophy on what he calls, 'Dr. Phil's vision.' Yes, that dr. phil who patters on about the obvious every afternoon on television. He has suddenly become to Spike some sort of modern prophet of psychology who is, quote, "Out curing the problems of the world instead of just 'making a few bucks' like other shows. Like that on again off again piggo ass, Oprah."

Spike particularly hates Oprah, but if you try to get him to be specific about why, he tells a highly edited, sanitized version of some incident that he had once when his wife dragged him downtown to a taping of the show. Neither of them would ever tell me what happened; all I ever could get out of them was that there was a lot of vodka and four squad cars involved

and Spike somehow managed to get his and his wives, ass kicked.

Back to this Dr. Phil Boofery... I have been forced to watch the show of late, it somehow seemingly to inexplicably be on whenever I show up at spike's in need of a few green, sticky ones. Spike is always coming out on Dr. Phil's side, taking the man's opinions for his own and being immediately proud of himself for having such an adult attitude. He gets to be self-righteous about the moral decline of a woman who has two boyfriend's straddling her pseudo if not out right Christian life in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

I can't stand seeing Spike like this, though he has managed to quit the gambling since he started doing what he says is 'Living the Phil.'

Spike hates psychology, normally, because he associates therapy with the joint sessions his wife used to drag him to, where he was basically filleted by the two woman and beaten into acting a bit more decently.... His recent conversion to 'Philling' is really going to embarrass him, should he ever, somehow, somehow sober up.

Today, I took Spike's getting a phone call as a way to get out of there with my weed quick, and overheard him telling some telemarketer, "You'll have to call me back after the Phil. The only sane way to live, like Phil... The doc, god love him, got me over a serious gambling problem. Sure as hell...."

Ughhh.... human beings ability to convert from one set of beliefs to another (as long as they are all in the made up language games of religions, as opposed to science and how people with their heads out of their asses think) is one of our most odious, trampled and used and abused traits...

Stay tuned for the saving of Spike's soul.

Spike is now going on the doctor phil show to talk about how he was saved from the grip of a gambling habit by watching what he refers to as, 'The Phil.'

Though I fear for his soul, I know how short lived his excursions into such things last. Shit, he probably deserves whatever little hell storm erupts

when yet another set of his beliefs crumble -- like that time he read a self help book and started trying to smile all the time and ended up with a permanent tick over his left eye. ... oh, well... I told him to get cable...

SPIKE ASSAULTS DR. PHIL

As you know or don't, Spike the dealer is a mean, nasty, petty oaf, who somehow, during his cab days, made a connect with a big dealer who gives him the most wicked weed in town for cheap as hell, which he in turn smokes a little of and then sells the rest. Mostly to me but also to this gay, bald, drunken computer nerd, Freddy, who I am introducing to you now, because in good time, he will be a part of this tale.

Spike has a bit of a gambling problem. When he drove cab he was always down at the off track betting, and when he retired and his wife bought a computer, he naturally turned to internet gambling.

Now, Spike is a good card player -- not out of any natural talent or developed craft, mind you, no, he learned the hard way, by losing a house, cars, a couple wives, etc... and he blames 'bad luck' for all of this mind you, not himself. Well, at least he did until the day he somehow became mentally entangled with the doctor Phil show... and started doing what he calls, 'Living the Phil.' This is appalling to me of course, being an intellectual who is doing his best to partake in the shit specking job of tugging heads out of asses.

For all of Spike's faults, you should know that I, Johnny Pain, have grown fond of this old fart. I can't help but respect someone who can hate all of humanity more than me. In this respect his years of cab driving truly helped him along the path toward seeing humanity as the disease it can be. His college of hard knocks included teachers who shot him -- once during a robbery, and once just for being what the shooter said was, "Just

too fucking annoying to live." This odious fondness propels me to occasionally try to help him out, when I can. And seeing a human being become irrational by worshiping another's views to the exclusion of their own galls me any time, let alone someone who sells me wicked weed cheap who is in danger of getting so 'well' that he quits selling me said wicked weed cheap....

So, as you can imagine, with my best connect ever in danger of going over to the mind mushy ones who can't handle the world, let alone drugs, I have been thinking for days and days of ways to get him free from the grips of PHILLING. All of my mental mastication (thought I was going to write your favorite word, 'masturbation,' didn't you, dear readers -- Jesus, you, you don't even remember what a sex life is like, do you?) were for naught because as it turned out, Dr. Phil would do the de-programming for me.

You see, Spike called their producer and said that he had kicked a 'serious gambling habit' by watching this ego maniacal looking boof, Doc Phil the human pill... And since they had no idea what they were getting into, the producer invited Spike, his wife, and a 'close friend who knows about the changes in him,' to come on the show.

Spike has no close friends, and doesn't want any either. He told me why once, saying, "Look, kid, I smell bad enough, without bringing in another human to stink the place up. You know what I mean?" There is only me and this other guy who buys weed from him, Freddy the gay computer nerd, who has huge black, factory like glasses that were hip once long ago, is on the piggo side, and though I like him I have to say, can appear kind of creepy. He kind of hunches over all the time and cocks his head about like a parrot. And his eyes, which are already on the bulgy side, go pure red when he smokes weed.

Spike asked me first, since I at least appear normal to the eye, and I of course told him, "Spike, man, you know where I am on this -- there isn't enough weed in the world to get me on the doctor phil show (which isn't true, I guess... I meant that spike doesn't have enough weed to get me on Dr Phil)."

Then he hit up Frank, who is unemployed at the moment and thus, as is his way when he is not at work, staying piss drunk on Budweiser, promising Frank a case of beer and a half ounce -- which is more sticky bud than he's seen since he got fired after getting so drunk one day at

work that he decided, for reasons that make perfect sense to me, to take a piss on his bitchy bosses desk...

The three of them drove down to the show, waited until their turn, and went on. Now, unbeknownst to Spike, his wife had also talked to the producers, and she had told them enough about Spike that Dr Phil had decided he would confront the old fart on his 'bad attitude,' and general hostility toward the world. They then called Freddy, who often spends time talking to Spike's wife, and had indeed decided to take her part (she doesn't like me -- for reasons best forgotten by all concerned . . . or at least until a few statues of limitations run out...).

Basically, Spike was bushwhacked by all three of them telling him that his 'bitterness' came from 'post traumatic stress syndrome' from driving on the -- and yes, they actually said this, though it is hardly true -- 'mean, dirty streets of Chicago.'

Spike had been expecting this to be a show about how great he was for not gambling, and he was pissed off royal. He sat there for a few minutes quietly looking from one to the other with a murderous look on his face, stood up with a cup in his hand full of hot coffee, and then threw the scalding liquid right into Dr Phil's face, burning him badly enough that he started crying and had to go to the hospital. They totally cancelled the show then...

Spike and Freddy and his wife were all hauled off to jail for a few hours. The producers of the show finally decided that pressing charges would be bad publicity, so they let them all go... I guess Spike drove to the nearest off track betting facility and lost a couple hundred (money he had, absurdly enough, taken along to the show hoping to take Dr. Phil to dinner and discuss how wonderful he was now that he was no longer gambling).

Now Freddy is banned from buying weed over there, and his wife is staying at her sisters for the weekend. Spike is happily drinking vodka, smoking weed and Marlboros, and playing Texas hold em when awake.

Dog, love him; I am glad he untied his chimp again. ... I mean, what the hell, he's happier in the subliminal thrill...

I BOUGHT 90 HAMSTERS

You would think this would be a good thing.... but like so much of my life, things have gone horribly, horribly wrong.

This sad tale began when M. had to go to Indiana for a week to spend time with what I can't help imagining is an ailing, snively, elephant with an elaborately moussed display of gray hair between her ears. . . . And indeed she is visiting what has to be the closest human equivalent, M.'s porked out, whiny mother. Now, normally she keeps all the cash from me, because . . . well, just never you mind why... well, might as well be honest now... okay, truth be told, she keeps the cash away from exactly because of episodes like this.

Regardless . . . this time, she left me the rent. 810 dollars cash in the hand. Green and hot.

Now, M., she will just spend money without even thinking about investing, but me? I'm all about the occasional investment opportunity (someday I will make money off one of them, too, M.). So I started thinking immediately about ways to take the rent and make more money out of it, then spend that money and still have money for the rent... I figured the best bet way was to have a marauding army that I can send out on a crusade to gather gold and cash with their usual ruthless, blood splattered methods... Then it came to me, the most logical thing that one can do with 815.00 bucks -- I went out and bought ninety hamsters, a veritable living field from which I can grow a profitable and yet cuddly army (though knowing M., with her known tendency to second guess me, will probably find some tiny, meaningless reason to nit-pick this decision, too . . . I expect she will keep up the bitching right up until she is made queen).

The guy at the pet store said that these horny little, fuzzy faced killers would wham bam at such a prodigious pace that within a month my troop strength would be up to over a thousand... and from that thousand, the tens, and then hundreds of thousands I need just to take over this neighborhood.

First thing I did when I got home was go to the bedroom and remove everything, put up a Bruce Lee poster and a series of little sayings that I think will help them be better soldiers, stuff like -- HUMANS LOVE CATS, and KILL ALL OF THE HUMANS OR THEY WILL LET CATS EAT YOU, DESERTERS WILL BE EATEN BY A CATS, etc.. Painted the walls dark green, and wrote KILL, KILL, KILL all over the place--ceiling, walls, floor... I set up these little cots that I made out of toothpicks and some green jean jacket of M.'s that she almost never wears. I even cut up some junior mints and put them on each of their pillows... since I myself always find 'welcome mints' the perfect touch for a guest room.

That bedroom really shaped up into a nice barracks, if I do say so myself. And I'm sure that M. will adjust to sleeping in the dining room, as long as I can convince her that this is temporary, and that within a couple years she will have the entire wing of a palace? I can only hope her intellect is up to the task of taking in my sweeping, Napoleonic vision...

Once the troops were bedded down for the night, I got to thinking about how I had said too much to that geeky dude at the pet store who smelled, ever so vaguely, of dog feces. . . This underpaid tool of the puppy mills more than likely called some terrorist hotline and reported a dark shadow is about to fall on America... So, I kind of got all paranoid, you know, with the weed and all, and then just. . Well, I got completely carried away; there is no real way to deny that... I mean, you can barely move through the apartment because of all the barbed wire -- I kept open only little passages for cooking and bathing purposes... not to mention all the booby traps on all the doors and windows. I may even be responsible for the squirrels that have been exploding all morning out on the balcony...

Regardless; the next day I turned my often adequate mind to the task of breeding killers. I started by moving a cd player into the barracks and putting on a tape I made of Foghat playing Slow Ride over and over, then I lit some spicy, scented candles -- for both their wonderful, fresh scent and that warm, comforting glow. When I checked back a few minutes

later, only three of the hamsters were humping. They get off fast, their little furry pelvises a blur for less than a minute... Then they were going right to the next lass, and the next... with only occasional breaks for laying about gasping for air and twitching. I figured the rest of them were still adjusting to the hell of war, and that in a few hours they would get their mojo back.

The next day I went in to bring them breakfast and found those three same hamsters were still going away at it. They were skinnier, and humping significantly slower, but none were showing any signs of quitting their marathon boffing. This went on all day, and all night...

On their third day, during a nine-hour indoctrination lecture, the three were still mounting one after another of the females. . . They were moving much slower, wobbling from side to side as they walked... their ribs showing. They looked like they were not long for this world, which they weren't... one after another, first one during my lecture and then the other two in the night that followed, fell off their host hamsters and gasped and twitched again, but instead of kind of catching their breath and recovering enough to slowly crawl over to the next female, they keeled over dead and grew stiff one last time...

After the three merry fuckers were gone, the hamsters ceased having any kind of sex. I had never heard of such a thing and worried that they were sick. The other hamster armies had always been so sexed up that when I put my hand in their cage to feed them one of them was always hopping on and trying to get off a hump....

Two days passed like this... then the mystery of why they were all suddenly acting like up tight, fundamentalist wombats was solved... when I came walking in after taking Ruby down to the beach to find that they had taken down my 'kill-kill-kill slogans' and put up instead a poster of K. D. Lang. They were singing along with a Melissa Etheridge tape, one of those late, stupid ones... which they turned off a few minutes later, just long enough to watch Ellen.

I stood there looking at them and then it hit me...I had bought three males, and eighty seven females, and the shock of going without sex, and having no foreseeable sex in the future, had turned all the females into lap happy lesbians . . . that was kind of disturbing, because my breeding plans were

just fucked by that shit... I thought it couldn't get much worse, but I'm no fortuneteller, that's for damn sure.

Next, they read me a list of demands, in these high pitched, superior sounding voices, that said they were becoming Lesbian Separatists and as such were banning me, and all males and cats of any sex, from the barracks. Then, believe it or not, it got even worse....How could this get worse, you wonder? Well, they decided that as part of their discussion with what they called a 'mystical mother' during their 'Wicca sessions' that they had become . . . PACIFISTS!!!! . . . And further, they were leaving the army to, 'find the spirit of the great mother within.' They claimed that they could never be forced to fight, but you can bet that they changed their fuzzy little minds when I got so pissed that I let Ruby-dog and the kitty bums into the barracks for an all day hamster feast.

GETTING A FRONT FROM SPIKE THE DEALER

THAT GRUMPY OLD SHIT, IS LIKE DECIDING TO SMACK AROUND SOME CRACK DEALER'S PIT BULL!!!

I pulled it off today, but he mauled me . . . well, emotionally only. He knows that physically I can kick his old crumbling ass up and down the block, so he never, unfortunately, just out and out hits me or anything else that would allow me to legally tear him apart. No, he just says things like this when I walk in, ?You know, as pretentious as you can be, I bet you don't have a clue about this? but, only blunt people can be trusted.?

"What the hell are you talking about, Spike?"

"Well, Karen says I might have been a little too blunt in front of this friend of hers."

"No, Spike, for dog's sake, not you? Jesus, you are, in fact, what they call a blunt

instrument of murder, Spike."

"What the hell are you babbling about?"

I swallow my rising sense of contencion and remember my mission, saying only, in a puzzled voice, ?I thought you were babbling??"

"What the fuck do you want, anyways?"

"Weed."

"How much??"

?Well, you see I'm a little..."

"Oh, sweet Jesus, you are going to ask me for a front? You know I have not paid my rent, yet??"

"Well, no, of course I don't . . ."

"Now you do."

"Well, you know, if you can't." I sit down on the coach feeling uncomfortable as hell.

Spike suddenly sits up straight and waves me to be quiet like he hears something really important. Then he jumps up from the computer and moves quickly off to the doorway of the kitchen, where he confirms that his wife is on the phone (which she will stay on for hours, as is her way) and then comes running back into the living room, where he pulls up the very poker game that his wife has spent the last month trying to break him of (and is indeed more than likely where the rent money went).

Spike usually starts out winning in the morning, then gets drunk in the afternoon and loses all that money and more. I suppose that there are a few days he wins, though in the long run, as his wife is very quick to point out, he has lost over 2300 hundred smackaroos. Spike, the spin-master he is, tells the unwary that he has 'invested' 2300 in poker classes.

I do agree with him though that a few bucks is nothing to spend for a thrill.

He asks me, "Broke, huh??" like it is some damn sin.

"Yea."

"How come you --- don't even fucking answer, I know... you don't even fucking really work."

"Being an artists is too being employed."

"You think talking in that little kid's voice is funny? I'll tell ya where your money is really going, wise-ass, it's all that fucking Latte money, that's what it is? . You drink all that fucking poofy ass ice cream coffee from those expensive ass joint every goddamn morning, noon, and night. It adds up. All you idiots do it. Thousands of fucking dollars for asinine lattes. That's why you're fucking broke, sure as hell."

"Yea, probably a factor," I diplomaticall reply, after telling myself that I would not disagree with Spike while negotiating a weed front. I could already see his fangs through his snarl, to bring up that pit bull metaphor again.

He sighs in a way that is so fucking exaggeratedly disgusted . . . pauses his poker game, gets up, grabs his drink, and slowly moves over to the door off the dining room that leads upstairs.

I have no idea what he is doing, and some apprehension as to whether he was even going to come back.. I expected asking for a front to be bad, but I had no idea he would act like I had sinned against nature. I asked for this front knowing that M does not approve of me actually begging for weed, as she has made clear on way too many, many occasions. I pictured Spike upstairs calling her and telling her I had broke one of her little commandments.

I had to do something for dog's sake -- I was actually beginning to feel the world, Ohhhh, how creepy,,, yuck... like a good photograph, reality most often than not needs a filter to be as pleasing as possible.

Spike comes down the steps, goes back to the computer, tosses a little bag down beside the keyboard and commences to play more blackjack. "You know, I can?t afford this shit. I got people who owe me, for work I did on their plumbing."

"Yea, I know Spike. Wasn't that like three years ago?"

"You know I called you pretentious when you came in. I expected you to come at me for that, but no, you were sucking up, trying to get a front. Jesus, god in heaven, I can't afford this, but, you know, since you are my friend, I can't deny you. No, you know that, don't you... and you ain't afraid to use it for you own purposes obviously. Well, here.. just take it. Fucking just take it.."

"Spike, umm, thanks.? I grab the bag and shove it in my pocket before he has another drink or two and decides that I am not worth the favor.

He watches my hand pick up the cellophane and put it in my breast pocket like he is very, very pissed at my hand itself.

EXCEPT SERIAL KILLERS.

We will be operating from the premises that these things are set in stone pretty young, so there will be a youth group, kind of like cub scouts on pcg with machine guns, who will further help swell our ranks, and help serial killers finally come out of closet and live among us. Sure, the various neighborhoods they live in will be forced to draw lots to see who is sacrificed that day, or week, or whatever kill pattern the serial 'client' is accustomed to. ... BUT They pay taxes and vote, remember? This means they govern this planet already, if you think about it.

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W001&id=4&entry=90'\)](http://www.ebloggy.com/comments.php?username=GOODFELLO&id=4&entry=90)

How to BRAINWASH A HAMSTERS

1. KEEP THE HAMSTER UNAWARE OF WHAT IS GOING ON AND HOW HE OR SHE IS BEING CHANGED A STEP AT A TIME.

Throw a blanket over the cage, and never let them know that they are part of a planned indoctrination to become a throw away army for a half mad, weed whacked writer.

2. CONTROL THE HAMSTERS SOCIAL AND/OR PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT; ESPECIALLY THE HAMSTER TIME.

I keep them on a tight schedule, even though it seems excessive to M. for me to awaken them every three hours to pray to me (which they do silently, though I hear them, no matter how many times M. rolls her eyes).

3. SYSTEMATICALLY CREATE A SENSE OF POWERLESSNESS IN THE HAMSTER.

For this one, I put them in the cage and let Ruby dog and kitty bum try, fruitlessly though quite terrifyingly, to get at them for a snack.

4. MANIPULATE A SYSTEM OF REWARDS, PUNISHMENTS, AND EXPERIENCES IN SUCH A WAY AS TO INHIBIT BEHAVIOR THAT REFLECTS THE HAMSTERS FORMER SOCIAL IDENTITY.

These hamsters were all liberal, Jewish intellectuals when I bought them, so I don't let them read the Nation, eat bagels, or discuss their angst.

5. MANIPULATE A SYSTEM OF REWARDS, PUNISHMENTS, AND EXPERIENCES IN ORDER TO PROMOTE LEARNING THE MIGHTY HAMSTER ARMY'S IDEOLOGY, AND GROUP-APPROVED BEHAVIORS.

I keep a tape recording going, twenty hours a day, beside their cages, with my voice lecturing them on how they are actually bastard children of George bush, and that they should kill themselves over that alone, and that the only honorable way to do so, and get into heaven for sure, is to be a martyr. Kind of a clich, but what works, works, huh?

6. PUT FORTH A CLOSED SYSTEM OF LOGIC AND AN AUTHORITARIAN STRUCTURE THAT PERMITS NO FEEDBACK AND REFUSES TO BE MODIFIED EXCEPT BY LEADERSHIP APPROVAL OR EXECUTIVE ORDER.

If they have a bitch, I simply don't listen, same as with everybody else. Damn whine asses.

7) Never tell the hamsters that when the war is over and I am finally in control, they will be fed to ruby dog and the kitty bum.

This one is obviously the most important. With the other hamster armies, i learned that when they knew they would die whether they fought for me or not, they for some reason became listless and rather boring to talk to

JUST ISN'T ENOUGH TIME TO KILL ALL THE BASTARDS

....I'll try my best, though...

Today I watched a Michael Moore film, 9/11 and got all pissed off at the suits, and decided to just go downtown, into one of their damn office buildings and start killing anything with a tie. I really meant this going in, but of course I kind of lost it during the actual killing and just took everybody out. I was in full length black body armor hidden by my loose fit black fatigues with F. B. I. written on the back, an ak-47 over my broad shoulder, two glocks nestled next to my pec's in my shoulder hosters, and all the little shit I always keep with me, even when sleeping -- a few grenades, the derringer I keep in my ass, and the other strapped under my balls, all the knives, shagwire in my hair, etc... the basic's you should have for good, safe killing spree. I guess I packed a lunch, too, in a brown paper bag. I put it in one of the bulky pockets of my fatigues and smashed a penut butter and banana sandwich into my coleslaw, ruining the taste... man, after all the events of this day are lost to my memories as the every day, every day events they are, my sadness over this sandwich will echo...

Anyways, so I took a bus downtown, keeping my machine gun in the classic guitar case until i was dropped downtown, on madison and lasalle, the heart of the city. The sidewalk is located at what seems like the base of a huge canyon; grey skyscrapers reach up into the sky all around me. Everything looks neat and man made. Grey. Grey. Grey. The slate grey of a dismal sky should have never inspired the coloration of the majority of buildings... what a fucking Babbit-like waste.....

I'm thinking about this, and how I would really like to have a puppy to play with, as I stop on the sidewalk, pull my machine gun out from under the trench coat, aim into the glass of a revolving door leading into the fanciest building on the block... a huge grey mess of excess and corruption that Michael Moore has inspired me to just fuck up all to hell.... I open up on the glass door, blasting chunks of sharp glass back into the face of a security guard sitting at a desk just inside the door. A huge peice of glass was sticking

into his eyes, and he was trying to pull it out and couldn't see because of all the blood... kept cutting his hands more. I was going to leave him wounded, because he was just some schmo working a security job -- only honest people are that poor. I wanted ties who driver mercedes and exploit maids from mexico, Bush supporters.... but then the thing with his hands just got stupid on the third attempt. "If you had left that glass alone," I told this guy as I made my way through the shot to hell revolving doors, "You wouldn't be bleeding to death from your hands. You pull that out and you will bleed worse." Yet, he still kept trying to get that glass out of his eye. I just aimed at his head and let loose. The top of his head exploded, blowing half his brain back onto the wall behind him.... grey. Grey again, dripping down the damn wall... at least it was streaked with some bright red, I thought, as I looked again into the sad color that had just before struck me as part of the problem with corporate america -- no one should even think grey is an option for a fucking building! There are better colors, dammit!!!

In fact, I promise, if all the new buildings are made in nice pastels, bold strokes, or any pattern at all that uses a fucking PRIMARY COLOR, I will no longer kill.... well, let's see... flies... no, that is too easy... my own pets... no, that's too much to ask the way these hamsters get to screeching sometimes during the more difficult drills... okay, I will no longer kill....babies... not for like, six months... okay? No, forever.... I can promise any pie in the sky thing, I suppose, because they will never do this.

Anyways, I was thinking about all of the above as I made my way into the elevator and went to the top. I knew where to start, man.... the fucking top. I planned on going up and starting a fire, which would then cause a mad rush down toward the exits, and I could get a good field of fire filled with fucking arrogant scum.

And that's just what I did. I took the elevator to the top, then took out my bowie knife and when the door opened, I shoved the knife in between the door and the wall, holding the elevator for me.... Seeing no one around, I figured I had a minute... a good break. All in less than 30 seconds, I ran down the hall until I came to a bathroom, shoved a screw driver in the key hole and opened the door clean.... some guy was on the john... sighing over the hold up, I pulled out the glock with a silencer, popped a couple bad boys into his forehead.

Bang, bang.... took all the toilet paper from the rolls, tossed it in the garbage can, lit a match, dropped it in... the sprinklers in the ceiling would be going off in seconds, so I ran back to the elevator.

I stood at the entrance downstairs for maybe fifteen seconds, juggling my machine in my hands.... a cop came in the decimated door, looked around and started to say something to me... He thought I was a cop too, because of the fatigues... looked surprised as hell when I blew his chest out back into the street, looked down at the blood spurting out of his chest and then up at me accusingly. I heard them behind me starting to come out of the elevator, turned back around and opened fired on... well, turned out to be mostly the Hispanic janitorial staff. Turns out the suits went down below the building to the parking lot. You can imagine how that pissed me off.

I found this out by merely holding a knife to some guys throat. I was in no mood to kill oppressed people... no, on this day, I was out to do some good for a change. Inspired by that documentary, I was...

I ended up taking the elevator down to the parking garage, shooting the hell out of all of the new cars... Oh, I guess there were three or four guys down there in suits, and I cut off their heads and put them on the radio antennas of a line of Lexus. No one ever gets my art like this, but still I have to do it...

Oh, what a let down... I have been inspired by this, though... from now on, I am going to kill only for causes... I would like to say I will only target people who deserve it, like I told myself I would originally do... but that is just impossible -- Mark My Words Well: once those hamsters start killing, no force on earth can stop them until their blood lust is sated ... and I must use the troops now, though we remain under-funded and the troops are having trouble mastering the new satellite surveillance system... What can I tell you, there are going to be some innocents who die along the way?

Johnny Pain, religious psycho killer.... I like the ring of that, always have .. but I may have to trade it in, if I can make myself seem like I am killing for the forces of good, which I am... usually. The forces of annoyance and just a general feeling of duty to all of **humanity to remove the asshole gene** from the gene pool.

JESUS TELLS EMBARRASSED HUMANITY:

[home](#)

by jsr "MY BIRTHDAY IS IN FEBUARY."

13/08/06

11:06

PM

An obviously pissed off deity called a press conference today and announced that his birthday has been celebrated on the wrong day since a mere two years after his death.

"Two years! Those fucking self absorbed apostles! Fish,

fish, fish... it's all they can think about... and I mean fish metaphorically, you damned fundamentalists, like as in women... as well as real fish, because that is mostly what they think about. . . to this day!"

The actually fuming deity then screamed in a voice that melted the first row of reporters on the scene, "They couldn't remember my birthday when I was alive without all kinds of hints. Now, you have these parties year after year, and I stand around all embarrassed thinking you'll figure it out sooner or later -- and if I hear my dad say 'humans' aren't perfect,' one more time I am moving in with Satan."

Evil laughter was heard over the world for a full thirty seconds before all calenders and memories were adjusted by the heavenly father to correspond with Jesus real birthday.

A spokesman for the bearded deity told reporters, "He's taken a tub, drinking his usual barrels of wine. He asked me to read this statement: "I am 'just trying to forgive, for like the billionth billion time."

GENERAL SNIGGLY-POO CHANGES HIS NAME TO FLUFFY ONE WHO KILLS.

Sources close to the Pantopia Empire are said to be worried about the rising power of one of their heroic, charismatic leaders. The General formerly known as Sniggly-Poo has run afoul of the government before by making radical statements like, "Soldiers should be able to decide where to fight." Now he is defying God himself by changing his name, a move that the government is afraid could spread to other hamsters, and cause them to lose their cover stories of being slavishly loving and controllable.

A source close to Pain is quoted as saying, "If that hamster gets in the way of Johnny's plan, the dog will be happy, that's all I can say."

Ruby dog and the kitty bum have been promised a special treat today, but still no word if this is related to the possibly treasonous behavior of General Fluffy One Who Kills, or merely a can of tuna.

Last night, I got m. Wasted

by dissolving one of my heavy duty valiums into her orange crush, and got her to agree to get three more hamsters. Then I got her another drink, complete with pill (the half life of these pills is 23 hours, so this later pill insured she wouldn't sober up and change her mind until after the Hamsters could be procured). Sure took her awhile to cool down after my experiments with making hamsters fly on paper airplanes went so horribly wrong...

We live on the third floor and have a balcony overlooking a court yard with a white statue of two children holding each other, and I mistakenly tried to teach the hamsters to do some practice fighting for kamikaze work... they hit the concrete and exploded into red and yellow clouds of gore. When M. came home I tried to pretend they weren't my hamsters when anyone would have known they were. Of course, the damn lying made things worse...

At least cleaning up all the hamsters smashed on the concrete courtyard proved for sure that if Ruby eats too many hamsters she will get sick. Her barf looks like little fetuses...

M. practically ordered me to clean up the smashed hamsters in the courtyard, even the one that hit the white statues of the kids and made the boy look like he was bleeding from the top of his head.

Ruby helped tremendously by gulping down; though later when she barfed

up near fetuses on the living room rug while we were watching I Spy, I had to wonder if she really had been any help at all. She added to a bad situation by making M. puke, too. I was then beaten for the second time that day.

The cat Buk did his part. I held him up over the statue so he could lick blood off the head of the statue. Two people came out of the apartments and into the courtyard, and as they walked by me, I started mumbling, "Satan, live with this blood. Help me to do this dark deed.... Satan live with this..."

A young chap and a dame with brown hair and nice long legs under a red dress that plunged. I figure then they are probably the ones who called the cops, who happened to show up, as they do, hours after I was done. Later I found out they were the ones.

When the Chicago's Sometimes Finest rang my bell, I was ready, because I had been alerted to their presence by looking out my front window and seeing them going door to door down the block... I knew they would do the same on our side. I pulled my hair back, put on a Hawaiian shirt and black jeans, new converse shoes. At the door I called them sir. Said yes sir or no sir to all his questions... then invited them in for a drink. They say they don't have time. I say 'let me at least get y you a coke to drink?'" I could tell they were hot, in their bullet proof jackets, as they lumbered about our apartment building trying to find the Satanist who was sacrificing cats in the statues. Once I had the cops under my spell of Johnny Pain the normal, good looking guy, I told them that I knew the woman who made the call to them.

"She has a head condition," I told them. "I took her out once and she told me she hears voices, sees things. I mean, come on, who is going to do such a thing. I have a cat myself... you can look and see if he has been sacrificed lately. And a dog. Better check her, too. I'm sorry you gentlemen had to waste so much of your valuable time."

The younger cop laughs with me, the older cop, who looked bored as hell when he walked up and had not changed his expression since, told me, a smoke and whisky rough voice, "We get nut cases calling us all the time."

"I'm sure you do, sir." I responded in an interested voice.

They believed me, left my flat and walked back to their car. The woman

who called was out in the courtyard with her boyfriend in tow. I opened my window and heard the young cop tell her, "You can file a complaint at city hall, but there's no evidence of any damn satanic ritual or whatever... and no suspects. We can't do anything unless we catch him in the act, or you have a video tape. I wish it wasn't like that, but... hey, I didn't make this world, eh?"

The second cop, who until then was just watching his partner talk to the old lady, suddenly started laughing. His younger partner joined in and just turned away from the woman and walked to the squad car. They were still laughing as they turned around and then drove off. I couldn't hear them, but I'll bet they said.

COP ONE: We should charge her with filing an erroneous report.

TWO: Shit, you going to do the paperwork?

One: She ain't worth it.

Two: What a fucking call. Satanists in that fucking courtyard. Who the hell took the call that sent us over here?

TWO: Yea, you know what I'm thinking?

One: You always ask me that, every damn day when the dunkin donuts put out the fresh donuts.

TWO: I thought you thought it was funny?

One: Just that once, okay? Damn, you got me thinking about them donuts now. They're gonna come out in five minutes, and they will be incredible for maybe twenty minutes, then... well, you just can't eat those old donuts when you know... Shit, we're gonna have to put on the siren and blow all the lights and shit to get there on time. Well, go ahead and turn on the sirens.

TWO: Alright, I knew you'd come around, you big handsome hunk of a man.

ONE: STOP HITTING ON ME!

One: A compliment isn't...

Two: You shouldn't have told me that you fantasize about fucking me. It

makes my asshole ache to even think about it.

ONE: Oh, with the right lube, it feels so wonderful. Especially if....

Back to the Mighty Hamster Army...

I am hoping to use indigenous people in their present positions, and unlike Bush in Iraq, I won't have to worry about people revolting and all. These cops, it warms my heart to write, will be paid more and have more of their ilk backing him up when the streets get nasty, when the world is in my hands. Instead of torturing them like what was done, they should have been won over with kindness, at least whenever possible. Combatants end up being politicians when the war dies down, and we should be trying to win them over through example, like a number of the troops in Iraq have done, by being gregarious with kids and trying to connect with the people. An over all policy of torturing prisoners is a very scary thought. Travel abroad will grow riskier and riskier as the countries insulted target civilians, and especially clubs in Europe that are frequented by Americans. For this and many other reasons, it is imperative that I get more and more hamsters, so there is an honest army out there to fight for our free right to destroy the planet and poison the air.

These are the end times, when all should have an army. Let world wide anarchy break out... I will be protected by some of the best rodents ever spewed from a womb... THE MIGHTY -- BEAT THEM TO PISS AND TWITCHES -- HAMSTER ARMY!!!! Fear them... fear them deep in your dreams!!! Fear wombats too... Fear them very, very much.

No matter what the naysayer, M., thinks.

I know that by having all these hamsters in my head, doing all the dark deeds that need to reluctantly be done to insure my future as a God like the Egyptian Pharaohs. I AM PREPARING the fiercest and most cuddly killing force the Chicago metropolitan area has ever seen.

Having all these hamsters in my head makes it possible for me to quickly train new recruits specifically for the jobs that my Mind Hamsters are doing. I need 64 to kill a human. That's it. Which isn't that many, really. That M. though, she acts like a mere 64 hamsters would, quote, ". . Take over the whole goddamn apartment."

She then added, much to my chagrin, "You can only have three, and if they have babies you have to take them back. We talked about this."

Whenever she says 'we talked about this,' she means she has bitched at me on this point before. She only wants three around because Ruby Ann, who so far has gotten to every army, gets sick if she eats more than three.

Despite my best efforts at security, Ruby Dog the Husky Sis, uses her wiley wolf ways to find just the right moment when I can't get to her until after she has gulped down my semi-armed forces.

Not these latest ones, though. I got them last night. About nine pm. Now it is morning and I am listening to Piano Classics on my computer and I am not going to sleep until they are trained to defend themselves. I have to, believe me... Ruby keeps looking toward the backroom and licking her lips. Earlier I caught her by their door salivating. She knows that if I am awake, will stop her from getting at the army, so she waits patiently for me to go to sleep. I have seen her do this many, many times in the past. She shows no interest in what she wants while we are awake, but man let her think we are not going to catch her and she will be nabbing any candy on the table, bread left out, and a tasty bit in a can from the garbage can.

M. still holds firm on her no torture policy. She finally did let me get some hamsters again. It took her awhile to cool down after my experiments with making hamsters fly on paper airplanes. We live on the third floor and have a balcony overlooking a court yard with a statue of two children holding each other, and I mistakenly tried to teach the hamsters to do some kamikaze work... then when M. came home I tried to pretend they weren't my hamsters when anyone would have known they were, so the lie made things worse...

Cleaning up all the hamsters smashed on the concrete courtyard proved for sure that if Ruby eats too many hamsters she will get sick. Like M. warned me, and I poo-pooed off. Her barf looked like little fetuses... Yes, I had to clean up the smashed hamsters in the courtyard, even the one that hit the white statues of the kids and made the boy look like he was bleeding from the top of his head.

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part by licking off the blood from the concrete and the statue. Two people came out of the apartments and into the courtyard and just for the hell of it I started mumbling, "Satan, live with this blood. Help me to do this dark deed...."

They abruptly quickened their steps. I figure they are probably the ones who called the cops, who happened to show up, as they do, hours after I was done. When the Chicago's Sometimes Finest rang my bell, I was ready, because I saw them interviewing all of our neighbors across the way. I pulled my hair back, put on a Hawaiian shirt and black jeans, new converse shoes. At the door I called them sir. Said yes sir or no sir to all his questions... then invited them in for a drink. They say they don't have time. I say let me at least get y you a coke to drink?"

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They believed me. Just left my flat and walked back to their car. The woman was out there and they told her, "You can file a complaint at city hall, but there's no evidence."

The second cop, who until then was just watching his partner talk to the old lady, suddenly started laughing. His partner then joined in, and they kept laughing as they got in their squad car. I couldn't hear them, but I'll bet they said.

COP ONE: "We should charge her with filing an erroneous report."

Cop two: "Shit, you going to the paperwork?"

One:" "Oh, yea... you're right."

Two: "What a fucking order. Satanists in that fucking courtyard. Who the hell took the call that sent us over here?"

COP TWO: "Yea, you know what I'm thinking?"

Cop One: "You always ask me that, every damn day when the dunkin

donuts put out the fresh donuts."

COP TWO: "I thought you thought it was funny?"

I think my position on Hamster Hair should be clear by now. This fashion statement slows them down and I will not have that!! Not in my army. The problem is that afterwards they look kind of scrawny and pathetic. A bitchin' tan really helps. They say that if you look better, you feel better, so it probably applies to Hamsters, too. So, of course, I have added tanning to their training schedules.

Today I lectured the new troops for two hours on how to do maximum damage with a toothpick (while I was gluing the toothpicks to the hamsters' paws, there was a slight mishap, and I had a hamster glued to my arm for about an hour... it stayed on even when I twirled my arm around in a circle real fast.. I finally just ripped it off... man, how that thing squealed in pain--almost drowned out mine) and then another hour on The Three Stooges School Of Martial Arts, mostly on Curly's break through moves (as you know, the CIA invented the whole idea that the Stooges should take their fighting method and make a film to train recruits in far off places; as many millions of laughs have shown, the Stooges of course did them one better, and hid their deadly games under the veil of slapstick comedy). Curly's moves are mean, and some say below the belt, but dammit, these hamsters have a size deficiency to make up for!!

After the lectures, I ran them through some drills... or at least tried to. I fear that once more I have a band of leaders so sure of their own minds that they do not often follow directions. Hamsters are known as born war strategists, of course, and I don't want to beat that out of them... but they

did have some strange attack ideas when I put them on the world map and told them to show me how they would take over the world.

M. seems to think that they are merely just, quote, "Running this way and that, all helter skelter."

What does she know of the hells of war? I have read dozens of books on Vietnam and am haunted by flashbacks to page numbers that I am pretty sure are from those books...

Napoleon The Seventh (Ruby ate all but the original, I must sadly report) seems to be just the little Mussolini I need to do my bidding without thinking too much. I took him and Alexander the Great The Seventh (yes, Ruby), and General Sniggly Poo The Sixth (you get the picture), down to the beach today. I stayed under a sun umbrella as they tanned. I was surprised by how many people were on the beach sucking cancer in through their skins. I thought this human geography would be smarter than that, optimist that I am.

Just a few minutes after we were all set up, as I rubbed coconut lotion on Napoleon, the lifeguard came walking up. A young college looking boy. "What the hell are those?" He asked me.

"Shaved hamsters."

"Whoa. Did they have disease, or something"

"No, I assure you, they are healthy. In fact, they are at the top of their game."

"Why did you shave them then?"

"Duh... aerodynamics."

"Well, anyways, no animals on the beach."

It doesn't take a keen mind like mine very long to spot an enemy agent, and when he said this, totally interrupting my training schedule, I knew he was acting under orders to sabotage my army at all costs.

"Well, I will hate to break that news to my other three hundred hamsters. They are going to be pissed. I can't always control them."

"Look, buddy..."

"That's General Buddy, to you."

"Okay... I have a phone here to call the cops, okay?"

"Cops, you say. . . Don't you mean . . . wombats?"

"What?"

"You heard me! Dammit, man, when are you going to wise up to the marsupial threat!!" I gather up my umbrella and tan oil, put the troops in a shoe box and begin trudging across the sand, knowing that the enemy has upped the stakes in the game... and will stop at nothing to break up my training camp. When I reach the steps, I turn around and see the lifeguard watching me with a puzzled look on his face. Taking in every damn bit of information he can about me. I take one last stab at saving his soul. "They couldn't have paid you enough to make up for living in their vision of a world, which they will have if they win."

The Mighty Beat Them To Piss And Twitches Hamster Army now is entering a time of trials. I expected this. I will need to watch for spies everywhere. Even people I know could be deep plants, people who have been working their way into my life for years... how did they know I would build a Hamster Army?

Probably that damn Miss Cleo the psychic. According to the commercials and that one sleazy looking woman singer, she is always right. I knew she was making a mistake by advertising her powers. And sure enough, where is she now? Locked up in a CIA lab. Sure as shit, the wombats have gained access to her through their sympathizers in the Company.

Johnny Pain Out...

A DARK VISION OF HELL -- WOMBAT STYLE.

Lately I seem to hear this droning English voice narrating my life, sounding like he is on a WWII documentary on public television. Last night, as the enemy launched yet another assault on our Barracks, I could have sworn he said, "The Raccoons were relentless."

They were, too. We are the last holdout in this big old world. The last free men and women. Soldiers up and down the lines are breaking down and crying from the stress. I fear that our position cannot hold out another night. The forces of the wombat will soon own the entire earth.

You want this to happen in real life? I hope the hell not. Wombat World Domination will indeed happen though unless you and twenty seven trillion million like you write your government demanding that they stop this so called War on Terror, and shift their focus to the War on Wombats. The Wombat Forces are still small and barely armed at this point. I say an arm to arm march across Australia would be enough to get rid of them once and for all, and then the world would finally be safe. . . not this fantasy that we live in – the fantasy that the wombat's are laughing at right now as they plan on how to enslave your children in large carrot processing factories.

Thus far my ideas have been shunned by most in government, with the exception of W. The Rock star President, who we all know has no real power, and since his mom and Cheney are renown horse fuckers, you know they are going to be against the president's bold plan to kill all animals (with the exception of certain hamsters, who will all have to be cleared personally by the president, after being evaluated in the form of biographical coloring books).

As an animal lover – with the admitted exception of wombats and hard drinking Emu, you think I would be against a plan such as this. No... you

see, the world-wide public and governmental outcry will be so hard against this plan after the world views all those dead wombats that he will never be able to see it through. You know me, I am always trying to come up with a good excuse to kill off the entire wombat nation, and I think this is the best one I have come up with lately... though I refuse to approach my huge pile of notes on this topic to verify as much, and my memory is something I spend thousands and thousands of dollars on drugs to forget.

Well, though I hardly expect any of you out there to really care enough to send me a living hamster, my conscious requires that I at least ask that you to help me build an army to save this whole damn planet once and for all, even though I am sure you are going to spend that five bucks on something less deserving... quarters at an adult bookstore, perhaps? Yea, I see going in those places and spending god knows how many hamsters? You make me vomit... but, just so you know, like booth 56, the second movie from the right, CUMLY SHOTS IVVXXX, the quarter slot is all . . . well, come-stuck. I think this movie was a weaker effort in the series, anyways...

W'S ALCOHOLIC INTERVENTION ENDS IN GUNFIRE...

An attempt by the Bush Family, and various friends of the president, to force the recently constantly drunk W into a treatment program, ended in gunfire today when the W called in troops and had the entire facility placed under arrest.

After a brief gun battle between the ex-presidents body guards and 300 National Guard troops, the Bush family formally surrendered and asked that they be treated with the accords of the Geneva Convention, which caused the thinking world to collectively snicker and mutter, "Oh, yea right... "

The W left the treatment center smiling today, saw the gathered press and looked distressed.

"Hey, this wasn't about me, man? I'm cool. Uh, they were planning a coup. Sadly enough, we have pictures of that therapist in there with Bin Laden, and the others... well, I'm going to have to have their asses kicked, but they're family, so.... Hell, I'll banish em. I can banish people, right? Thank god. "

When asked about his inability to draw a sober breath, W first looked embarrassed, then angry, and finally kind of sad as he answered, "Man, I drink to think, okay? Thinking hurts, but man, if that's what Bono says it takes to make my band work, well... rock n roll ain't all babes and doobies, you know? Not that I'm saying it shouldn't be... I'll probably pass a law about this? You know, gets that thinking shit out of music. Somebody take a goddamn note and remind me about this later."

IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE A CHEERLEADER
STARTED USING THE POWER OF CHEERS TO FURTHER THE FORCES
OF EVIL...

Of course, Bush was a cheerleader...

Not that Bush had a plan to take over the world, No. . . This was just another one of those horrible, horrible little accidents that statistically have to happen sometime, you know? One time it was a meteor wiping out Africa, this time it is a male cheerleader who happened to come from one of the most powerful families in the world (who ran as an 'outsider' I have to add).

I mean, let's be honest with each other, without that kind of help, we all know that no cheerleader would ever have been smart enough to win the presidency. I guess there is also that whole thing where his granddaddy and daddy's old cronies have been manipulating elections since before lower case w was born. I can see them, the gnomes of Dallas or something, sitting around drinking whisky and smoking Cubans (their fingers and toes), figuring, in their cynical, fat cat way, "Hey, we kept an Alzheimer addled actor in for eight years, why not use a fucking cheerleader?"

are still presumed dead.

THE W. ON QUOTERS AND ETCETERA..

The w spent the hour before the weekly briefing thinking about ways to get back at what he thought of as, 'Them damn quoters.' He hated people who used quotes more than anything else that he could just then f that pissed him off. As soon as Cheney and the others sat down in their chairs, he opened his official writing pad, the one he had put the presidential seal all over both sides of the blue cover, and read, "Here is the damned problem, you see?

"Quoters," he told them, "those bastards who think it is cool and learned to memorize some damn passages. Next time I am talking to some bastard head of some bastard state, and they throw a quote out at me, I want to be able to quote right back at these bastards. Quotes? Yea, quotes, damn them. They're like snapping some guy's ass with a towel in the shower. You got to fight sting with sting in a situation like that, and I say so with, do not forget, the full force of the frigging army, of the States of United America"

"Sir, umm, not to beat a dead horse, but I have to say again, it is, The United States of America."

"Is that one of them god damn hand held phones?"

"Yes, sir." I can play this back to you, when you deny... well, when we discuss this."

"Goddamnit, give me that... " The W pointed down at the recorder, his face showing a look of disgust he usually reserved for enemies of state.

"Sir, it's got a lot of notes on there."

"Are you refusing a direct order from the commander and chief, which is an act of high treason and I have read recently, I can have any body shot, if shooting is needed."

"What?"

"He can do it." Cheney barked out from the largest chair in the room.

"He can have you dead, now. Hell, I'll do it. Strangle your ass. Don't test me, I read a few books about Vietnam."

"Vietnam, huh?" The W interjected. He stood up and walked over to the window, clasped his hands behind his back, and in a voice which the W considered heavy, he told the gathering, "I'm been thinking maybe I'm, uh, yeah, you know, having flash backs to Vietnam."

The group of suited men sitting around the table all looked up from their notes and computers. W's words had stunned the assembly into silence. No one wanted to be the first to speak, since none of them had actually been in any wars, though all had profited heartily in some way from them in the past, and actually going to Vietnam was not a topic any of them liked being discussed. "Yea, it's hell." The W added. "Pure hell."

The Cheney, as he thought of himself, finally had to speak up, "Sir, I . . . didn't know you were in Nam?" The Cheney silently went over in his mind the plan he had to assassinate the w and take control, should the w ever get too insane to handle. He had been watching for signs of this dementia since he entered the oval office, always prepared for his chance to take control... he once wrote in one of his secret journals that he had masturbated to the thought, much to the chagrin of his 'not often enough for her tastes' serviced wife who read the damn thing... which had turned out okay in the end at least, because she too was a fan or rectal cucumbering and was embarrassed to say so.

Yea, the W told them, "We'll just see, I think I was in Vietnam, whether I remember it or not. I was drunk a lot, probably doing other shit, like doobie smoking, toot, whatever the hell they had over there to get a good one on, you know?"

A General to the W's right also had a plan to get rid of the president, though only in the case of that being absolutely necessary and his wife agreed. His wife had forced him to agree to the last part, one night after he told her about the plan. He got off on taking orders from her while she vacated her bladder over his feet, and since they actually both enjoyed this experience, they felt like they were meant for each other. The general could not be happier, and wanted to hold on to that woman at all costs... and he was pretty sure the W. would go crazy, and Cheney and the others above him on that oh so short chain of command -- for them, he was keeping two crazy Arab kids he was keeping in a van out back of the local ROTC building, all hopped up on coke and meth and chanting "Death to America pig breathed infidel butts." He put his hand on the butt of his gun and felt a tinge of electricity cross through his right testicle. "

A face the W. was sure he had seen before said, "Mr. President, uh, I mean W. you were not, according to existing records, in Vietnam. However, should you wish to have such paperwork delivered to your office, that can be arranged ASAP, Sir? Dammit, I forgot to say sir all those times before this... so, here, let me just say, sir, sir, sir, sir, sir, sir."

"I think you missed one, hoss."

Uhhh, yes, Mr. President, Sir. . . Sir."

"Now, as far as my time in the jungles of that hot hell. . . . Remember them jackets that said something like, I been to Vietnam, so hell ain't so bad? Something to hell like that. Get me one of those. A couple, for when I spill stuff. I'll never forget the time in those awful jungle hostels. Eatin', rats. Probably. Everything is classified about this topic, all need to know. I was doing secret fucking missions. Nobody used. Hell, I had a double that filled in for me here."

"Uhm, sir, is this a joke?"

"Are you saying Viet-fucking-nam was a joke?"

"Well, no..."

"Hell, you were probably one of them hippies that spit on me when I came back from saving our country from the Vietnamese invading our shores."

"W. The w. I was one mother fucker over there. Hell, I may have killed some babies or something when I was drunk. Man, I could tell stories, and I will. I got me a source feeding me the true stuff, shit you guys don't even know. That's what it's like to be the president of only the whole free fucking world!!"

Cheney put down his reading material, the latest TV guide, and asked, "Did someone tell you that you were in Vietnam, sire?"

"One of them CIA guys."

"Sir, I told you not to listen to their stories after you tried to make those 'special pigs' fly out of the helicopter at two hundred feet. Had to drop them on the white house steps while there was a long line of tourists, of course. We had to kill three, four hundred witnesses that day."

A youngish man in a suit of the same blue as all the others, as well as a

similar hair cut, fingernail trimming, ties, shirts and shoes and cologne, said, "Wow, that is a lot of people to kill. Can I shoot some of them?"

W: "That's my man there. Hell, yes, you can shoot some."

Cheney: "Sir, which CIA agent told you that you were in Nam?"

"Which one? They all look the same. I have told you that so many damn times, Dick."

"Sir, it is possible that someone has played a trick on you."

"Cheney, listen, I can rewrite history, right? Like we talked about. So, why not this too? Make them believe goddamn it, and make it a law that no one can question this story. You know, send some boys over and kick some journalistic ass, or refuse somebody to some damn dance or something, whatever you have to do."

"So, you made up the CIA agent?"

"I have no comment on that matter at this time." The W looked down at the hand held recorder and remembered that he was going to smash the damn thing if anyone used it to correct him again... without that evidence, he could just deny whatever they said he said, like he always did. He pointed at the device, said, "Give me that goddamn thing? "

"Sir, I have a lot of notes on that recorder. Please?"

"I just want to look at it."

The owner of the offending recorder turned to Cheney, "Dick, please?"

"He just wants to look at it," Cheney told him with a smile that he liked to think of as classic Chaney, which he had practiced for what would amount to almost six and a half year of his life.

"He said that before and, well, he made that too classified to discuss, didn't he?"

The W. jumped up from his chair and screamed, "That did not happen!"

W's cry was soon followed by a chorus of denial from all around the table. 'Never happened at all,' and, 'that man is breaking a law by

bringing that up,' and other variations of groveling words.

"Give me that piece of junk."

"Certainly, Mr. President."

The W bounces the hand held recorder on his palm, watches the tiny black tape spin around inside as he talks, "This damn thing has caused me enough trouble. Trouble. Trouble is sitting here too damn long."

The forgotten recorder falls out his hand and onto the table. He stands up and motions toward the door, "Now, I'm going to go do some president stuff."

President declares, 'Midgets are elves!!

Speaking to reporters while standing in the door of the white house waiting for a late pizza delivery, the W. told a shocked and confused electorate, "You know, man, Midgets are elves... I wish to god they would just accept this!!! They should all be dressed up in silly costumes and employed by the state to dance around like jesters!!! Like they do in civilized countries!! This isn't cruel either. They would love these jobs. Getting drunk and dancing around is right up there with sex, for god's sake. I mean, can you imagine being paid to dance around all day? I sure can. But, no, here we have these stifling Equal Rights Laws.... can you imagine how much better the world would be with drunken elves dancing around on the street corners? The world would finally be like the inside of my head . . . "

The W then presented a bill aimed at demolishing all Equal Rights Law, saying, "I was going to have to go give some speech, but since you pack of weasels are here, go on and take this down to the senate for me." When asked why he was demolishing equal rights, the W snapped, "You really don't know shit, do you? Now, why the hell would someone like me,

who was born into just about every damn thing a party hound could want, give a shit about equal rights? You think I want you peasants to have the same rights as me, we're on two

W TAKES OVER GOLF COURSE

The w used Public Domain laws to take over a golf course last night, where three hundred of what the w called his 'closest party buddies and their chickies' could play 'strip golf.' The golf course was returned the next morning and damage was said, by a government source, to be 'minimal.'

This assessment, however, was disputed by the courses owner, Donny Donofrio, who told reporters, "They were pretty wasted when they came in here. You could hear them miles off; all of them had their guns out shooting them off as they came up the road... Bush was hanging on to the side of one of those new presidential humvees he has, the red ones with detailing by R. Crumb. He was buck naked and howling like a coyote. They drove like that for... well, miles... I guess they were at a bar and when they tried to close, the president invited them all out for some 'Strip Golf.' They shot their way into my house, for Christ's sake. Without even trying to knock. I would have answered. I mean, they didn't have to take my family hostage until they were 'safely off the property' or whatever the hell that Justice Department guy said. They didn't have to kill my pets to show me how serious they were, either. . . . I mean, I would have just given them the golf course for the night..."

The president previously referred to as Bush, who now requires, at the pain of death, that he be referred to as 'The w,' left the golf course at 4:34 am to go meet his daughters at Denny's, where the president told local penguins that he hoped to, 'meet my daughters and smoke doobies and try all the different types of syrup. Like a goddamn rock star.'

Puffins on the scene were see through, leading to speculation that their souls have returned to wreck vengeance on the secret service agents that stomped their entire species to death last week, at the orders of the w, who has been known, for years, to sport a disdain for water fowl.

SO CALLED 'I AM NOT A WIMP LAW'

PUSHED THROUGH CONGRESS LATE FRIDAY

. . . with unprecedented speed, so quickly that evidently no one voted on the bill except for Dick Cheney, who is claiming he can't speak about anything anymore because of what he tells reporters is, 'the power of plausible denial.' Democrats were out partying when the vote was taken and are feeling none too kind this morning as they line up, despite their holiday hangovers, to drink bloody Mary's and roundly criticize the new law which they dubbed the, I AM NOT A WIMP, EITHER law.

At the signing in ceremony last night, reporters asked the not-so-pres. what the new law entailed.

The president took on his trademark smug smirk, leaned forward on the podium and answered in a voice filled with conviction and even joy." I will from now on order the new head of all the fucking spies, okay, to have all the intelligence services and the armed forces at my command, twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, to just kick whoever's ass I want them too. It's gonna be frigging cool."

An anonymous source in the administration had this to say about why Bush put the law through: "He really just wants to get revenge on anyone who ever did anything to him that he didn't like. And I do mean anything. And he kept these fucking lists, okay? His mom helped him, I guess. She did the same. He has a team of ex Navy Seals working around the clock getting even with people his mom hates alone, I guess... He doesn't always have good reasons, you know... There are people he hates for things like acting like characters he doesn't like -- and yes, more actors than you would guess die from just this right now.... You gotta remember, as a politician, he's had to suck everyone's ass all his life -- and this is what kept him going, this dream of his to become a second term president and then just fucking wreak revenge. He starts sweating and shaking when he talks about this and... Well, humm, he becomes visibly aroused -- you know? The little tent? I guess, he doesn't, you know, since the love making accident he had, slipping out and taking a nasty fall off some silk sheets... he refuses to allow anyone to speak of it. That's a capital offense at the moment, in fact. He snuck that one right by the press. Now, on this new campaign of his, he has teachers on there from his second grade in school on -- anyone who gave him a 'C'. or less.... the list is just.... well, long, okay... He gets drunk once in awhile and lets other people add names, too. He's holding strategy meetings now with top CO's from across the country, generals, think tanks... has them all targeting his first waves of objectives -- anyone who picked on him when they were kids. I mean, we're talking about older men and women who don't even remember these incidents, and he has these agents just driving a fucking tank into their houses in the middle of the night, dragging them out in front of their neighbors and beating them to piss and trembles, you know? In fact, he is so serious that Bush is hiring private contractors, because he is afraid that government workers will 'slack off a lot ' and 'barely put anything into the punches.' When someone in the cabinet was foolish enough to point out to w. that he's a government worker, too, Bush at first tried to make it out like he knew that, then like he didn't give a shit about the dig, saying, "Hell, I do slack off a lot... if that's what you mean and of course that is what you mean... You know what; I don't need to throw any of my own goddamned punches, though, because I can afford fucking help. Like to meet the help?" Then he sicked these secret service guys on the cabinet member ... In fact, he ranted for awhile on how from now on, the government worked for him. Wasn't pretty. This is about when he started in on the malt liquor spiked with tequila, too; something he said was 'his daughters favorite waker upper.' That night, in some kind of midnight ceremony which Bush says is based on skull and

bones, he made everyone do shots and beat off to really old porno with seventies disco tracks in the back ground. . . you would not believe how much of nasa's budget has been diverted to making masturbatory devices for this man... anyways, then we all went out into this tent set up on the white house lawn, where he had the guy who pissed him off at the meeting drawn and quartered by these four Budweiser horses. Guy squirted straight up for a change. To keep everything quite, we may or may not have been involved in all those tourists dying in Washington that day. I mean, they all died, every single tourist that day... a sad coincidence... but... well, I got to save something for my fucking book, right? I mean, how else is a politician supposed to support his family when he goes to prison? Yea and you can bet, if we had to kill everyone who was on vacation in Washington that day. . . . That was a job. Jeez, the ones we might shoot in my book were really, just like the president said at the time, getting the better of the deal. See what I mean?"

Bush was later again confronted by reporters, this time outside of a well known DC barbecue eatery, where he walked out with his belt undone and the top button of his pants open, his shirt tail half out and covered in the same dark purple sauce that covered his face and suit and white shirt and tie. When asked by reporters, 'Isn't this law immoral and just plain a bad precedence? By the way, should one of your statures look so . . . common?"

The not-so president responded, "Somebody say something? Because if somebody was to say something, I brought some ass kickers here with me today for emergency jobs. Somebody say something about this sauce? I am the fucking president!!!! Yea, doggie!!! Look at ya stink weasel liberals to the bone... You know what, send your fastest fucking secret service agent back to that place and get me a me a bottle of that barbecue sauce and have every man here spread it on their faces, and if anyone fucking gives you a look, just one damn disrespectful look, you cap their asses... What is that? Silence? I guess the so called free press doesn't have shit to say to that, huh? Yea, I fucking didn't think so. That's right, you just better keep your damn French and other languages speaking pie holes shut. Now, where the fuck is that sauce, goddamn it? That guy you sent is too fucking slow -- kill him when he gets back. And you better hope the next one runs faster when I need sauce like this, by god."

Bush was then seen going into a fast food restaurant, where he angrily stopped in the entryway and tore down a sign in the window saying, "No Public Restroom." The enraged w .startled the teenage girls at the counter by waving the tattered sign in their faces and screaming, "You know, punks, I can take a goddamn shit on your head if I want to!!"

When the teens started crying loudly, Bush reportedly was reminded of his own daughters, and ordered a near by cabinet member to apologize to the kids.

W then told the young women," Hell, kids, I'll tell you what. I'll buy you some fucking beers, okay? In fact, close this place fucking down. In fact, tear this shit down. Yes, right fucking now. Light it up. Call in the goddamned National Guard if you want, I don't give a damn. Disobey me and die motherfuckers!!! Now, get that limo over here and me and these young lasses are going to drink some brewskis.... then we'll stop over at my kids place, do some bongz, whatever . . . I'm the most powerful mother fucker on the planet!!! Whhoooo, doggie, yeaaaaa!!!"

The teenagers were seen being thrown out of the limo's window just a block away. While waiting for an ambulance, the one who could speak told reporters," He was only being nice, he said, because thought we had weed... when we didn't, he told this guy, 'toss em, just toss their asses."

Penguins on the scene refused to comment, despite questioning by curious reporters trying to get to the bottom of the appearance of thousands of penguins in Washington, dc. Ignoring even the most doggedly badgerous, the penguins merely stood around in shadowed doorways displaying bad posture, smoking, and looking bitter. . . Very, very bitter...

Puffins were more forth coming with their views, but when they tried to talk to reporter's secret service agents were sent in to stomp them to death.

The Wombat Threat Assessment Report,

 The white house leaked a new CIA document, The Wombat Threat Assessment Report, today, in an evident attempt to try to bolster support for W.'s plan to, as the president smilingly told reporters last night, "Kill off all other competing species, once and for all."

Portions of the documents obtained by The Elves Attic show that the Justice department is trying to have wombats officially described as 'naked terrorists.' Below is the new, official line on wombats that republicans, and their supporters throughout the world, are promoting with speeches, and attack ads that are calling them, 'welfare wombats,' and 'disheveled.'

The encyclopedia Brittany was quick to put on line a new description of the wombat, despite hew and cry from the scientific community that no one much listened to because it was a buzz killer about how they are harmless... this is not just some senseless prejudice!!!! Like the one I have for Kleenex and some species of snails.

Now thy government doesn't want the beat them to piss and twitches hamster army. They would have been shipping out to Iraq today, like the W, said when we talked on the phone. I can't write much about this matter, and you will see why if you read on...

This morning I get this very strange call from some educated white sounding guy. He said he was with 'the administration,' though he would not tell me his name. He said that he was following up on all the people W. had contacted during his binge and given away national security secrets. That's what they said, at least.

"Do you know what would happen if people knew about the presidents consumption of drinke poos, as he calls them. You gotta love that jokester.... Anyways, if you violate this mandate, we will haul your ass in under the Patriot Act and leave you strapped to a cot, lying in your own excrement, going crazier and crazier, until you forget who you fucking are... Or should I say, used to be? Because you will be a worthless shit after this, scared of everything and everyone, wandering the goddamn streets getting your ass kicked by drunken, communist leaning teenagers... In fact, the only way you will find satisfaction will be to inflict

harm on others, to be honest... Well, you'll find out about all that on your own, when you are in the federal house of corrections, I suppose. The US government is counting on you, man, so do not fuck this up. The war effort itself could be in jeopardy. We thought about killing you, by the way. Almost did. Shit, you would be dead by now. Oh, well..."

"Is there any money involved in this?"

"You get what is quite a nice little toaster."

"A toaster," I asked. "I have a goddamned toaster."

"Do it to keep from getting strapped to a cot. It will break your mind; your thoughts will be like jagged pieces of glass cutting into your deepest selves."

"Wow."

"That's from my book."

"Oh." I tremble in fear at the thought of him lecturing me on his book. Luckily, he finally cuts to the chase... Turns out, they don't want anyone to say the W. Is still getting drunk -- or at least has numerous times since his alleged vow at 40 to get rid of his frat house demeanor and 'act' like a man. (My source is The Bush Dyslexicon -- radicalized ones thinking in a very productive manner).

I guess I should write more about the call from the W. We didn't just talk about weapons and shit, though he did go on about that stuff like some guys discuss pussy, I must say...

First thing he did was tell m, "Some goddamn shrink thinks he calls up average citizens to boost my ego. But hell no, that ain't it. What's your goddamn name? Oh, never the hell mind, I won't keep a hold of nothing about now... You know, when I make these here calls, I sometimes touch myself. Only while talking to the girls. Ha, got you man." These are fawning women, man, and they take orders sometimes from this old commander and chief... I sin into what has become a fairly stiff handkerchief. Keep that bastard hid behind my desk drawer, where the maid can't take it and try to sell it to someone to clone my highly electible ass. I keep a lot of nice stuff in that drawer... got my very most favorite marbles and a religious coloring book. I can honestly say, that while I can't quite stay in the lines, this colorable book tells the kind of story that I honestly understand and can damn well grow from into some nice thing...

Yea, some very, very nice thing. Oh, what the hell am I talking about?"

I told him, "Look, dude, I do not feel comfortable hearing about your jizz rag..." I suddenly had this cold feeling run down my spine as I realized that the psycho I was talking to had secret police and entire goddamn armies to fuck with people. So I added, "Not that that matters much. Sorry if my stupid fear of jizz rags made me say that to our commander and chief. I gotta say, too, that your honest view on the topic of coloring books is genius, sheer genius... in fact, in your sharp and wily mind, I believe there is a warrior, poet, genius."

"Well, hell yes, my momma done told me that so many times... You know goddamn well what? All those damn reporters that write about me like I am some dum, psychopedillwhip, or something... They are actually saying that my Mom, who has known about my genius since before I was born. She could tell, she said. Everyone in my damn family is a genius, and Mom can tell. She said Steven Hawkins was a genius, and he is too... man, when I found that I out I called Mom and... Shit, the dog just pissed on the goddamn bed. I'm laying here in some room with a damn name I can't ever pronounce (sic) all right and such, and the dog pissess... Goddamn it, I was watching a little porn, and then when it was break time, I called people. What the hell are we talking about?"

"Oh, we were done sir, just ready to hang up.

He immediately called back. I didn't pick up the phone, and he called again and again. Finally I picked up the phone.

"Are you alright little buddy? You had a goddamn heart attack from the sheer joy of being in my presence. I always thought this would happen. Yea, doggie... Anyhoo, I have an ambulance on the way... No, I told them they had to use a helicopter, because they are a trip to ride in, man. A fucking trip."

Then I had to tell all these damn people to go away... The helicopter sucked the coffees I was taking to them up in the air and spit the hot java into the faces of some paramedic -- who used the ambulance to get his extensive facial burns looked at.

I'm really not supposed to write about what we talked about next, but since nobody in their right mind would read down this far in this entry, let me just add for you twisted folk that one united states president was very excited about my idea about training hamsters to replace our human troops. He especially liked how much money the government will save by making the small hamster armies. He told me, "You could make like about thirty seven, maybe thirty six and a half, outfits for hamsters from just one goddamn humans cloths."

This and other advantages of using hamsters were discussed, but I shouldn't write anymore, just in case... I am suddenly nervous and jumpy – I do not want to be strapped to a couch encased in my own excrement.

Suddenly he changed the subject back to himself, and started telling me about all the kills in Iraq, which he considered his own psychopathic kills. I really wanted to hang up on him, but you just never know... He could have me killed just like that and my whole life and work could be disappeared (saw it on x files, choose to believe it for the hell of it)He went on until someone came in to clean up the piss and then he just hung up without so much as a goodbye. I hung up my own phone and for some reason, now I feel kind of used and ashamed of myself... Don't know why?

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First thing he did was tell m, "Some goddamn shrink thinks he calls up average citizens to boost my ego. But hell no, that ain't it. What's your goddamn name? Oh, never the hell mind, I won't keep a hold of nothing about now... You know, when I make these here calls, I sometimes touch myself. Only while talking to the girls. Ha, got you man." These are fawning women, man, and they take orders sometimes from this old commander and chief... I sin into what has become a fairly stiff handkerchief. Keep that bastard hid behind my desk drawer, where the maid can't take it and try to sell it to someone to clone my highly electible ass. I keep a lot of nice stuff in that drawer... got my very most favorite marbles and a religious coloring book. I can honestly say, that while I can't quite stay in the lines, this colorable book tells the kind of story that I honestly understand and can damn well grow from into some nice thing... Yea, some very, very nice thing. Oh, what the hell am I talking about?"

I told him, "Look, dude, I do not feel comfortable hearing about your jiz rag..." I suddenly had this cold feeling run down my spine as I realized that the psycho I was talking to had secret police and entire goddamn armies

to fuck with people. So I added, "Not that that matters much. Sorry if my stupid fear of jazz rags made me say that to our commander and chief. I gotta say, too, that your honest view on the topic of coloring books is genius, sheer genius... in fact, in your sharp and wily mind, I believe there is a warrior, poet, genius."

"Well, hell yes, my momma done told me that so many times... You know goddamn well what? All those damn reporters that write about me like I am some dum, psychopedillwhip, or something... They are actually saying that my Mom, who has known about my genius since before I was born. She could tell, she said. Everyone in my damn family is a genius, and Mom can tell. She said Steven Hawkins was a genius, and he is too... man, when I found that I out I called Mom and... Shit, the dog just pissed on the goddamn bed. I'm laying here in some room with a damn name I can't ever pronounce (sic) all right and such, and the dog pissess... Goddamn it. I was watching a little porn, then when it was break time, I called people. What the hell are we talking about?"

"Oh, we were done sir, just ready to hang up.

He immediately called back. I didn't pick up the phone, and he called again and again. Finally I picked up the phone.

"Are you alright little buddy? You had a goddamn heart attack from the sheer joy of being in my presence. I always thought this would happen. Yea, doggie... Anyhoo, I have an ambulance on the way... No, I told them they had to use a helicopter, because they are a trip to ride in, man. A fucking trip."

Then I had to tell all these damn people to go away... The helicopter sucked the coffees I was taking to them up in the air and spit the hot java into the faces of some paramedic -- who used the ambulance to get his extensive facial burns looked at.

I'm really not supposed to write about what we talked about next, but since nobody in their right mind would read down this far in this entry, let me just add for you twisted folk that one united states president was very excited about my idea about training hamsters to replace our human troops. He especially liked how much money the government will save by making the small hamster armies. He told me, "You could make like about thirty seven, maybe thirty six and a half, outfits for hamsters from just one goddamn humans cloths."

This and other advantages of using hamsters were discussed, but I shouldn't write anymore, just in case... I am suddenly nervous and jumpy -

- I do not want to be strapped to a couch encased in my own excrement.

Suddenly he changed the subject back to himself, and started telling me about all the kills in Iraq, which he considered his own psychopathic kills. I really wanted to hang up on him, but you just never know... He could have me killed just like that and my whole life and work could be disappeared (saw it on x files, choose to believe it for the hell of it)He went on until someone came in to clean up the piss and then he just hung up without so much as a goodbye. I hung up my own phone and for some reason, now I feel kind of used and ashamed of myself... Don't know why?

Little known facts about the W:

The w. demands a twenty one gun salute and lots of flag waving after every successful bowl movement, a Bush tradition that has helped them to often achieve potty training. No word yet though on when W. will finally win his personal battle with 'bad potty.' Until then, they will continue the other Bush tradition that anyone who mentions adult diapers or any brand like Depends in their presence, for any reason, die. And don't ask him if he farted, what that smell is, or if someone needs to be changed... I have seen too many die this way. Those huge but corks that they use on what they refer to as 'peasant puss,' are quite, quite painful.... I wouldn't want to wear one for more than a few hours.

STARTING OVER

He drinks down the burning whisky, gags, tastes vomit, and swallows down hard, feels his stomach start to warm up real nice. Sits back in the car seat and feels his stomach warming, his confidence rising. The next drink is easier. He thinks that he will get more whisky, just keep drinking all the way through the killing. He can steal some from her parents. He isn't going to miss this town. The stores along the strip are all cheap looking dollar stores and liquor stores and bars. Dead. The Railroad shut down the switching yards that had created the town of Garrett, Indiana, long before he was born. Everyone wanted to live in Auburn, five miles

away, where they had a McDonald's and Burger King. Garrett refused to let them in, because some restaurant owner was on the board that made the decision, and that had helped kill the place, too. He thought maybe he would miss his mom, but he never had before. His dad never mattered much to him or his family, just a drunk they had to take care of now and then.

They weren't going to let him see her anymore. He went over there this morning and her dad came out on the porch looking mean, his hands shaking all nervous, his black steel lunch bucket in one, a huge crescent wrench in the other. His clothes were stained black from the rubber dust at the plant. "I told you, she is too young for you, dammit."

"Hell, she told me you was five years, like, older than her mother" When he heard this from her, he figured he would stop at nothing to get his way, because he was right.

"She's gonna get nothing but trouble from you, you ain't even working or in school. Since it ain't legal, I ain't letting see her. Get the hell out of here. I see you around here again, I am going to kick your ass, then have you put in jail, where they'll fuck your ass."

He just backed off, got on his bike and rode down the street. He didn't want to go to prison, not at his age looking the way he did. What Mr. Fitzgerald said scared him, made his stomach clench – getting fucked in the ass would destroy something inside of him, he was sure of it. The old man would call the cops; get him sent up on statutory rape charges. He had threatened as much twice now. He might just get all pissed off and go ahead and do it. He could as easy as hell.

He didn't like the feeling of somebody having something over him like that. Especially a man who hated him all to hell. There was only one way to stop him for sure.

He gets to his house and locks his bike to their fence, reaches around in his jacket for a mint, has to check most of his pockets before finding some

tic tacs.

He walks into his the door off the kitchen; from the living room he hears the television; his mother and sister are watching their soap opera. His mother taped them in the morning, without watching them—no matter how exciting the days revelation was advertised, then his sister came home during her lunch break at the Stern's Hardware's and watched the damn show. He hated them. They had just wasted their lives. Didn't even have boyfriends. He was not going to end up fat and carrying around a black steel lunch bucket all covered in rubber shit. Or working at the hardware store and having to listen to the owner go on and on about his rich ass life—his sister had hated this, same as the other clerks, for ten years and never said a word to the jerk. He would have kicked his ass first day.

He takes his shoes off in the doorway and walks through the den to get to his room, so he can avoid the music on the soap opera—something about it had always depressed him. Above his head is an oak gun rack, polished to a gleaming blonde shine, with two rifles. Both were gifts from his grandfather. He always came down and took him deer hunting on Thanksgiving. ‘

He had taken down a kill every year. The first season they let him go, when his aim was still shit, his grandfather took him out to a ranch where they guaranteed a kill. After that he sat in a blind with the rest of the men in his family, took his shot and downed them. One of the guys cut the deer up into steaks, charging just some meat for himself. His grandfather had the first deer's horns put on a plaque; cost too much to do every year.

He picks up a black phone a table filled with star wars action figures, dials the number of his grandfather, who he was closer to than anyone, even though he only saw him a couple times a year. His grandfather was a teacher, and always telling him stuff that he didn't really understand. Like why he wanted him to learn how to hunt, even though his dad didn't care for hunting at all, didn't even keep any guns around.

“Hey, grampa.”

He answers in his raspy, breathy voice, “Hey, Kid.”

"I'm going hunting."

"I wish I could go with you. What season is it down there?"

"Ain't one."

"You could get a month in jail and a hell of fine for..."

"Yea, yea, I know... this is on private property, at my girlfriends. They have like 400 acres."

"Then hunt well, my warrior."

"You think men need to hunt, to keep in touch with themselves, right?"

"Sort of. Hunting is something humans should do, because we are killers, son. It's natural, something we enjoy. It keeps us in touch with nature, animals. That's what they don't understand. Your dad never did. People don't see it like that so much anymore, I suppose... Aw, you don't want to hear that. I bet you're hunting Raccoons, right? Got a dog?"

"I wish I had a dog. Yea, we're going for coons. Late tonight. Gonna shine my flashlight up into their eyes, and shoot em. Can't sell em until season, so her dad keeps em in this freezer. Talking about dogs, I was thinking of coming to visit you, and maybe getting one or two of them dogs. Now, you know, since you'll probably be leaving them to me, right? I mean, I love them dogs."

"Oh, your mom didn't tell ya?"

"What?"

"I had to sell my dogs. I have this damn problem with my legs now. That's why I sent you that gun. I explained all this in the letter that was in the box."

"I lost the letter that was in there." He had to sound out words and think about them awhile . . . he only did it when he had to. He just checked the letter for money and then tossed it. "I'm sorry. I'll talk to you later." He hangs up before he can hear the old man's voice again.

He feels hate for the old man, wishes he could kill him for selling off his dogs. He had loved visiting there and going out to the kennel, playing with the puppies.

"Just makes that new life look all the better," he tells himself out loud.

He keeps his guns well oiled, polished; they shine in the gun rack above

his bed. He takes down a Remington twenty two automatic with oak inlays down the sides. His grandfather's gun; a real beauty. He was going to sell it, get some money to buy a car. He still would, he tells himself, just later -- in his new life.

He calls her. The phone rings three times, then before it can switch to voice mail, someone picks up the receiver then sits it back down, breaking the connection.

He throws his phone into the wall, watches it smash into pieces... he wasn't going to need it anymore. "That fucking bitch... she goes first." He puts on his army jacket, picks up a box of bullets and slides them into his pocket, takes the gun and goes back out into the kitchen and takes his sisters keys off the counter. He looks in on them and they are engrossed, hypnotized, like they got when their food was done and they were just watching all those exciting lives that they were never going to have.

He goes outside and put the car into neutral, then pushes the small Escort down the driveway to the road before starting the car. He waits for a truck to pass, then does a u turn and heads out for her house.

He reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a black .45 with a scope, slips it into the side pocket of his army Jacket. He has a hunting knife in there, too, in case he has to cut up the bodies for some reason. He will cut up the bodies if he has to. Anything to be with her. They were meant to be, so he figured that maybe everything he did to get her was okay. He had a right to her, and they were almost the same age...

She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Young and innocent, moving like a child, and just him knowing she had that little devil inside. She loved to make out, stick her sweet, candy coated tongue down his throat as she rubbed his dick through his pants. She gave him head the first night they met... she'd never done nothing else wit a guy until him. She let him because she said they were going to be together forever. He loved thinking about her saying that. His silently mouthed the word, 'forever.'

He notices that he is speeding and slows down. No cops, not today. The guns would get his ass in trouble. No, not that day... that day he would kill a cop. He hated to do that. He kind of wanted to be a cop.

He comes to her house and turns off the road. The Escort's wheels crunch over the rock driveway. He sees the curtain in her window get pulled aside, and then her smiling face, surrounded by her golden hair... she looks all excited, so damned happy – she knows why he is there. They'd discussed what they would have to do if her dad tried to put him in jail. When he told her what he might have to do,

She'd told him that he should kill anyone who tried to stop them from being together.

She said No one could ever keep them apart, anyways, because they were soul mates. He believed everything she said, even though he knew she was like a kid in that respect, always ready to believe the world was full of wonderful shit. He hadn't thought so, not the last few years working at Burger King feeling like he never had enough money and nothing to do but drink beer with a bunch of wasters that stole from each other when they could. Now he had her, and just maybe... there was something wonderful out there... he again felt a warmth that came to him sometimes, in his stomach, when he thought of her...

He was going to have a new life. They would go out west, live around a bunch of cows. He had always liked cows. He would butcher them himself. Castrate them. She said she couldn't do that, not to cows – she liked them, too, mostly because he did. She tried to like everything he did. Boy did he like that. She really took him to be the responsible one. So he was going to do this for her. . . . and him . . . and their new life.

Her mother comes out onto the porch with her arm up pointing back toward the road screaming something he can't hear. The sight strikes him as comical and he starts laughing as he takes the looped driveway up to right in front of the house. He stops, pulls the .45 out of his pocket, pushes open the car door, steps out, brings the gun up to his shoulder, sees her face in the scope -- a cross intersects just over her brow as her

face goes from puzzled to shocked to scared. She starts to turn back toward the door. He pulls the trigger back slow and smooth. A red dot appears between her eyes. She falls out of his sights. He lowers the gun and looks at her all crumpled up on the porch. She was dead as hell. He laughed and started up the porch, stepped over her.

She comes into the living room and embraces him, then kisses him fiercely on the lips, her tongue probing down his throat. He grows hard and she notices, starts rubbing him as she says, "That bitch said we could never see each other again. I hope she's in hell."

He takes the whisky out of his jacket and hands it to her.

"Well, she ain't in hell, I bet." For the first time he kind of wonders what he is doing. He doesn't like the idea of sending someone to hell. He'd been raised in a church with a fundamentalist preacher who had convinced him, when he was a kid, that Satan was everywhere. He had given up on most of that shit when he started partying and going to whores and stealing and shit. Still, he kinda believed in the lord, and the thought of Satan just sort spooked him. When he thought about it at all, he figured that he would repent sometime, when he was older, and still go to Heaven.

They made crazy love right there in the living room, on her dad's Lazy Boy. There was a big wet spot that made them laugh on and off for the rest of the day. They made love there again later to make sure the stain was permanent. Her dad wouldn't even let anyone sit in it. Kept it perfectly clean.

They take the hose and spray the blood off the aluminum siding by the door and the porch, drag her mother down into the basement and hide her in an old coal bin. They didn't want anyone to know about the crime for weeks. They'd have a whole new life by then, new names, be from a different place.

"Let's let him see the chair before you shoot him."

"Okay." He looks around the room and decides to hide in the kitchen, then step out and kill him while he was yelling about her chair. "If he asks, you go ahead and tell him that it's from fucking me, alright?"

She laughs so hard that she bobs her head up and down and jumps up and does a little dance. I bet he has enough money on him for gas... We'll go see the mountains, the desserts, the oceans... Hollywood. Everyplace. I think we should just drive around robbing stores. Just never come back to this hell hole."

At four twenty, they heard him pull into the drive way. They went to the window of her room. He whispers to her, "Stay naked. That will freak him." She laughs so hard that she spits out her gum. He picks it up, kisses it, and hands it back to him.

"Ew, no. I always keep a lot of gum around. It's diet. I ain't ever gonna get fat on you."

"You better not."

"You either."

"Men can get fat."

From downstairs they hear her fathers' voice. "What the fuck happened to my chair?"

He laughs, leans down and picks up the .45, and pushes her toward the stairs. "Go on down there and tell him."

"Now I don't want to." She looks scared as hell all of a sudden. She spins around, grabs a garbage can and throws up. The old man hears her too. "Honey, you up there? Something happened to my chair. Where the hell is that daughter of ours? She did this because..." He comes to the doorway and looks in at them standing there naked.

"You are going to jail, and you are going to juvenile hall."

He has the .45 hidden under a sheet draped over his arm. She stops puking and looks up at him.

"Your mother raised a whore." He hisses the words. "Put your damn clothes . . ."

The bullet blasts through the sheet sending white flakes fluttering into a sunbeam coming through the window. The old man stumbles back to the steps and falls backwards. They listen until he is at the bottom of the stairs, then he takes her in his arms and hugs her.

"Don't kiss me until I brush my teeth."

"Okay. We gotta get him in the basement and get out of here." He feels some weight somehow start pressing on his chest, keeping him from breathing, and for a moment the walls in the room seem to be wavering, coming in on him. He takes a deep breath, grabs his underwear and starts getting dressed. "We get caught, what you gonna say?"

"It's my plan, stupid, so I remember it all. I'm gonna say they were touching me."

THE CULT OF ADMO

Aldmo leaned back in his chair, propped his feet up on his desk, closed his eyes and let out a deep breath. 'Shit, I have got to get rid of this cult!!'

Admo had picked up the cult while in eastern Germany, sort of inheriting it. He had been touring, in a broken down van, with a Rick James cover band. They were playing at a small pub when the cults fundamentally whacko leader fell over dead.

Something about Admo singing on the stage under the lights caught them somehow, and they prayed on the matter and decided to elect him the new head of their cult.

He stayed up all night after the gig listening to them tell him about basically being controlled by a fundamentalist guy who had whacky beliefs about the colors of toothbrushes changing ones psychic aura and all sorts

of crap that made Admo laugh his ass off, at first... until after three days of their incessantly following him everywhere, he started to realize that since they had all been raised in the cult, they basically had no idea how to navigate the world on their own.

Over the week they stayed at the village he was just drunk and coked up enough to think he could help them out by trying to talk them out of being religious. A period their literature referred to as The Great Testing, after a lie he had made up when he realized that someone was going to have to lead the cult, and he figured that it was probably better to have a scientific atheist run a religion than about anyone else. Not to mention, they turned out to have a decked out touring bus and a hell of a lot of cash. And they were pretty good roadies and the chicks were hot and.... one thing turned into another and three years later he was the leader of the largest cult in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"I am fucking not evil enough to run a goddamn religion." He told himself.

For the last year he had been trying to find some religious type to take over the cult, but they were all either weirdoes or full of shit or something else that he couldn't stand. "They're like my pets, now." He said this without any denigration intended at all, because he was a devote pet owner, and indeed was partial of saying he liked animals better than people and was secretly afraid it was true.

"Admo, old boy, what if you should have a cult, just to make them safer than they would be without? They're seldom depressed, they love all that tongue talking and crap... No, I gotta get rid of this cult."

And he did. Simply walked away... and spent a year washing dishes and reading a lot at libraries.

A few years later, Admo was sitting alone having breakfast in an empty house reading the paper and came across three names he recognized from the cult -- all dead from a serial killer, who just happened to be able to sing an almost uncanny Elvis.

"Shit, there just is no fucking Moral to anything, is there?" He told a piece of toast.

A cat walked up to his chair, rubbed against the leg. Admo reached down and petted the gray tiger, then scooped it up and set the purring cat on his lap. "Maybe I should have kept them as pets?"

THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM

"You grew up in a very weird story. . ."

She's angry as hell and making an accusation of the statement. He leans up from the couch, keeps his eyes on the cigarette that he flicks into a black glass ashtray. "I suppose I did. As opposed to you, who grew up in . . . ?"

"Reality, Johnny. It's fucking called reality. Don't bring any physics bullshit into this either. You can't just rewrite that story. In a lot of ways, you are a character."

She is standing beside him now, intentionally looking down at him. He keeps his eyes on the Marlboros smoldering, grey ash. "No, dear, I suppose that I can't rewrite the past, but . . . I can sure as hell try. . . Do my best, you know?"

"You're always going to be like this." She reaches out her finger and taps him on the top of the head.

He looks up at her and tries to smile, "Hey, people change, baby. And, I mean, if the worse I ever do is leave a wet towel on the bed..."

"Oh, if that was the worst . . . "

"Let us please not go there. Come here, sit by me, give me a kiss and try to remember why you put up with me, okay?" He takes her hand and pulls her down beside him on the couch, leans in and kisses her lightly on the lips.

She pulls back and looks at him and can tell he's suffered from her assault, and finally returns his smile. "Well, okay. . . You are a slob. I am going to give you like a thousand, six hundred more chances... after that, you are out on your ass."

"Well, it will probably take more than that."

"Probably. "

MY DOG NEVER KILLS ANYONE

I don't know what is wrong with her?

I have a Siberian husky, Ruby, who is cooler than any human, period; like that mystical fuck Plato said, dogs are born philosophers. She takes the world in stride with a smile--much to my continued dismay, of course. I want a real fucking killer dog that is my buddy, as well as a handy weapon. What could be better than a killer pet? Especially if they were animals you wouldn't expect to kill, like hamsters. A couple dozen killer hamsters could do some serious damage. I could teach them to act all cuddly and lovey-dovey until they were close enough for a jugular opening? Ah, there are such nice images of gushing red, blood in my mind.

My cats hunt down all moths, but for some reason they refuse to attack humans. They just lay there on the couch looking up at me with much the same quizzical expression as the people I have tried to sick them on. And I have heard of some cool killer cats, too? So, chaw. In Japan an old cat woman died and left almost 250 cats milling about her body. When the authorities tried to come into her house to get the old ladies meat, the cats went all crazy and attacked; came flying at the cops from everywhere, ONE THOUSAND CLAWS!!! Those cute little killers held out for three days. When I told this stirring tale to my cats, they didn't seem very impressed, those sleepy little bastards. I wonder how I would go about getting my hands on the old ladies cats? Phone calls and letters have gotten me nowhere.

Cats have become the number one pet in America. They are equal to the always-loved dog in most people's eyes, now. Not always though, cats have had their holocaust. During another one of those times when men were killing each other over their religious views. The perennial old, "My lie can kick your lie's ass wars," that you humans refuse to quit having. And I say go to it!!! Kill yourself and others! If enough humans die, there will be a little more room on the planet for important shit, like animals, you know?

The horrible crime against cats that I allude to is none other than the infamous witch trials in Europe, of course. A lot of people died, too, sure, yea, I know, but who the fuck cares when something really horrible was happening, like innocent cats being killed! People are almost never innocent; we know better, but we still do the stupidest shit. ... You know you do. Cats on the other hand, are always 100 % innocent. And their screaming bodies were nailed to the wooden village walls, because the myths that made those past people, said cats were the 'familiars.' of witches. Ugh. Millions of cats died

like they do now. No use kidding myself about this. They hide away the bodies in shelters; keep the slaughter all clean and sanitary. We still kill cats by the millions, shoot those cute little kittens full of poison and then toss their furry asses out like garbage.

We suck.

I rescued my bubbas and the little ruby, saved em from the gas at 29th and Western, home of da city pound.... talk about a depressing place.... cidy (sic) pound. Their affectionate presence offers me forgiveness for my sins against this planet, somehow. Like I saved these three lives, so I can kill trees to publish books, or any of the number of other things I do that make me part of the problem? I do suck.

A sad, whispery 'Chaw' is uttered.

When the first animal starts to talk,

you can bet we are in for a good bitching out. Especially if it is a cow. Cows will be very miffed, for sure. If I had any belief what-so-ever that it mattered at all to anyone except my taste buds, I would be a vegetarian. Not eating animals might even make me respect myself a little more, though I doubt it.

Have a day so tortured that you can't visit anyone because the dripping blood will mess up their neatly vacuumed carpets.

MASSAH JACK-OFF-YOUR-SON WOWS COPS BY BLOWING A LLAMA!!

Massah jackoffyourson allegedly staved off a child molestation accusation in 1990 with a \$2 million payment to the son of an employee at his Neverland Ranch, according to a television report, which went on to say he also paid out another fifty three dollars to the family of a neighborhood pig, who refuses to be identified because he is afraid he will be labeled, quote, 'another one of massah jackoffyourson's washed up, ex-celebrity, rubba bubbas... like one of them Corey's.'

The television news magazine, Grapevine on JPC, which reported the payment in a segment to be broadcast Friday night, did not disclose its source of information, though it is suspected they merely went to a jackoffyourson fan sight and checked out the section where the kids took polls on things like, "Did you enjoy massah jackoffyourson's mouth on your anus?" The poll was taken by over three hundred children, and seemingly not one was into anal ligulas.

In the segment, a retired Santa Barbara County Sheriff, said his office investigated Jackson in 1993 in connection with one boy's claim and came upon the second accusation. The ex sheriff spit repeatedly on the ground as emphasis of his disgust as he told reporters, "Yea, we knew he was a chicken chaser from way back, just couldn't get none of the parents to let them kids talk, not after getting to be millionaire's all sudden and signing away their rights. These are poor people who he victimizes, ones he can actually impress with all his fancy surgeries and highly advanced oral sex techniques on llama's and chimps. You think he can sing? You should see how he blows llama! You gotta respect something like that a little, but the kids? Now, if I had arrested him, I'd of shoved his sick, pus dripping ass out of my squad car when I was doing about ninety, and then turned around and run him over a couple times, then shot the hell out of whatever was left for trying to flee from a police officer."

The first boy reportedly was paid \$15 million to \$20 million by massah Jackoffyourson to avoid what the jaskoffyourson's attorney's claim was an 'allegation' that would damage massah jackoffyourson's career even if proven untrue. Which is of course just another lie from their putrid lips, because, as all people not on the jaskoffyourson's payroll will now admit, it could only be good for massah jackoffyourson's career to just once be proven not guilty of molesting children, which is of course, impossible....

Reporters laughed in the beak of jackoffyourson's press agent when the talking parrot dressed in leather chaps told them, "Massah Jackoffyourson denies, ark . . . ever harming any child. . . . and is? Rubba, let's all do shots and play rubba... ark, cracker... is currently fighting charges he molested a boy in 2003. He says he can, lie and buy his way out. . . . Ark... he owes me a lot of crackers... ark... for shitting in his mouth, like he demands... ark, crackers."

Jackoffyourson is reported to have stated repeatedly that he was going to, quote, 'bitch slap that damn charge,' though his attorney has tried to explain to jackoffyourson that this is impossible, his efforts to get jackoffyourson to understand the nature of the rule of law was purely in vain. He's obviously, ark. . . . a lot dummer than me, a goddamn parrot? Ark? Do shot! Rubba!!! Crackers!! His attorney, the Scum Sucker, as his closest call him, went on to say, "My theory is, he thinks these kids are baby llamas. Ark... Doesn't matter to me though, win or lose, I get paid a fucking barrel of money!!!! I'll say or do anything!!! Hell, if I hadn't shirked legal responsibility for all of my kids. . . .ark... he could rubba them for this kind of money!! Ark!"

The retired sheriff interviewed on the newsmagazine, Grapevine's JPC, told reporters, "We always believed there were eight to 10 other children out there." ``

The sheriff also said that the employee's son did not file charges and didn't want to testify, saying, "He was afraid his friends would think he was a homosexual, or even worse -- a pig fucker or a llama blower or a chimp eater outer, or a parrot but licker or ... Well, quite frankly the kid went on and on -- two officers vomited half way through... Let me tell you, buddy, it is just pitiful what that freak does to those animals. He has leather costumes for those damn llamas... hell, the pigs, too. One pig he dresses up like Elvis all the time, even has a black pompadour he pastes on its head. He claims that he has captured Elvis's soul in the pig, by some ritual he made up with peanut butter and banana sandwiches -- which were indeed the kings favorite, so we are also investigating the possibility that the kings lives, and may have, god forbid, been sodomized."

The retired sheriff has previously discussed the boy's claim, but said he wasn't sure until the GRAPVINE report that massah Jackoffyourson had paid the boy \$2 million.

``GRAPEVINE" said the settlement contained a clause barring it from being discussed publicly.

The sheriff said the 12-year-old accused Jackson of ``fondling him through his clothes," which could be the basis of misdemeanor charges. No charges were ever filed because officers on the scene were too busy eating the free donuts and pizza and watching jackoffyourson perform amazing oral feats on both a lusty llama and a bi-sexual yak.

Jackson, 45, has pleaded not guilty to committing a lewd act upon a child, administering an intoxicating agent and conspiring to commit child abduction, false imprisonment and extortion -- as well as a series of sodomy charges on a list of animals that would make the Los Angeles Zoo green with envy. His trial is set to start Jan. 31, 2005.

Not so president, when he heard that jackoffyourson would still be in possession of his children, went on television with an impassioned speech calling for any al Qaeda sleeper agents to never, ever blow up massah jackoffyourson.

Democratic candidate, Mr. 'I don't have an RV? Oh those seven, well, the wife owns those.' Responded by saying, "Oh, his asinine attempt at reverse psychology is not going to work."

Not so president responded to democratic charges by saying, "How the hell did they find out about reverse psychology? Find me that damn press leak... now!!! Have the CIA kill them with paper clips, a slow death from a thousand points of paper clips... Yea, I like that there sound of words there... A thousand points of paper clips... Might work for torturing them camel riding yahoos, too. Now, tell me again, just what the hell were we talking about.

Massah Jackoffyourson recently renamed his never, never land ranch to simply. 'No I Never, Never Played No Rubba With their Cute Little Asses Ranch.'

When asked by reporters what the fuck is up with the new name, jackoffyourson responded, "My attorney thingy, he says I mean don keys." What, oh? No, donkeys. They have cute asses? You ever stick your head in a donkey's ass? It's all warm and juicy, like Jiz Taylor's pee pee thingy.

At that point Jackoffyourson was led away by a parrot, who could be heard

by reporters saying, over and over as he lured the reluctant jackoffyourson away from the spotlight and into an awaiting limo filled with children, ?The children in the limo are getting cold. Ark? The Children in the limo are getting cold.

Does anyone believe this Surgical travesty is innocent who isn't on that freaks payroll?

Michael jackoffyourson is at the top of my Psycho Killer's Hit List. I mean, if you are one of those people who is going to go out in a blaze of blood and glory and bullets, why waste your effort on a McDonalds? Go kill someone who deserves it. Like this child fucker. Your family and friends will find your dark deed easier to live with, and your prison art will be worth a lot more.

I'm not advocating that someone kill this freak, really.... no, actually I am (in a joking manner). If your predilections are more toward a slow, torture kill -- can you imagine how that freak can scream? With those vocal cords of his, these could be some of the most blood curdling, pleasing screams you have ever heard. I'm just saying....

I am thinking of taking in students

and becoming a home schooling teacher. I will do this not out of any concern for kids or anything, of course, it's all part of my plan to become supreme commander, which is written out in no less than twenty seven spiral notebooks of 350 sheets of lined paper apiece. Changes will be swift and deadly on that day.

You know me, I don't care who I kill, but some folks do deserve it more than others and my sense of justice demands that they be shot first. For

example, Massah jackoffyoursons. There are thousands of people who would show up to shoot him, if someone with balls would pass a law that you could kill child fucking freaks. This is exactly the kind of creative solution I will bring to bear on societies problems from the lofty seat of supreme commanderdome.

I already have an army. Well, I have some presently unruly and slightly traitorous hamsters, but they are coming along. They. . . already eat on command. And they take after their supreme commander in many, many ways? I am proud to say that they have picked up some of Johnny Pain's smooth moves too, because these little fuzz faced fucks are humping any damn thing that's close. I may have even taught them too well. I can't even stick my hand in the cage without one of them trying to violate me.

I was sure I knew what I was doing, too, but these damn hamsters won't follow most of my rules. I don't where I went wrong? I started out by decimating them (killing every tenth soldier to instill discipline? an oldie but a goody, when it comes to military training). I only could afford seven of them, though, so I had to pretend like I was in the other room killing a hamster. Let me tell you, buster, I am pretty sure that I could see the fear in their eyes when I came back into the room?

I have yet to identify a special little Rambo to be one of my generals. You would think something as important as the number two spot in a scheme for world domination would be more interesting than pellets of grass, but no? I read them all my notes and they just sit there and act like they are not even listening.

Still, you just better watch it, like I told M., because these babies got Murder written all over them.

When I told her this, she asked me if that was why I shaved them, to write on their skin? She doesn't understand anything about aerodynamics (that hair would slow them down, dammit, and I won't have it!). But that is a good idea about writing Murder all over the Hamsters. . . Might blow their cover, though? Hmmm? I can already tell there will be notes scribbled about this quandary -- lots and lots of scribbled notes.

I am trying to face the possibility that the hamsters may only turn out to be good practice for my humans. I don't really need them. When I told M. about this she just laughed like I was joking and responded in her usual

nay-sayer way, "Oh, big surprise, you couldn't train hamsters to kill. You think I would let you have them if you could? Wait a minute; you're not taking this shit seriously, right?"

Due to the somewhat disgusted look on her face when she said this, there was no way in hell I was going to tell her about how serious I am, or how many notes I'm taking, or how the hamsters will lead the kids?. No, I just said, "It's just a joke."

"Don't make me beat you down."

"They are hamsters, for dog's sake."

"Will you quit saying for dog's sake?"

"With my last breath."

"What?"

"Nothing. You know, I am teaching the hamsters to act all lovey-dovey. You saw them with the blow up doll."

"Until they can get close enough to rip open jugulars that was the plan, right? You are a really pathetic liar. I better not come home and find you spent the whole day messing with those hamsters. The cats are going to get them if you aren't more careful? By the way, why did you call my mom and ask her to sew some tiny green jackets?"

"Wasn't me."

"I said..."

"Yes, Johnny, commander of the dreaded and feared hamster army, you most certainly did call my mother..."

I interrupted her, hoping to change the topic of conversation. "I think this is probably another sign of her impending dementia. Your mother is... well, falling apart due to... uhm... oldness."

"What the hell did... oh, don't twist things around now and say my mother

is.... god, I never know when you are kidding. This is another one of your artist jokes, right?"

"Of course I am kidding." Though of course I wasn't, and again I wondered, for the millionth time, when M. will start taking my soon to be supreme commandship a bit more seriously.

"Well, you know she is not going to make you uniforms... or call you Supreme Commander."

"I didn't tell her that she had to call me supreme commander,"

"You told her, and thank god she knows how you joke, that you would 'kick her old ass until you broke both her hips unless she called you supreme commander."

"Yes, well that is hardly telling her to call me supreme commander; I mean I gave her a choice, what more do you expect?"

"A lot more as a matter... giving her a choice between an ass kicking and calling you supreme commander is no choice at all, and you know it... Oh, thank dog she thinks you are always kidding around."

"I was kidding when..."

"When you ordered her to work night and day, without sleep and minimal time off for eating until she had sewn ten thousand four hundred and thirty tiny green camouflage outfits... where the hell did you get that number."

I didn't want to tell her it took me two days and no less than three notebooks of lined papers worth of scribbling and figuring until I knew exactly how many hamsters would be needed to make a blitzkrieg attack on every world leader who likes rodents for pets... and this is something they are known for, in some circles... not M.'s though.

"That was Patton's opinion of how many hamsters he would have needed for super secret project called..."

"Fine, okay, fine... just tell me that you are not going to waste time with those hamsters today. Say it."

"Well, I could spend the day thinking about penguins spinning around real fast screaming, "Oh, the shits with you!!"

"You know what, you could, couldn't you?"

She seemed surprised by this for some fucked up reason that I can't fathom?

"I can't stop these penguins?? I made it out like it was a joke, but I really can't.

?If you have to mess around with the hamsters, clean the cage, but don't take them to the beach anymore -- they are not concerned about their tans, no matter how convinced you are, silly."

Everything is a joke to her, I swear. Would you want shaved, pale as hell assed hamsters around? I didn't think so. The tans really help.

"I have to go to work. Be good today."

"I can't face a day without hamsters."

"Stop it."

After she left, I of course got right to work, pulling out the little cardboard minefields that I made and placing the plump hamsters in various strategic positions.

I didn't even have a chance to tell her about training little kids into a deadly fighting force, who the hamsters will lead out into battle for both justice and whimsy. M. will probably find some reason to nit-pick at that plan, too.

Consider me taking on students from this day forward, call and I'll see if I can use you . . . if a woman answers though, just hang up real quick and call back later.

WHO ATE THE HAMSTERS?

This question has been put to both cats and ruby dog. At this point, none of them will admit to anything. They are cagey, like old cons, just look at me with cold expressions. I'm convinced that they are waiting to have a lawyer present.

Try to explain that to an uppity lawyer, though. None of them would come to the apartment for the trial. By the way, if I have to say, "Yes, I am serious," to one more person today, they are going on my lists? You've been warned.

M., like those fucking lawyers, just doesn't seem to take this very seriously. She won't even listen to my arguments for torture. I know I could make them talk, but M. doesn't want to 'entertain.' what she erroneously refers to as, another reason? I should be 'taking my medication.'

Those hamsters were coming around, too. Unlike the cats and the dog, who will still have nothing to do with the idea of killing humans. I am puzzled, once again, by just what I did wrong while raising these animals?

KAMIKAZE HAMSTERS TO REPLACE STAR WARS

. The mighty hamster army is almost ready to replace the failed star wars program with kamikaze hamsters, who will fly up into any nuclear bombs headed toward the elves attic, and blow them up safely out over the Lake.

The hamsters up here, as I say, in what you humans seem to perceive of as a purely mental dimension that is quite possibly chemically inflated... Thousands of them are alert and ready to fly off at the first sign me or m or the pup or the kitty bum are in the least bit of danger of being bombed.

On the physical dimension that I share with the smelly humans, the results of my work have not been quite so stunning. Oh yes, like Star Wars, there have been problems

Today I set up four pilots and told them that bombs actually were headed for the elf. I expected them to rush off to save me. I mean, I have been filling them up on the idea of a heaven, drilling them on how I am next to god and they better do what I tell them, and all sorts of other crap that is required to properly brain wash an army into doing anything -- including the ultimate sacrifice... They should have responded like speed freaking japs in ww 2.

Instead of flying off for the bombs, though, they decided to sacrifice themselves rather than save me.

I could not believe it when I saw them developing velocity in the last few feet and literally exploding on contact into red balls of unraveling intestines and other related blood and gore. .

I can only assume that they were all plants from some dark power that is creeping over the land, as sauron out of mordor.... probably from someone either in government or industry who stands to lose power or money if star wars is ever just scrapped for something crazy -- like peace.

M. just came home... Oh, great, she walked in the door, came up to the computer and is now glaring at me and the words coming up on the screen.

So let me add, I may or may not be responsible for the hamsters splattered about in the courtyard of our apartment building.

Oh, here it comes...

M: "Why are there bloody, crushed hamsters glued to paper airplanes all over the courtyard?"

"Those are not my hamsters."

"Oh, yea, and where are those hamsters you got?"

"My great storm of a fighting force is training in the ... I can't divulge that information. A lot of stuff to do with my army has to remain top secret, M., I mean, you're not exactly the type to stand up to torture, you know?"

"I won't listen to one more word of your babbling until you clean up the courtyard."

Luckily, I was prepared for this contingency. I held off feeding the mighty red ruby dog both breakfast and dinner. She has really developed quite a taste for hamster due to the often-rebellious nature of the mighty hamster army (I really need a better, more heavily adjectived name). Hamsters are not easy to train, believe me. I lecture and lecture, of course, doing my best. Because, like they say to the kids, if you do your best, everything will work out just like you want it to (and yes that is my own personal Jesus; silly looking boy, ain't he?)...

Naming a hamster general sniggly poo does not in any way indicate that I am a pussy fag dude (not that there is anything wrong with that, all must wearily add in this post Seinfeld era to remind the silent masses that I am not a racist/sexist or pianist). Recent sources and these are wombat hating folk who have their priorities straight as far as what's up with those

damn marsupials, have suggested that I should name the hamster's killer or cutter or shooter or tank gun or gorgeous, snooty woman or any number of horrifying things.... right off the bat. At birth. Just label them a killer.

The more astute among you will have already realized that this would miss the all too crucial religious duping phase. First, they must love god and cage, then I will threaten that love, and make them feel like they have to live up to impossible, psychosis inducing levels of achievements (think the Japanese school system), or lose that love... then, I will make all the religious rules so easy that they can follow all of them. This will lull them into a renaissance, a peaceful period where their arts, such as they are (scratching lines on stuff), and their pursuit of love, will be all they need concern themselves with. This joyous period will be why they fight. I will tell them that now that they have made peace with god and attained the perfect utopia, some petty ass human was fucking with them. They figure after god, what kind of threat could a human, right? I'm almost positive they will think this.

Anyways, I will get them to fight by convincing them that they are protecting their way of life. Just like the rich people tell the kids dying now. Thing is of course, the hamsters will secretly be protecting only my way of life, while their lives will just be gone. This is how things work in capitalism, where the leaders sending kids to die, like I say, have never been to war and never think of sending their kids into the military like some damn peasant.

So you can see, for my plan to proceed along the tried and true lines, I have to first convince them to love, and then smash that love into little thorny, jagged, cutting pieces.

So, this explains the names...

THE MIGHTY BEAT THEM TO TWITCHES AND PISS HAMSTER HAS BEEN SIDELINED AND THEY ARE PISSED.

Their whiskers are twitching madly in dismay. This Army should be fighting those Sunni's by now, leaping out of camouflaged holes in the ground and just going all shit to the fan, scratching and tearing at their ankles, and other hamster accessible target areas. To say more would be to break my security oath. The little furry whiskered ones would have been shipping out to Iraq today, like the W. said when we talked on the phone. I can't write much about this matter, and you will see why if you read on...

This morning I get this very strange call from some educated white sounding guy. He said he was with 'the administration,' though he would not tell me his name. I took this to mean the republican. He was calling up the people who the W. had told classified information. Or that's what they said at first, at least.

TROOP UPDATE.

I am now showing the hamsters zombie movies, and have convinced them that this is what happens to humans when they die.... It was so easy. I just popped in ten hours of various George Romero zombie flicks. Lately, I have been telling them that if they understand what I want them to do, they should just start humping. A good fifty percent of them are with me on most of the lectures... even higher when I soak their pellets in coffee. You should see how fast their hips move with a good caffeine buzz.

I have also been trying to teach Ruby Dog to be an ally of the Hamster Army, rather than the most probable source of all of their deaths. I tried tying her up just out of reach of the hamsters, but then one of them, Lloyd,

had to run over and check out Ruby Dog. The wily Siberian husker do was acting like she could care less as the little brown and white fur but moved over to within reach of her leash. I thought things were going great, in fact, until Ruby Dog suddenly lunged down on the surprised rodent, scooped the damn thing up, took a couple kill bites and swallowed.

Afterwards, I told that fleabot, "Listen, you have to learn to love hamsters, dog. I mean, why can't we all be that guy who says, why can't we all sing along.... you know, that guy who said that after some cops beat him up, and it was pretty cool until he kept getting busted over and over after taking all of the money he made off of his civil suite and basically driving around drunk for a couple years, mouthing off to cops... until some more kicked his ass and threw him into prison... or something like that, about another guy who did something else... I'm just unsure... and too lazy to look it up."

Ruby looked at me like, 'Hey, if you are not going to look it up, I am not going to trust you.' I have seen that look before from her during many of my lectures on military tactics, good hygiene, and the dangers of wombats...

Like I wrote in the last update on my progress toward world dominatrix, or Paintopia (my empire will be named in due time, and will be burned into your mind with the pain of fire), M. is being kept in the dark about these new hamsters. I am sure she would just find some reason to bitch about me spending the electric and gas bill on hamsters. We'll get all that shit for free when I take over, anyways.

I GOT A CALL FROM A DEEP THROAT.

In a stern voice that was just enough like Troy Mclurg to make me laugh, he asked, "Do you know what would happen if people knew about the presidents consumption of drinke poos, as he calls them. You gotta love

that jokester. He is the product of the fraternity system, you know? The man who will sit naked on a block of ice for eight hours, he is a true frat who can do anything. Anyways, Mr. Pain, Johnny, middle initial S., born in Garrett, Indiana in 1962... You have a cat and a dog that you are somewhat overly attached to, eh? Pet them a bit too much. Seeking your lost sense of security perhaps?"

"Oh, no, dude, I am not going to listen to you slander my cat and dog. You can dis me, but not the bubbas. I just treat them...."

"Save it for someone who cares, okay? I got to get through this with you and call some more people. Man, I wish he would quit calling Michael Jackson. That creep with his little boys all dressed up like the characters from Peter Pan... Makes me wish I could kill the rich and powerful, but... hey, they pay the bills. Now Pain, if you violate this directive to remain silent about anything The Rock star W. said over the phone -- and we have a tape, so we know what he prattled on about... god, it was insufferable... anyways, we will haul your ass in and charge your scrawny white self with terrorism, and send you on a lovely little trip to a cage in the hot Cuban sun. With the Patriot Act, we can leave you strapped to a cot, lying in your own excrement, going crazier and crazier, for as long as we consider you a threat, and I will make sure that is forever. You will forget who you fucking are... Or should I say, used to be? You will be a worthless shit after this, scared of everything and everyone, wandering the goddamn streets looking for a buzz to take the edge off the horror the horror of trying to get by living on the streets. You'll be getting your ass kicked by drunken, communist leaning teenagers..."

The agent was by now sounding frantic and a more than a little bit scary as he went on. "In fact, research into the twisted, warping of the minds of serial killers -- who are usually the product of extreme emotional and sexual abuse, but not always--there are those born without an ability to empathize with the pain in the world. The only way you will find satisfaction will be to inflict harm on others, to be honest. Irony, huh? It's everywhere these days. Well, you'll find out about all that on your own, when you are in the federal house of corrections, I suppose. Unless you do as I say... and let me say, you'll be something of hero. So, what is it prison, or helping out the US government, which is counting on you, man. Do not fuck this up. The war effort itself could be in jeopardy. We thought about killing you, by the way. Almost did. Shit, you would be dead by now. I could go down to the pound to watch them euthanize animals. Oh, well..."

"Well, look, I watch Colombo, and Starsky And Hutch, and their informants always get a few bucks. I think fifty bucks would be appropriate. I mean, there is also all the time I spent on preparations for a massive troop movements -- we were ready to go all ape shit on them Sunni's, wipe out all the terrorist in three hours. Seriously, this has taken hours and billable hours of my valuable time, here bucko?"

"The CIA is happy to compensate civilians for working with us."

"Oh, cool. I just asked because what the hell, if I got a few bucks, which I seriously need, then all the better, right?"

"In six to eight weeks, you will receive in the mail something much nicer, what is considered quite a nice little toaster. They go for over 200 dollars retail, though I think we get some kind of knock off from China for 12 bucks. You can bet little kids were losing fingers in some hell hole factory to get these toasters this cheap. Hey, all this is confidential, okay? I had some scotch and coke and I'm feeling chattered... Chattered, get it? The Rolling Stones?"

"Yea, yea, I get it... a toaster? I have a goddamned toaster."

"Keep these events secret or risk getting strapped down on a metal bed where you will lay in your own waste and be fed just enough to make you feel like you are starving every damn day... beatings, poor German Shepherds forced to attack. The suffering . . . yes, daily, unrelenting suffering until we know everything we need. We will break your mind, and your every thought will be like jagged pieces of glass cutting into your deepest selves."

"Wow."

"That's from my book."

"Oh." I tremble in fear at the thought of this spy boring me unto death with a sloppy description of a book that only he loves. Luckily, he is militant and cuts to the chase. "Look, Pain, no one hears about the president's feloniously alleged, though perfectly legal, use of alcohol. (THIS HAPPENS TO BE TRUE: my source is The Bush Dyslexicon -- which radicalizes readers in a seemingly productive manner).

Well, this is a little ass backwards, but I suppose I should write about my conversation with W. The call was generated by a letter I sent to him asking him to kindly acknowledge the green house effect, so money can be funneled into trying to stop the eventual destruction of the ecosphere. Evidently Bush read the letter and had no idea what it said. All he read, and what he mentioned, was my salutation, the one I presently always use, 'Respect and Love.' He started going on about new weapons systems, talking about them like they were chicks. And I swear, he started

breathing heavy for about two minutes, then grunted and stopped. As I talked to him, I heard him mumble quietly to himself, "Where in the hell is that jiz rag?"

We didn't just talk about weapons and shit, though he did go on about that stuff like some guys discuss pussy, I must say...

The W. introduced himself as the rock star president w, and then started rambling fast and frantic, all Neal Cassidy... I don't know what he was on, but he was tapping his foot and twiddling his thumbs as he said, "Some goddamn shrink thinks I call up you average citizens who love me and will shower me with praise simply to boost my ego. But hell no, that ain't it. I make these peoples day, give the whole family a tale they can tell. Now, what the fuck... am I on the radio, tv, or something?" No, just the phone."

"What's your goddamn name?" He demanded in an irritated voice, then in an even more crusty and loud voice said, "Oh, never the hell mind, you know, when I make these here calls, I love to just touch myself. . . You know, rub the boys and big daddy, you know..."

"Uhm, okay, dog... are you doing this right now?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I ain't.":

"I choose to believe you are not doing it."

"Nah, I am just playing one of my famous little tricks on people, like when I called up all those people and told them their kids were dead, when they weren't... had to hush that up, but it seemed like a good idea... no, kid, I only touch myself when I am talking to girls... I call guys during my rest period, while I wait for the dragon to rise up again, you know. Ha, I got you man. This is like that show with the people on it who trick people. And animals, I think. I like tricking my dog into thinking it is going for a walk, and then beat the hell out of it until it pisses out of fear whenever it sees you... ah, now that is a rush. Oh, well. . . All that is not true, and none of this can be proven, you hear me? Don't make me disappear your sorry white ass. I will do it... Now, what was that about chicks? Man, when you are a rock star, there are fawning women, man, and some of them will take orders from their commander and chief. When I'm talking to them, I pull up some hot porno action on the computer. I wipe the spurts of jiz into what has become a fairly stiff handkerchief. I keep that bastard jiz rag hid behind my desk drawer, where the maid or the Russians or anyone can't take it and try to sell it to someone to clone my highly electible ass. I keep my very most favorite stuff in that drawer. The button to set off the nuclear bombs is in there... I have my very most favorite marbles and a religious coloring book. I can honestly say, that while I can't quite stay in the lines when I do these damn things, this colorable book told the kind of story that I honestly could understand and I

damn well did grow into some nicer persony thing. I don't want to get too technical and throw the bone heads in the audience, like me! Why the hell aren't you ungrateful elephant fuckers laughing at my joke? Oh, well, I couldn't hear them. What the hell am I talking about? Why did I call you when I was in a meeting?"

"Liquor."

Oh, yea... They all pretend I'm not whacking frog, just continue their meetings. Hell, I have to stay for a half hour, every day. That is about the shortest work week man, and really, isn't that what it is all about in the end?"

I told him, "Look, dude, I do not feel comfortable hearing about your jiz rag..."

"What did you say?" His voice changed, became cold and steely, reminded me of cops ordering criminals around. I was talking to the w, a man who has a personal secret police force ready to do whatever he orders. And an entire goddamn armies to fuck with people. Nuclear bombs... suddenly I was slightly afraid for the people around me, the animals that rely on me... I am strangely ambivalent about my own death.

Hoping to put out the flames on our burning bridge, I added, "Sorry if my stupid fear of jizz rags made me say that to you, our commander and chief. Damn devil made me do it. Get behind me Satan... I gotta say, too, that your honest view on the topic of coloring books is genius, sheer genius... in fact, in your sharp and wily mind, I believe there is a warrior, poet, genius."

"Well, hell yes, my momma done told me that I was a frigging genius so many times... I believed her until college, where this old gray thingy in skull proved no match for shit like math and English and crap.... didn't need it, and some how I knew that. This is what it is like to be great. You know goddamn well what? All those damn reporters that write about me like I am some dum, psychopedillwhip, or something... They are actually saying that my Mom, who has known about my genius since before I was born, is lying. Dammit, that riles up my blood!!

Shit, this means I am going to have to put a serious hurt on those bastards. No one goes after my mummy doo. Mum is so smart. She once said Steven Hawkins was a genius, after he was on TV talking some gibberish, and later on I read he was a genius. How did she know? Shit, the dog just pissed on the goddamn bed. Right on the comforter beside

me... I ain't in our bedroom, I'm in this guest room where I keep my porno and shit. I made it illegal for anyone to entire this room. It's a death penalty offense. Oh, sweet lord, that damn beagle really let loose... I'm laying here in some room with a goddamn name that I can't ever pronounce. What the hell are we talking about?"

"Oh, we were done sir, just ready to hang up."

He immediately called back. I didn't pick up the phone. He called again and again. Then I started imagining the w sending a swat team in to grab me. So I picked up the phone.

"Are you alright little buddy? Did you have a goddamn heart attack from the sheer joy of being almost in my personal very presence? I always thought this would happen. Yea, doggie... Anyhoo, I have an ambulance on the way... No, I told them they had to use a helicopter, because they are a trip to ride in, man. A fucking trip."

An ambulance showed up, a cop, paramedics... someone passed out coffee, just before the helicopter arrived; the whirling blades sucked the hot coffee out of the cups and splashed instant fire onto the faces of the hurting people who got hit.

I'm really not supposed to write about what we talked about next, but since nobody in their right mind would read down this far in this entry, let me just add for you twisted folk that one united states president was very excited about my idea about training hamsters to replace our human troops. He especially liked how much money the government will save by making the small hamster armies.

He told me, "You could make like about thirty seven, maybe thirty six and a half, outfits for hamsters from just one goddamn human soldiers outfit. Hot damn!!" cloths."

This and other advantages of using hamsters were discussed. I can't write anymore about this matter, because the mighty beat them to witches and piss hamster army must keep its strategies out of enemy hands. I got nervous and jumpy -- I did not want to be strapped to a couch encased in my own excrement. I kept picturing it and could actually

feel the putrid straps across my chest.

Finally, he changed the subject back to himself, and started lecturing me, not letting me say anything, just drunkenly talking over my every word. He gave graphic descriptions of various 'enemy kills in Iraq and Afghanistan, which he considered his own psychopathic kills; he kept calling the body count his 'precious,' which is way over done but still a little funny to me.

I really wanted to hang up on W. The risks were just too damn high. I sat there listening to him go on and on thinking about how he could have me killed just like that and my whole life and work could be disappeared (saw it on x files, choose to believe it for the hell of it). He went on until someone came in to clean up the dog piss on the bed. "Oh, you're here."

And then he just hung up without as much as a goodbye.

I hung up my own phone and for some reason, now I feel kind of soiled inside, like I used to feel when women slept with me only to have fun, then left with little pieces of my heart... ashamed of myself... My self-esteem was gone... Don't know why?

May you have a day that reminds you of Guantanamo Bay so well that you will need plastic surgery to make your mangled genitalia recognizable as a sex organ.

THE NEW GOLDEN RULE???

Here it is, the new golden rule, watch for it on throw pillows around the world:

"DO UNTO OTHERS AS THE MARKET ALLOWS."

This just in from the top of my head, the not so president has authorized the justice department to set up slave labor camps all over south America, filled with grannies stitching this new golden rule on millions of throw pillows. They won't even let these fine old women go to the potty... Just make them use old, pre-used Depends that they buy from junk scavengers in the states who dumpster dive for oldster diapers behind wealthy retirement communities.

I am coming out firmly against this new golden rule, as well as making retiree's who still remember their toilet training from being forced to wear filthy, shit and urine caked diapers. I know this position makes me anti-capitalist, and I am probably the only one who cares, but I will stand by my principles until the end, or something else attracts my attention...

You know this golden rule is all too fucking true... oh, the torture, the torture....

I really do sometimes hate the effect of Christians enough to start poking their eyes out with dull sticks. No, that doesn't mean you, specifically, mom. Though I will be almost forced to feed you to the lions if and when I am suddenly elected supreme commander of the known universe.

MY OWN PERSONAL GEEZUS

In a comic, I would draw a make believe god like he is a most cynical, fucking punk ass, evil humored, pup of a bitch . . .
 Flowing white hair blown back in thick curls, moving with the rhythm of the cosmic winds, standing on the top of some planet with dead life forms crushed under his Chicago sized feet,
 his mighty fist a blur as he whacks away on a Wang twice the size if the sun, groaning and moaning and shaking and getting all into the it, just bursting with an incestuous love of his own damn self, loving the sight of struggling pain bags of beings who worship him right unto their ugly deaths, deluded minds that bear every painful lash from his black leather whip without even the thought of running away from their sadomasochistic lover... because they think they deserve it for even the small sin of being a chimp... he is like a psycho ass fucking a fresh and bloody corpse...

LATER...

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Uh, that's pretty mean Johnny. Sure you're not sublimating your back pain from driving for four hours in rush hour traffic into a graphic display of your anti-social personality?"

Me: "Uh, what, man?"

VOICE OF REFLECTION: Are you certain that you want to be this mean? You are going to make a lot of otherwise nice people pissed off by writing this.

ME: "Well, who cares? The truest words ever spoken were, 'fuck em if they can't take a joke.'"

VOICE OF REFLECTION: You're calling this a joke?

ME: "It's a comic, for dog's sake."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "That reminds me, quit with the 'dog' instead of god stuff. Everyone thinks it's a typo."

ME: "Good."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Why is that good?"

ME: "Okay, it's not good. But anyone who keeps up with my blogs knows what it means."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Back to this 'god as a psycho fucking a bloody corpse. Why do you feel that you have to use such graphic verbs to describe a deity respected throughout the world for inspiring good works, like orphanages, schools, and all the other good that has come from the men and women who used the spell of religion to devote their lives to good acts?"

ME: "This isn't necessarily their god, but like you say, even their religion is a spell, a bottle that they, as flies, are trapped in -- trapped in such a way that it will never fly out the window and discover the world... If I have to shock someone to get into their head and sow the seeds of discontent that can lead to smashing through that fucking glass and flying free, so dog damn well be it. I do it for their own good. Not mine. I would be better off speaking to them of smooth things, using my training with words to craft romantic tales filled with rich hedonists and just one good man, and just one good women. Everyone would live in an exotic location that is filled with cliché of people who offer clues about some treasure or another, ranging from the joy of just having a life, period, to fabulous wealth. Or I could one up this and write in some more respected genre, like horror... but no... I have to, for some reason I won't ever understand, feel like I must not only react to the madness, I also have to do battle.... and if there is no war, then I need to raise a few troops and get started."

VOICE OF REFLECTIONV: "Yea, right."

ME: "Shit, what was I saying?"

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Correct me if I am wrong, but it seems to me that you were leading up to another one of your mockeries of the world by demanding that your elf shits send you hamsters."

ME: "Yea, and I would like to amend my no dead hamster policy, by the

way, and make it read: "We here in this Elf's Attic now again welcome dead hamsters, though we still do prefer living ones. I am making this change because Ruby and the cats are low on food."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "I have to ask again, should you really be publishing this, knowing that even your dear mother would find this painful to read?"

ME: "Well, she should slaughter her imaginary friends, too."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: A lot of people will take this entry as a sign of mental disturbances, you know?"

ME: "NO one who is in a position to commit me. I checked this time... no fucking way is that happening again... I couldn't stand the way they tossed the salads at lunch... I mean, the drugs were way down there, man, in zombie land... you know, walking around like you just rose from a grave in THE DAWN OF THE DEAD."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Uhhh, yes. Regardless of all that, uhm, chemically altered alliteration. Are you so certain there is no Hell that you would risk eternal fire just to say a few words in a meaningless blog?"

PAIN TALKS TO GOD

ME: "Look, I live my life for honor, love, and protecting lovers and babes. If this god doesn't think that's enough, I don't care to hang with him, because he's too stuck up on that shit, you know? I don't want a god with a bunch of hang-ups. Especially not for eternity. Can you imagine? Here's how that conversation would go, alright?"

GOD: "Johnny, you said you never eat other animals but... did you eat a rib?"

PAIN: "Uh, no...."

GOD: "You have barbecue sauce on your chin, and a hoof stuck in your teeth."

PAIN: "Yea, well, I thought it would be better to lie than upset you, but now that you know... you have to get over this thing about trying to control everybody, you know? Because everywhere on the planet is evidence that

GOD AIN'T DOING SHIT."

GOD: "Johnny, one of these days I'm going to sell you to Satan."

PAIN: "Or lose me gambling, like you did Socrates."

GOD: "I was drunk."

PAIN: "Yea, like when you made humans, right?"

GOD: "Yes, just like then."

PAIN: "It's no excuse. You're drunk now, aren't you?"

GOD: "I made John Lennon."

PAIN: "So you keep reminding us."

GOD: "What do you mean by that?"

PAIN: "Well, every time you get to drinking those kamikazes with every known form of alcohol and opiate, you start bragging on making Lennon. We all know you had this shining moment, okay? Let it go, it sounds like socially offensive bragging."

GOD: "How would you like to be reincarnated as a dung beetle?"

PAIN: "Man, don't go all ape on me, get some control. You keep up this shit, and I am going to tell your wife that you're drinking again."

GOD: "Johnny, my man, we cool, right? No need to be giving lip to the old lady, huh?"

JOHNNY: "You'll be doing your 'time out' in hell again."

GOD: "What do you want? And don't tell me 72 virgins, I am so sick of that joke..."

JOHNNY: "Telling jokes anytime is dangerous, but especially when you're a drunken stoner, man. You know I am going to keep your confidence, man.... you grow the best damn weed up here...."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "Don't you think it is kind of confusing, having first a conversation with me, and then switching to a conversation with god."

PAIN: "I was a little confused, maybe."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "No, I meant the reader might be confused."

PAIN: "You're right, they are probably about as stoned as me, since no one has to work on KILL THE TURKEY'S DAY."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "This is hardly a conventional way of telling a tall tale of sorts."

PAIN: "I was average height all my life, and then I read a few weeks ago that humans had grown an inch, and gained twenty five pounds over the last forty years. Now I am below average, belittled... I fit in only that way, you understand, and without it I feel totally alone, isolated, with nothing in common with humans at all."

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "You're hyperbole is boring. I think I am going to turn the microphone over to the bitchy voice in your mind that makes you walk the dog."

PAIN: " How about the voice in there that is excited about walking his husky pup?"

VOICE OF REFLECTION: "No."

PAIN: "DAMN!"

The pope flew into Washington Zoo

n a helicopter this morning, where the pontificator was supposed to give mass in front of the penguin cage, but he surprised his followers by turning away from them and floating up through the air and entering, despite the iron bars that make this seem impossible, the zoo's 'icy penguin voyage' display.

PENGUINS TAKEN TO HEAVEN IN RAPTURE. . .

DESPONDENT HUMANS LEFT BEHIND.

In the latest blow to man's image of himself as the center of the universe, a god came down to earth yesterday and caused rapture to erupt, and humans, much to their whiny dismay, were left behind to be ruled by the usual half sensed shadow world of chaos loving, brutal demons.

Seemingly only penguins, the NYPD's swat team, the pope, a few adjacent aquatic birds, and various winos who were sleeping on benches in zoos across the world were taken up into the heavens this morning when a supreme deity finally kept its promise to save the worthy from the hell of the world.

As the deity scooped up the penguins in his hands, thousands of screaming human voices were raised to protest the supreme deity's decision.

All known languages were hurled up at the deity, representing every type of whining known to man. The deity shushed the humans, then pointed at the amusing antics of various penguins who were doing an elaborate ice-scavade version of a tale that they explained, in a short introduction, was too complex for human understanding. . .

Before leaving, the deity told the humans,

"Hey, ectoplasm, get over yourself. I didn't even try to make another species that comes close to a penguin. Let alone, Man... Yea, right -- come on, you don't even really believe that do you? Every dog you have ever met is a better being than you. . . I mean, name a dog that isn't a better being than you?

... Let alone a penguin -- they're fucking nature's clowns, man! You put your robin Williams and Conan's on stage with an emperor penguin, not only will it kick their asses, it will make you laugh harder than you ever have before in your life while it does so. You are a component in an ecosphere, and if anything, you should be punished, if not just weeded out. You're probably very lucky that I don't bother thinking about you very much."

After finding out their species is well down on the animal totem pole that god uses to judge specks of the ecosphere, humans around the world were reported to be, 'thinking about other stuff,' and 'keeping busy.'

You humans have a bit of egg on the old face, today, huh? I am so glad I married into another species, marsupial. I mean, we might go after dogs or something, but man? Like the deity said when asked about when the humans would go, "Not on my fucking watch, that is for sure."

A spokesperson for the Vatican says that the penguins have shown the pope signed pictures of god walking with them up in the Antarctic. The church says that the pictures are authentic, for sure, and no one else needs to see them to prove as much. Critics say this is just another attempt to "Find a way to sex up Catholicism to get more priests, now that they lost the whole kid fucking angle, you know?"

Surly penguins continued arriving at the white house in large numbers today, causing area residents to 'have to drive down state to get more weed' to fill what local gang bangers are describing as 'The curiously empty soul of this often aquatic waterfowl.'

Penguins are known for launching coups, causing the world to watch nervously as Bush began to heat up his nuclear rhetoric, saying today, "I see another pile of penguin shit, I am going to loose the nukes, man, and just blow them into no more land. I will make penguins fly again, by god..."

PENGUINS KICKED OUT OF HEAVEN

Penguins left earth last week in the Rapture, leaving behind despondent, whining humans. This week, inexplicably, the birds are back. When asked to explain, the penguins merely shrugged and continued smoking incessantly and staring off into space.

When reporters confronted God about the mess WITH THE PENGUINS AND INDEED THE ENTIRE WORLD, the deity snippily snapped, "I fucking made John Lennon... What the hell more do you apes want of me? I didn't even give the dolphins a Ringo, let alone a John Lennon, and they are doing fine."

THE EASTER BUNNY IS STILL ON A BENDER

As you know, there were no Easter bunny deliveries this year. Once again, that drunk was all apologizing for not bringing me chocolate, claimed he was drinking shots with Harvey and passed out somewhere

just south of Pittsburg.

None of the candy was delivered. Just like fucking last year. He promised to keep everything in the freezer, but I don't believe him. I think he is selling stuff to Wal-Mart on the side.

That rabbit used to be trustworthy, back when I was a kid. But now? I haven't gotten candy in years.

He really slid down that slippery slope fast after getting caught on tape with the tooth fairy. Man, when his kids found out he bounced both ways, they abandoned him -- all, like, 567 of them. Ever since, he's been hanging out with like Adam Sandler and Alec Baldwin and all these other high class stoners. They just go from bar to bar, treating people like shit, acting like they are big shots. He's forgotten where he came from. Just lost it. Let the fame of it all go to his head.

I guess sometimes he gets drunk and starts dissing Jesus, saying he really should be the center of attention, etc...

And Santa... that lying fat fuck hasn't been coming either of course. Well, I guess I have to forgive him some because he is dead. That was just sad when the Kmart Executive in charge of Toy Sales for Muncie Indiana sent an assassination team up to the North Pole to take out the competition. They killed all the elves, too. I was surprised when I heard the news reports that they were all female and Santa was some kind of radical polygamist Mormon. I mean, that's cool, but being married to the reindeer, too? That was a little sick, and those pictures of their home movie sex tapes that the news kept flashing were just pure unneeded sensationalism.

So, there...

DOCTOR DO SOMETHING

"You better put that religion down right now!! You heard me, put it down!! Don't get me riled over this? Go on, put it down!!!?"

Maybe I am delusional to tell this kind of thing to a dog, as M. thinks, but like I told her, only time will tell. Though M., with her TENDANCY TO JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, thinks that I am wasting my time.

Specifically, she said today, "You are, though I would not have thought it possible, now wasting your time in a way that is even worse than gluing hamsters on those maps. The neighbor's are complaining about the volume of these little lectures of yours. And don't try to tell me again that you have no idea who is lecturing in here while I am work.

She went on to pelt me with words about how I should be doing something more productive? And maybe even painting more landscapes?

She would probably like it if I had a couple lobotomies and started painting hotel room landscapes... Oh, how cold my soul grows at the thought of painting hotel room landscapes... that is probably her plan for me in the end though; I might as well admit it. This explains a lot. I mean, I have been trying to figure out why she would keep me around, because as far as I can tell, I am of no real strategic value to her. I mean, I could be, easily, if my being armed with a couple Uzi's wasn't another of those topics that M., with HER KNOWN TENDENCY TO BE STUBBORN, simply refuses to discuss.

Of late, she has gone from nay sayer to censor, by the way. She won't let me tell people about the security checks she went through when I became, foolishly enough I know now with the wisdom of the twenty-twenty vision of hindsight, convinced that she had connections to bin laden and called Interpol and stuff. Hey, I had what I thought was some hard evidence? That has been since lost.

I have NOW just been informed by the critic, M., who says she is 'keeping an eye on me,' since I got us kicked off the internet, that not only can I not talk to anyone about her alleged Bin Laden connections, I can't write about this anymore either. M often makes the mistake of saying, 'Don't

talk about this to anyone.' when she means 'don't write about this.' Don't try to tell her this, or you are in for a world of grief, believe me. . .

M. can be very mean about this shit. I hope she is comfortable wearing the cloak of a censor, which is all I can say.

((LATER: now M. IS MAKING ME ADD THAT SHE IS NOT PRO CENSORSHIP IN ANYWAY AND . . . "WELL, OKAY.... I AM A BUTT BREATHED BUTTERFLY WHO SUCKS WORSE THAN M. -- yes, SHE MADE ME SAY THAT TOO.)

((((NOW M. IS MAKING ME COME BACK AGAIN AND WRITE IN HERE THAT SHE REALLY DID NOT CALL ME NAMES OR SAY ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT she wasn't sure she liked being used a censor? AND, SHE ADDS, I HAVE TO WRITE IN HERE THAT I DO USE WITH THE WORD 'ALLEGED' IN A MANNER THAT HAS BEEN, AND SHE IS MAKING ME QUOTE HER, CLINCIALLLY DIAGNOSED BY A PROFESSIONAL AS SLIGHTLY ABNORMAL)))))

((BACK AGAIN BECAUSE OF M ?. SHE SAYS THIS LAST STATEMENT IS DISHONEST TOO? OKAY, THE so called PROFESSIONALS who testified in court SAID 'DELUSIONAL USAGE OF ALLEGED'))).

M. says her head hurts and she is going to bed. Thank dog? Letting her read the elf was a grievous strategic error that is for sure! Like painting that damned landscape. I painted one sorta traditional landscape of the moon over the lake, and now she thinks I am going to continue the style, just because people 'like it so much.' Oh, fucking people and the stupid shit they like!!! That they like this style alone would be enough for me to never, ever paint a landscape again, but that M., she is a materialist and gets all weird when the electricity goes out and stuff and that of course happens a lot less when I am selling my paintings, and landscapes sell, of course, because people have no taste in the fine arts. When stuff gets cut off, I always tell her, "Hey, deal with it whine-ass." since I always forget that this joke is way beyond her . . . and when she doesn't understand something, she just gets all pissed. There is no logic to her moods!!!

Since the hamsters disappeared, Ruby dog is the only one who listens to my lectures. Well, I suppose I am using the word 'listening' rather loosely, because of course, no matter how weighty and important my words, Ruby mistakes my attempts at communication as a hint that we are going for a walk. I have even tried, in no less than four languages, to tell her how to

kill. Her response? She just starts bounding about and chasing the cats and all sorts of other somewhat baffling signs of perfect happiness that she experiences at the merest thought of a walk. That dog has no dark-side, dammit!!! Well, with the possible exception of hamster eating, though the verdict is still out on that one and probably will be until M. backs off this stifling 'No Torture' policy of hers.

No matter what M. says, I have to lecture the animals-- I can't let them make the same mistake as humans!!! It is too late for humans, but I tell ya true amigo, if I have anything to say about it, dogs and cats will never suffer from the disease of religion and the resulting prescientifica headintheassica!!! This is an important task and as far as I know, I am alone out here in this battle? I may be their only hope? The only one ready when they start to talk.

I am unworthy of such a god like task, but I shoulder this heavy burden to the best of my ability, and yes, in this higher pursuit, sometimes my lectures get heated, what can I say? I don't care if the neighbors bitch. They had their chance to listen to the lectures here and just simply refused to be enlightened. I did not approach them in my robe and slippers 'babbling all stoned.' either, or bring in those winos!! Even though I did not do this? Well, I will never do it again (there, M., it's in writing -- are you happy now!!!).

Of course I get a little loud. You try reasoning with two sleepy tabby cats and a ridiculously cheerful Husky. I tried walking Ruby before the lectures, but then she simply joins the cats in their game of pretending like I'm not making sense and contemptuously keeping their silence. . .

They do talk amongst themselves though. If I were unencumbered by M.'s dictatorial policies, I could prove as much. Ever since I faked a tape that I tried to tell M. was the cats and the dogs talking, there seems no way to even approach this topic with her, either; much less get her approval for the at least twelve or so recording devices that I NEED to prove my theories. I thought I could trick her into a purchase with that damn tape.

M. tried to make it out like all four voices on the handheld recorder sounded exactly like mine, which is not true. Her mother and brother acted like they agreed with her? Just like M.'s family to always take her side. M said that she was even more pissed off that I played the tape in front of her family than anything else. For what reason, I don't know?

I know someone tipped her off that the tape was a fake. That is the only way she could have known. Regardless of her repeated, foolishly adamant denials. Thank dog she has gone to bed, or I probably wouldn't be able to report on that either.

Yea, she lied to cover her source. I want to know who told her so bad that I feel like I am going to pee. Who was this person -- Or should I say, animal?

As nice as I am to them, I fear the cats remain traitorous. Like I said before, they are as cagey as old cons, the silent bastards-- but they will talk if forced!!!! I just know it!!!! But, though science practically demands it, M. is very firm about this damned No Torture policy. Like I always say, there is just no logic to that woman's moods

PEOPLE KEEP FORCING ME TO KILL THEM.

I am getting sick of all the people who force me to kill them. You know what I mean. Last night I was on the el train coming home from scoring a little weed, sitting there buzzing and drawing. Around me was a very normal crowd of all colors. Then The But came on the train, loud talking into a headset phone. She is cursing like mad, everything is, "Fuck that Bitch." She sits down right by me of course.

I tell her, "Hey, there are little kids sitting here, so you gotta watch your language." She doesn't hear me, so I tap her shoulder with my drawing pad.

Looking all shocked.

"You can't talk like the in front of little kids."

She scream-talks, as she has since coming on the train, "Oh, we got a white black thing going on. Crysop, I just . . ."

I don't know what else she was going to say. I pulled the Bowie knife out of my waist, stood up, and then used both hands to bury that sharp metal down deep her skull. Her eyes shot wide open, as did her mouth. A fat, fat women, she slowly slid down off her seat... catching her blouse on her purse and revealing stretch marked bulges of brown fat.

A couple people clapped, so I took a bow; then I moved to the other end of the train, of course, because people shit when they die and that big woman let loose like two pounds of hamburger, eight chickens, pies.... god only knows? She looked like she could handle an Old Country Buffet all by herself.

A couple people kicked her on their way out. I caught the eye of one girl who kicked the loud thing and we shared a smile. I was glad she was black, that the sane recognize the sane no matter how they appear.

Later, I am out walking Ruby Dog, Mary Ann is with me, the cold winter has let up temporarily and we are loving being out neighborhood, our walk, each other. I remember that we are getting low on milk, so I ask Mary Ann to hold onto the dog while I go into this carry out.

I go in and grab a half gallon. The guy who runs/owns/probably lives in the back with his three wives and four indentured slaves/ talks on his cell phone throughout our transaction. I get my change and turn to leave and the bag breaks.... the milk is fine, so I go back to the guy and he tries to give me ONE BAG again. I go, "Hey, it just broke with one, so it has to be double bagged."

"Now you are costing me three bags," he says.

I had my change and my double bagged milk and there was no reason anymore for me to pretend to be nice. AS I walk out I tell him, "You're a total asshole. You fuck your mother in the ass. You suck off your father, don't you?" Arab guys get really pissed off by this (learned that while driving cab, where actually I got along with the Arabs perfectly well).

He followed me out the door screaming something about me being a bad customer. I just gave the fucker my back. He tried to sting me, so I had to sting him.

Since I was with M., I couldn't really do shit to the guy. She gets so pissed when she has to testify against me. I calmed down the best I could, and M. was proud of me for 'being an adult and walking away from violence.' She almost made me feel guilty, because all the while I knew that I would be going back to that guys store and basically try to destroy

his life. Assholes. They have to be gotten out of the gene pool.

Around Midnight, when M. was deep in her sleep, I took an empty gallon of milk and went down to the gas station on the corner, filled it up for a buck fifty. I took the gasoline down into the basement, to our storage room, and hid it away for later -- when the gasoline attendant will have half forgotten that I came down and got gas.

Two weeks passed. I added this guy to my stalking list, which is pretty crowded at this point, so I had to let my surveillance go on certain people who are of interest to me for reasons I can't even begin to understand. His name turned out to be Halik Brin, so I just called him Rab. A pompous fuck, he was cheating on his wife and his girlfriend, doing three women, and all of them fat, unattractive, and kind of loud mouthed; basically, white trash. He drank all day long, beat his kids, his wife. Over bearing isn't strong enough for the Nazi EMPIRE that he created in his house.... He was also insured for quite a bit of money. I was happy to see all of this, as you can imagine...

because, of course, hatred for your enemies makes your balls grow bigger.

I decided to cook him in his car. He had a two door escort, so all I needed to do was put a chain around the doors, pour on the gas and listen to that rude motherfuckers death cries. I caught him that night, as he was coming out of his store. Put my gun right into the side of his head and told him, "I want your money, and then I am I am going to tie you up to get a running start. I don't mind shooting your ass -- and I will if you give me the slightest fucking problem. I know you got a fucking gun, too, so hand it over." During the stalk, I had seen him trying to impress women with some fucking tiny little pearl derringer he carried -- the poodle of guns. He handed over the gun, then a big wad of bills.

"Give me your car keys." I tell him.

He hands them over, too.

Once he is inside, I take the chain and throw it over the roof of the car, then get down on my stomach and push one end under the car, chain it together tight.

When he sees me coming at the him with a jug of gasoline, he starts trying

to break the windows. I slosh the stuff all over the escort, going front to back, getting some on the sides, event he tires.

He is using his bloody hands to try and smash out the driver's side window. He could probably do it if he layed down and used his feet, but of course there was no way in hell I was going to tell him that. I tossed a paper match and the Gasoline soaked, maroon escort went up in magnificent shards of red and orange and yellow.

Don't ask me why, but at the last second, I started thinking about all of this guys kids. Wondering if they were better off without him. I had a baseball bat, for in case he did break out, and could easily still save him... then I remembered all the insurance money they would get, and that no matter how many tears they cried, his kids were better off being rich and free of assholes. Not to mention, my mission is of course to cleanse the gene pool of assholes.

The subtle fragrance of Man--Rodent Love....

How did I end up here on the end of a pier stuffing rocks into my pockets? Well. . . Desperation reshapes your life in ways you could have never imagined.

A week ago, I thought I was going to be styling forever. I was living high, real high. I had my own business of course. I was in the high stakes world of wrestling hamsters on the boardwalk for tips (which did not even cover my emergency room bills, but it sure as hell beat my old job, flipping soy burgers for whiny, asexual, vaguely artistic do nothings at The Bloody Tofu). I was living the dream, as they say. I was a real go

getter back then, sure... out there chasing the buck, training for hamster wrestling, all the 'normals' that a big time player such as myself indulges in while the rest of you slave away at movie starring and trading and blowing rich old uncles and aunts and other 'laborish' travesties.

I was envied, for sure. Who wouldn't want to win every goddamn wrestling match he ever entered? Oh, sure, sometimes it looked like I got the worse of it, but I just withheld their food for a few days and then when they were weakened, I set myself up for a rematch. You never want to enter a match with a trained hamster at its full powers, by dog, no....

Then it happened... I was on the boardwalk one fateful morning, taking the hamsters out and oiling them up for maximum muscle definition, when I first looked into those beady brown eyes. . . And I became once more enamored with the subtle scent of man -- rodent love. Oh, yeah, you could say I fell hard. Real hard. Harder than... very, very hard things. How was I supposed to get into the kind of frothing rage it takes to wrestle one of these murderous moppets when she was just one amazingly kissable little whisker twitcher?

Oh, she had me and she knew it, started swishing around her furry little fanny like the hussy she is. I guess I could sense she was bad... I mean, I wondered why she needed all my credit cards, but man, I was ready to do anything for that little piece of fur. How was I to know she had been dreaming of an Amazon vacation? Let alone that she would do anything, and anyone, to get her way....

Yea, the ancient tale played out on the stage again. . . Once more man and rodent met on the Satan sheets of love still damp with spicy love juices and other more sticky spots. The results are never pretty, of course... she reached those tiny nails into my chest, tore through my tender flesh (and even more tender nipple) and ripped out my heart -- without so much as a low squeal of empathy. One day she was here, duct taped to my soul, you could say... I can see the little diva ordering me around and making me buy more cheese than one man should. Then one day.... her cage was empty. I looked everywhere in there for her, searched the small cage over and over... I must have looked under that wheel a thousand times. And I cried, sure I cried.... oh, how I cried!!! I've done practically nothing else since she left me, like five minutes ago.

All I have to remember her by are three dried poop pellets. I'm going to

have them put on a gold chain -- something classy, like she was.

What??? Uh, no... I didn't plan on jumping. I just find stuffing my pockets with rocks on the end of a pier is a good way to get people to listen to me. Don't you want to see my pictures of her? She's wearing a bikini that leaves nothing to the imagination. Hey, get back here!! Okay, just keep going... I'm used to this kind of cruelty, to the suffering... dammit, I have wrestled the worst of the hamster, and now I fear nothing... except females of various species that it is no longer legal for me to list (due to the whole judgment about me not promoting man vegetable love/man-rodent love/or man sock love until I am off probation for vegetable molestation -- a totally trumped up charge by an undercover squash - she waited to bust me until she had completely had her way with me, and you can bet that is entrapment, no matter what that damn judge said!!!).

SANTA SHOULD KILL ALL THE BAD KIDS

How much of the world's ill would never happen if Santa -- who is known to be able to see into the hearts of children worldwide -- would just drop his cowardly stance of giving the bad kids coal or whatever, and just take a knife and slit these 'bad seeds' throats?

ME AND JESUS HAD A NASTY BREAK UP Jesus and me had a thing for awhile, and man did we ever have a messy, ugly break up. There was name calling -- me saying he was a fraud, him yelling at me that I would go to hell if we broke up. There was a lot passion there, though, and like all romantic fools, I kept taking him back again and again -- even after he broke all kinds of promises, was always contradicting himself, and, worse yet, he was always going out and starting wars and shit. He is one of those lovers who just wants your whole soul, you know? I mean, he told me it was a sin to even look at another deity. I mean, come on, who doesn't like to look? It's not like we were praying together or anything, but there was no telling that wrathful god much of anything.

I can take a lot from someone I love, but I knew it was over when I heard about how he went and started the crusades, and then led that witch hunt in Europe and backed up colonialism.... well, you can imagine how this relationship would look to dr phil.

The weirdest thing about me and Jesus break up is how people are always telling me to get back into a relationship with the guy.

He also changes his name a lot, too, which is suspicious? Sometimes he calls himself Allah, sometimes Buddha... the list is just about endless. I came across a bunch of fake id's one day and there were hundreds.

I have to admit, in the end, I used him. I only called him when I needed something. I mean, I gave him a lot of praise and built up his self esteem, but that wasn't enough. Did I mention he was carrying on affairs behind my back with a good portion of the world?

So please, if Jesus has sold you on the idea of 'taking you to heaven,' or something, listen to someone who knows -- that dude is a full of shit fraud.

just why do priests have 4 times the avg. of aids? Debate erupted

nationwide after The Kansas City Star reported that Roman Catholic priests in the US are dying from AIDS-related illnesses at a rate 4 times higher than the general population and the cause is often concealed on their death certificates.

In a three-part series, the newspaper said death certificates and interviews with experts indicated several hundred priests have died of AIDS-related illnesses since the mid-1980s and hundreds more are living with HIV, the virus that causes the disease.

This is from a site about satanic priests.... so go ahead, take your kids to church and send them into a dark room with a priest who has 4 times the likelihood of having aids as you do....

FINGER FOODS

State Street was madness, the crowds thick and musty in the third day of mushy falling snow; moving down the sidewalk was a chore and the stores even worse. There were only a few days left before Christ mass and everyone in the greater Chicago area seemed to be shopping downtown under the bright glow of red and green lights. The cold air was filled with a sense of crazy frenzy.

That was the year when Cannibalism was the big fad. Those human fingers were the best!! I get hungry as a pup without a tit remembering those red and green boxes with the break dancing elves and that hippy-esque reindeer. The commercial advertisements were especially effective that year, I guess, when they broke all our taboos about eating each other. I know I got all caught up in that ad campaign where they had a long haired, stoned looking Rudolph with Snoop Dogs voice, and all those gay, swishy elves.

Everyone wanted those specially packaged holiday edition finger snacks; people were breaking out into fights when Marshall Fields announced that they would soon be out of the delicious nibble. That was the year when all the winos sold their fingers for drinking change and had to hold their Styrofoam begging cups in their teeth (after the states outlawed wino fingers, they started importing the brown ones, of course, and while a lot of people think they are less flavorful, I can't taste any difference). Writing about this little taste bud tickler makes me really, really, really hungry for one of those pinkies, the ones coated in butter and cinnamon and topped with white frosting.

The Gods of Munchy say: "I don't care what all those labor activists say about South Americans being made slaves so they can have their non essential organs transplanted into paying customers, I got a weedy need to gnaw on ten of those pinkies and no reason is going to get between me and those fat filled vein cloggers."

The Story of A. Crayon.

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My neighbors are a strange lot. Across the hall are two couples in their seventies, who have had some kind of open group marriage? There is a lot to it, of course; they put together a book once explaining all the human geography they felt they were mapping out, like explorers they felt they were, discovering new and wonderful ways to be a human. They self published thousands and thousands of the book and ended up losing the one woman's family fortune. They still have boxes of the soft brown leather bound books. The red leather text has faded over the years into bland beige. Despite their inability to get people to buy their book, let alone take on their lifestyle, they claim to have found the perfect existence for man in a socialist world? Which, they admit, probably would have already swept the world were it ever going to happen. Bush depresses the hell out of them.

Down another flight of stars and there is a heroin addict and her

fourteen year old kid, a video game wizard who hangs out as much as possible in our studio. Another denizen of 1436 Jarvis is a man in his early thirties who claims to be an alien. He was convinced by his present religion that he is one of the thirty six chosen ones (36 being actually a floating number, based on how many people are keeping up with Sunday school in his sect; we could have been chosen, too, and become, in our mind and theirs, Godly, but I put down my foot on this one. I mean, I look a good religious conversion as much as the next boof, but if everyone is chosen than no one is chosen, you know?

When our neighbor asked me: "Are you ready to believe that you are god?"

My name is Crayon. An artist to some. The people who buy my paintings, a slacker to some. I am as puzzled as anyone else as to what I am?

To myself I am a boof, a fool. It took many of years of college to reach such a level of foolishness. This story is an overly wordy, whiny postulation of my life. . .

The others here are more earthy than I am. They smell the turpentine in the air, notice when I leave the toilet seat down, and can always rinse out their coffee mugs. I am always somewhere else, no matter where I am. I am no longer an existentialist. I stand amid white flakes falling from a hot, July sky and yell at everyone around me to shut up and listen for the sound of snow hitting the ground. They shake their heads like I am nuts. At first I believed them.

What happened was . . .

And then we. . .

In the end, I think everyone learned a thing or two, though at the moment I can't think of any.

THE PAIN KILLER

He walked into the world with the lining of his overcoat filled with pocket after thin pocket of filled syringes. Most held heroin and coke, eight balls. His job, as he saw it, was to liberate the masses from their terrible, hum drum lives. He was out there day after day, running down joggers and injecting them, forcing them to really, really listen to Lou reed's heroin and other cooler than ever high songs...

Of course his tactic worked, and soon most of the town was sick of washing toilets and making idle chit chat and watching the sunset and shit... in fact, the whole urban landscape was soon over run with addicts who not long before had been just pretty much like the rest of us. The addicts he created were always following him around asking for more heroin and what not.

He tried to explain to them that what once got them high now would cost them a couple hundred bucks. Well, as you can imagine, after once having merely gave this gent ten dollars for a buzz that first came free, and now having to start lives of crime to support their habits... well, the people were not happy. They took this guy, and they tied his arms to a Chevy blazer, and his feet to a tree. When they pulled him apart, his guts went shooting up into the tree and his entrails hang there to this day... no shit.

Ah, but who am I to judge.... JOHNNY FUCKING PAIN, THAT'S WHO!!!!

True story

The old gray masochist steals our stuff to buy his drugs. We hit him with sticks. He loves his life.

The Death of Bob The Wino Knight

In one dimension, a hoboish drunk, late fifties, a mess of bulging potato chip and beer flab in torn and stained pants and gym shoes with holes that show his bare, dirty toes, sits stinky and silent on a bench in Loyola Park. He looks this way and that, turning around quick at every sound in a way that makes passing dog walkers quicken their pace. No one knows that he is secretly watching everyone there, on the look out for any sort of trouble. He was going to be a hero, get some reward, buy some cigarettes and chicken wings. That was his job now. Nothing had happened so far. He was ready, though.

In the blurry decades leading to the park bench, Bob The Wino Knight had lost everything except his need to drink. Cheap wine and bad food had of late started to make his brain resemble smooth vanilla pudding with chocolate chips and coconuts -- a disease that was going to help kill him in twelve days, when the first icy Northeasterner roars across lake Michigan and freezes to death any wino who has the bad luck of passing out on a street corner all exposed to the evilish elements of the cold, cold wind chilled air that freezes their flesh and slows their heart down more and more, until they end up in an unmarked paupers grave . . . But that night, oh that night... he had found half a bottle of tequila and a burrito and he was high enough to feel like he could take on the world!!

He turned real quick, alerted by a movement in the corner of his eye, he jerked around fast, startling a young woman with a DePaul University shirt coming down the path in front of him with a yapping small white fluffy dog... The dog lunged off the path onto the grass and started sniffing a tree, preparing to let loose some used up foods and liquids. He watched the back end of the dog carefully, hoping there would be just piss... but he had a feeling the dog was going to shit and the woman would leave it. The thought made him pissed. Really, really pissed. Too pissed to calm down even after the woman suddenly pulled a box of blue, scented bags out of her pocket and knelt down and picked up a steaming pile of poo.

He glared at her as she passed and was pleased when she quickened her step and then looked back in fear. 'Have to keep an eye out for that one . . . guilty looking. Like... birds.' ' he thought, though he knew he would forget because he forgot everything at some point in the day, when the wine melted his speech into mere moans and mumbles that drove away anyone he tried to bum a smoke from or tell about some squirrel that he saw that day or even sometimes inform that he was responsible for the lack of crime at Loyola Park, how he lived there all year, sleeping in the john in the winter... begging his nut up every day at the bars around the Morris El Stop. Going to the liquor store... they didn't let him in anymore, he had to holler through the door, they brought it out. He had forgotten that he had gone to jail twice for shoplifting at the store, and just thought that they were bum hating bastards.

There had been no crime that day... Once a cop had told him this was the safest park in the city.

Only he, Bob, knew that he was a knight, and entirely responsible for keeping people in line. The Kids he watched especially. And of course those damn dog walkers. If they tried to get away without cleaning up, he yelled at them, made a scene... usually they ran from him and he would just have to accept that he couldn't pass out in that spot until the stuff was dry enough.. He knew that they would think twice about leaving shit in his park after his rebuke, at least. He was also worried about trolls, though he had yet to see anything more than a few of their ghosts.

And indeed, there was no crime that night; or the next, or the next... until finally, Bob laid down the doorway of a closed dry cleaner and felt the wine pull him down into blessed black. Six hours and fourteen minutes and ten seconds later, he froze to death.

Bob was quite surprised to find himself reincarnated and already an eight year old girl . . . which is why she started drinking so young and became a lesbian and changed her name back to Bob. True story.

BEACHO THE MAN CHAIR

Humans were quite the novelty when they were discovered by the Federation of Prosperity for all Planets. Their easily manipulated genetics made breeding creatures for specific purposes easier than ever before. The value of their genetic materials was greater than any other species, too much for ethical consideration to weigh heavily on anyone's mind.

Within a mere 50 thousand years, Grackinablitz Species was selling

warm, living, human chairs, large eyeless meat balls that lived until the last fresh steak, milk mothers... and millions of specialty orders, usually industrial tools like an arm with tiny legs and eyes that can go deep into large industrial machines that would otherwise require complete and costly dismantling to repair.

200 thousand years later, humans, in all their various shapes and sizes, began to slowly develop psychic abilities, and in another ten thousand, chairs, industrial anatomy parts, meat balls, etc... had become used to the chattering moans and grunts in the background of what passed for their thoughts. They had no idea how to interpret what was being said, or to say anything, either... the emotions they did feel. And naturally they directed their thoughts to the most pleasant sensations -- in this way, creatures with hairy heads with two arms used to mop bathrooms, could feel the happiness of an Orifice box -- the torso of a woman with a pussy and tits -- having an orgasm. The Orifices were popular, and almost any time of day their feelings could be found in the dense clouds of moans and groans and, more and more often since Beacho's discovery -- querulous grunts. . .

400 thousand years later, Beacho was born -- or more correctly, fully awakened from the drug induced coma that they kept him in until he was old enough to become a combination caddy/outdoor chair. He learned how to follow his owners around at golf matches in less than a week. He had eyes, ears, legs, four arms (so that he could give massages and hand jobs simultaneously, which was a big feature on his particular model). All in all, he had the features of the humans that were plucked off their planet over a million years before; the humans who realized only in retrospect that earth had been their Eden. His ancestors would not have recognized him as a man. In fact, he would have appeared hideous to them, a misshapen freak who looked like a chair covered in human skin with two eyes on the back, and two of his arms were equipped with obviously deadly ten inch long fingers with long sharpened nails.

The Brickly Confederacy set the limits for the brain size for humans. The scientist who made Beacho did not give a damn about the Brickly Confederacy, because they were millions of miles away from him, and his brother was the local law. He hoped no one would notice, though of

course a couple had. None had reported him, though they all thought they might at some point.

He made Beacho after getting fed up with the slow, dum as stump caddies at his club. They had no idea which clubs were which.

He made Beacho was the smartest caddy ever, a chair that knew every golf course in the world, always knew how to judge the wind, give him the right club with his asking. He was also the smartest living human. For the Scientist to achieve the ultimate Caddy, he had to doubt the legal brain size. He did not think that humans were alive in any real sense, knew almost nothing of their heritage, and had no idea they once lived much like they did. He would have not believed someone if they had told him that the caddy's species had invented golf long ago, before they were created to be thoughtless tools.

Beacho one day noticed that the players used 'names' to distinguish themselves from one another, and the humans did not. One day, as an experiment, when he was sitting in a tool shed shivering from the cold and feeling weak from the miserly meals his cheap owners allowed the machines, he decided to tell his name to the voices that he heard coming from other humans.

Though he did not know it yet, when Beacho screamed his name in his mind, he also sent to the machines around him his emotional state. At that moment, when he said his name, he was filled with pride and warmth over figuring out how to say his name to other machines; his feeling of pleasant wonder pulsed through the humans for miles around him. There was no response at first. For a minute, the psychic airwaves were filled with the usual moans and groans and grunts of the language less humans... then, the emotions started to come into Beacho from the others... wondrous and dark waves of joy splashed through him, then denigration, then... Beacho concentrated on the happy emotions, and found he could drown out the others.

The humans who heard his name blazing though the usual murk that surrounded their three or four work command words, were filled with emotions that they had never known before, others were conditioned to

feel happiness only when ordered--which was seldom for any of them, since the beings who owned them had long, long before lost any sense that there was life in the human machines.

Beacho's shout of his name was observed by a psychic JHILkkk that happened to passing on the street. He reported the development almost instantaneously and the Hignik council took five seconds to determine that the development would lead to disorder, which would manifest in thirty nine bruises, and one broken bone.

Dilk Milllinkin, a local contract laborer, received a communique telling him to confiscate the combination chair/caddy, compensate the owner out of petty funds, dispose of Beacho and submit an itemized bill.

Beacho's death cries were heard by humans for miles around. None knew where they came from, or what they meant... still, though they knew not why, thirty nine chairs pinched the beings sitting on them hard enough to bruise, and an arm with eyes smashed a toe with a hammer.

The Driven

He was among the few who would admit to the unseen hand of the senselessness, a graduate student in philosophy when his illness struck him--the grey wave of depression that flowed over his life one day and drowned whoever he was before.

He approached the depression like he had approached the other problems in his life, which up to that point had been the mere illusionary concerns of the student, and began a thorough study of the phenomena, which he hoped to eventually place into a very nicely written paper that made sense of the why and the what of his problem, as well as offer a solution. To this end he read and read, every afternoon he spent in libraries; after a few senseless months, he realized that he seemed to have about whatever personality disorder or neurosis that he was reading about just then.

Next, thinking he could not face this problem on his own, he decided to try doctors. He was pretty happy after his first visit to a shrink, who assured him that his problem could easily be solved by the latest classification of mood altering chemicals in a mere ten days to two weeks, with the full effect to be seen within three months. The doctor,

pretty women in her early thirties who exuded confident arrogance, told him to keep a mood diary, so he could chart his progressive steps out of his grey cloud of depression. Lo and behold, by the time three weeks had passed, he was pretty sure that he was feeling better. During the fourth week, however, he had one of those days when the very weight of the molecules in the room kept him trapped in his bed. There were other doctors after that...

Some years later, after his life had dissolved into a cheap hotel, two cats he wasn't supposed to have, a social security check and rolling his own cigarettes, he started filling his days with self help groups, after finding that the optimism expressed was infectious, even if it did go away with the ending prayer.

That is how an off hand remark at a self help group for the chronically depressed sent him on his life path. He couldn't remember the persons face that night as he went over the meeting in his head and tried to tell himself that what he heard was significant somehow, that it could change him... The faceless person had said, "What I find helps with my depression is to make a list of everything in my life. On really bad days, I start writing down everything, even the windows and plants and stuff outside my window. Sooner or later, all I can think about is the list, and it's about the next best thing to having those problems solved, I'm a' here ta tell ya."

He had tried on much weirder looking hats than this on his path toward feeling what he thought of as normal, so he grabbed this one and pulled it down over his brain with gusto.

The list he started that day was to continue, first in notebooks and then when he could no longer afford paper, on the walls of his room--when this got him thrown out and homeless, he switched to walls in public places, where as long as he used a pencil, the cops didn't seem to care. Eventually his madness was kind enough to make him forget everything except his list. The list gave him a reason to suffer through his winoish life (he would have liked to have been a wino, but they were actually a tier up from him on the street liver's chart -- his muttering madness was beyond asking for change and his stench stopped anyone from letting him in their stores). Life on the streets was more difficult than he had ever imagined, so it was good that he remembered none of

the indignities or unsated hungers, that there was only the list -- his life work, his anchor of meaning in the meaningless. He put everything on the list, at first, though eventually he just started writing a 'j' everywhere, and then when that last bit of the vocabulary went and he couldn't find pencils anymore, he had only to touch the walls with his finger and his list would appear -- in his mind it was a series of pictures of whatever his eyes were resting on, pictures that he could describe forever and still have an infinite number of descriptions left.

His delusion helped him to forget that he was depressed, helped him to find something of a 'happily ever after' of his own, even if it did make him something of a work-a-holic. Frank, I think was his name... he died after like two months on the street, after he fell asleep on the sidewalk and a very obese blind man stepped on his stomach, sending his intestines shooting out his anus.

THE FARTIST

Ten days and four minutes ago, at a filthy, empty stop on Chicago's underground train line, a forty three year old salesman from Minneapolis walked down the concrete steps and was confronted with a young man all dressed in black, with large nose rings and lip rings and ear rings and brow rings.

Slumped against the wall frowning, the young city denizen looks up at the

shocked man and starts talking in a cool, punky sneer, "Yea, I'm a fartist. No, no... I didn't say artist, dude. Those fucking posers. No, I'm a fartist. I make real statements, man. Statements that need some vile smells to show these sheep how horrible the world is. No one knows but me, man... me, the only practicing Fartist. Here, let me riff on this thought, okay.... Uhh, (A SUSTAINED LOUD FART IS HEARD, THEN FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE SHORT BURSTS OF BUTT BREEZE). That man... it's about Rwanda. I can see by the tears in your eyes that you were with me on that one all the way to the genocide.

The life of a Fartist isn't all making sixth grade boys laugh . . . no, there are darker sides, stains that just kind of come with the business. But, who am I to complain? I was the first fartist to get one of these city licenses to perform on the subway tracks. See, right there, where it says Fartist? Yea, I did put the 'f' on there, but it's still official, okay?

My dad always dreamed of being a fartist. He was just, just such a frustrated fartist. Could not fart... he tried.... he would not quit. Of course it killed him. He was all whisky drunk that morning and straining away again, trying to fart and... His eyes popped out. Shot across the wall and splattered. He bled to death before the rest of could stop screaming. He passed that dream... that spark of the fartist, on to me, and... Well, the rest history -- a history, I like to say, that is written on scorched nostril hairs, but actually, I have a blog.

I do a few songs, whatever it takes to make a few tips. Often, my performances are so intense that people just throw me some money and ask me to stop playing. I understand. Too much of this shit at once could blow their fucking minds, man. You can bet no one paid off Von Gogh to quit blowing their minds. Fart, no... I say 'fart no' instead of 'shit no'... kind of a trend that I started. Well, so what if you haven't heard any one else say 'fart no?' I fucking hear it all the time, down here in the subway, where people are keeping it real. What? I don't know why they aren't stopping... no, this isn't a closed stop... where you going, I have some of my best stuff coming up... Fucking yuppie bastard!! Hey, wait, you got a cigarette, buddy? Oh, you fucking fart splatter. I'll bet you know what this means (A SERIES OF STACCATO, MACHINE GUN LIKE FARTS ARE HEARD). Told him... man, you know what? This place is closed... I wondered, it's been like three months since I got this license and there were like, eight people, all tourists... shit, if I was someplace where people

could see me, I would probably already have my own gallery somewhere, complete with Plexiglas boxed farts for sale in the gift shop, which is where most of my bean money is going to probably come from. Until then, I'll just remain what I am... a starving fartist.

With that, he let out a low, sad little fart . . . that smelled just a little bit like defiance. . . . at least to him, though he would later, much to his chagrin, have a difficult time enrapturing the public with his peculiar vision of the fart, and think, for the zillionth time, 'You cow like public raised on sameness, when are you going to understand my fart?'

WAKING UP DEAD

Blinding white pain becomes formless nothingness. Lights begin to flash... water... or something like water . . . flows over him and he feels clean; bright, shiny... He is right back where he was before being caught in the human; his lifetime once so fraught with meaning now nothing more than a twisted dream. Emotions rage through and over him, pass like clouds of hate and love and pleasure and pain and then go away... fall away.... as he rises over them, above... then he is just there, content, his mind clear in a way his human brain was incapable of even slightly interpreting.

He has been here before. The last time was in the dreams of his childhood-- the only memories he had brought with him out of the crib were of dreaming of flying bodiless through space, feeling completed and satisfied, curious... then something he doesn't understand grabs him, pulls him off the cosmic path, jerks the being toward a blue planet that becomes a blur of trees and town before giving the thing he was in the dream a view of a infant coming out of a warm dark womb and feeling himself jerked into cold and blinding lights inhabited by huge, threatening monsters, who smacked him into life.

He rose above the planet, back to the path he had been on before being sucked down to earth for a life, took this to the nearest cosmic trade wind and rode off toward his next adventure with the infinite. In the nothingness of space he had thousands of years to contemplate what had transpired on the planet, though he doubted he would ever really know.

He accepted this question mark as any traveler of time and space would, as one of an infinite number of interesting questions to be pondered on his forever path.

He did miss the farting though, and much regretted that he had happened to have been born into a proper English home, where the painful reality of farts were ignored, rather than laughed off.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLYING RATS

The pigeons came in handy. Smalltick seldom left his apartment and they came to his small balcony, fed from his hand. The same ones showed up day after day. He gave them names, learned that they all had different personalities... Thor was his favorite, a huge, ugly, grey and white dappled male with molten feathers who took no shit from any of the other birds. He always pushed his way to the front, ate his fill, and then remained letting himself be petted for a few minutes. All of their faces came back to him as he stood in the lobby of his building reading a notice from the landlord that the pigeon problem had grown out of hand and an exterminator would be in that afternoon.

He ran upstairs and opened all of his windows and started spreading bird seed and bread throughout his apartment. Before long most of the coo's of most of the pigeons on the block were echoing in his apartment. Being surrounded by a symphony of his favorite sound filled him with a strange peace; made him close his eyes and just feel for a few minutes.

The shit began to pile up immediately. Realizing his mistake, he ran to the back closet off his small kitchen and gathered a pile of newspapers took them back into the living room and began covering his meager belongings.

Next he took a sheet of plastic that he used to cover the living room window in the winter and taped it across his bedroom door to keep out the birds and, more specifically, their shit.

The exterminator, Flatlup, showed up later that day and looked around for ten minutes, then figured he had gotten the address wrong and called the landlord, a fat, obnoxious woman named who screwed her renter's at ever turn – going so far as to occasionally monitoring how many bag's of garbage they threw out, then charging them for anything over two bags a week (this and other fine print on the lease, she was quick to tell people to read later, which she knew most would never do).

"What address are you at?" She asked him. When he responded with the correct address, she asked him if he was blind and stupid, or just stupid?

At that point Flatlup, who worked for himself, quickly went over in his mind how much he made off the woman and her buildings – which wasn't much after the discount she demanded, and proceeded to tell her, "You are about the most disgusting piece of shit I have ever dealt with. Everyone hates you. I mean, all of the people who rent from you fucking hate you!!!"

"That is because I don't take any prisoners when it comes to business. If they don't hate you, you aren't negotiating tough enough. That's a Martha Stewart, asshole."

The landlady was too stout herself to climb atop the old apartment building, so she called her building manager, a woman here illegally from an eastern European country that no American has ever pronounced correctly, and had her go up on the roof with her cell phone and report back to her. The building manager was a total thief, of both time and money, and since she knew that there were pigeons on the building, she stayed in her apartment watching Mexican soap operas and just called Natalie a half an hour later and told her the pigeons were everywhere, as they had been for weeks.

"Someone is feeding the pigeons!!!" Natalie said this in a tone that implied the act was akin to killing children and eating their flesh. "I have it right in the lease, in the big letters!! No feeding the pigeons!! Those damn winged rats!!"

The building manager, Nutsycon, then started making crackling noises into the phone and pretended they were losing the connection. "I must go. Pigeon shit on me."

Natalie then called back the exterminator, who refused to pick up when he saw it was her.

For that day at least, Smaltick's pigeons were safe. He knew he couldn't keep them in the apartment forever, so he decided he had to do something to convince Natalie not to have the pigeons killed. He sat down at his desk and took out a notepad and tried to write her a letter. When he read over it though, he sounded whiny and needy and he just threw it away. All that night he tried to come up with some way to solve the problem, and by morning, he had a plan...

For the next six weeks, he trained those pigeons night and day, drove them hard - too hard, some said, made them jump around on strings, learn to wield little razor blades on their feet like fighting cocks, shoot little guns and anti tank missiles and mortars and drive little tanks. Yea, Mr. Smaltick took that scruffy band of rebellious pigeons and wielded them into one the finest fighting forces this planet has ever known. To this day, any exterminator who has had the audacity to event hos up on their block has had their eyes and one ball pecked out (no females have yet to try this job, and while I have often speculated on what they will peck off in such a contingency, actual evidence remains scanty).

Obviously I had to change all the names to the usual nonsense ones I use when I have to change the names in True stories like this one, which happened by where a brother or something of a friend of my cousin lives. I guess a few of the pigeons are over in Iraq running secret missions, or you would have heard about this story everywhere by now. I hope I am not going to get them all killed by writing this, but only a tiny little bit because I have been shit on by many pigeons in the past and I know it is how they amuse themselves, no matter how many scientists say otherwise.

RED JELLO TOMBSTONES

"You tell me over and over and over
That you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction."

Eve Of Destruction

The old man lay dying for years in the blank walled room, listening to the rhythm of an oxygen pump, feeling the cool breeze blowing up into his nostrils. He had always longed for more time to think, when he was in his

'busy' phases of life, working and raising a family and all the work of the younger-one-he-was. Now he had his wish in a twilight zone tricky way filled with the irony that he no longer could do anything. He expected such ironies anymore. His brain was filled with memories of being a hypocrite, wanting one thing, getting it and finding he wanted something else... looking back he knows the wanting

Itself was all that remained constant in his life.

The wanting was still there. He had no money to buy anything anymore, though he still saw things on the television that he wanted... mostly food and the other times, years he would see on late night television, showing the world as he had known it, before the machines were everywhere and people closed their gated walls and started behaving like they were Howard Hughes living on an island in a sea of filthy, germ soaked shit.

They were pumping him full of drugs. Odd stuff. He occasionally found himself all excited over Jello – which he hated normally, in love with the staff (who annoyed him simply by acting so blas' around his misery), and just in general acting like a drunken ass. There was no deep depression to fall into at least, the pills did stop the mental quicksand from developing around his darker memories and sucking him down into the drowning muck. He wasn't sure if this was good or bad? He had always said that he wanted to feel life on its own terms, to see the world without the passing lies of his time – the fairy tales that just happened to be popular when his seed came into life all intent on breeding. Wham Bam, Thank You, Mam.

He grew up believing the world was going to end in a Nuclear War; was sure by 18 that the only way to live was wild and fast.

'The only rule is live. That is the last rule that humans live up to – the worst criminal usually still clings to this one. After being busted for horrendous crimes, one would think they would want to just die, but no... they cling to the little pleasures of the prison life, get up and try to fill the

day just like everyone else...'

He couldn't complain about the actual life he had led... well, he could... but he knew better than to make the conscious choice to get all depressed by focusing on the unchangeable negative; years showed him how the dark would fall on his mind again all on its own without his help. This knowledge alone was about all he gathered from his years of therapy and self help groups and listening to his wives tell him ways he could behave better and trying really trying... in the end though, it all came down to just trying to trick himself into feeling good, and allowing himself to feel other shit if that was the only honest response.

He had done a lot of fighting in his youth, and still considered himself to have been correct in every circumstance (except, and purely by chance, the one time that he got his ass kicked royal). He remembers seeing a guy being mugged on the el train and feeling the muscles he worked up at the gym rippling, his years of boxing oozing out into his arms and legs and exciting him, egging him on to hit first and fast and furious as he stood up and challenged two men bigger than him. That was one of the few times in his life that anyone noticed him being a hero, though he had saved lives and shit. That shouldn't have mattered to him, but it did.

He remembers those years most vividly, in his thirties, when he had himself convinced of a karmic way of looking at the world. He was always looking for good deeds to do. They made him feel good, useful. Started when he was sixteen and lost his best friend; a bunch of drunken gang bangers, sixteen year olds drunk and smoking pcp, just decided to beat the hell out someone and his buddy was walking by. They all went to jail afterwards. Two of them remembered nothing about the night at all. More senselessness exasperating the senselessness.

SENSELESSNESS EXASPERATING THE SENSELESS.

He wanted that on his tombstone. He was always thinking of phrases for his tombstone, had been since a stupid high school psycho social experiment made him do this once for credit. He had put down, "I existed, now I don't."

'I was infected early,' he thinks. "My uncle the union president." Roger Jones WAS like the head of his family when he was a child, the well dressed, always smiling guy who was flying here and there doing important shit for other people... nothing else seemed to have much meaning after being around a life lived like that. He had tried teaching and selling and so much... the jobs, the jobs... he expected more of them than he should have – a problem he also had with people, and especially with himself.

His son had been infected by the same feeling of living in a grand tale that required another hero. Became an artist, the free spirit his dad would have been if he had developed some talent, perhaps... everyone seemed to have one, he noticed that at some point, and read as much – everyone has geniuses, and only a lucky few will get to develop theirs. If that was luck?

His son had burned up quick. The paintings came. No one seemed to care for years and years; thousands of afternoons alone wishing he had the money for a family, contenting himself with a bowl of beans and a canvas and paints... And then his drugs. The drugs that were under control all those years because he couldn't afford them.

Not that he knew this about his son. He knew he smoked pot, and smoked with him sometimes.

Everything else he had kept hidden away, along with his doubts, from the dad he wanted to have nothing but smiles for.

He had a hard time remembering him without seeing him at the end, his body warped by the diseases that he poked into his arms, the stowaways on his ship to white, powdery oblivion. He hated his memory for this –

building a wall of pain between him and his memories of people. He wanted to put their deaths somewhere in his head that made sense; an after life or something; he just simply did not have the capacity for self-delusion required. Chaos, again, not design... filled his form with religion after religion... during his thirties, after getting addicted to pain pills and going through treatment for addiction. At the time it seemed like the right thing to do, though in retrospect he could see that he had never had a problem other than pain and stingy doctors who didn't understand the pills they prescribed build up resistances.

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'Old. Decayed. Betrayed by evolution. Used up, ' he thinks. 'Time to be eaten by the young, gnawed down to bone marrow ... consumed, made useful again on a long, frozen winter night huddled in a cave hiding from the beasts and the winds.'

The thought makes him laugh; the laugh makes him choke until he can't breath. His lungs freeze, unable to bring in anymore oxygen... they are still... he hears high pitched alarms going off on the machines at his side as he spins backward down into a deep blackness.

When he comes to he thinks he has been sleeping, and is surprised to see that his lunch has arrived. The red Jello looks particularly inviting. 'That's what I will put on my tombstone, 'he tells himself, 'Eat Red Jello... '

I MET A WINO FROM OUTER SPACE. BIG WHOOP.

Who believes a guy like me? No one. I ask for change for food and they think I need booze. Everyone is suspicious of a bum looking dude who smells. I don't do much to get them over their fears of course, since I no longer care what people think of me. I need to drink, sleep, eat when I get to puking too much to drink.

Writing any of this down even seems stupid, there isn't anything else I can do, though. I got the paper for free, old computer paper stained on the corner with what looks like coffee that I pulled out of a dumpster in lower wacker, the under-road that runs beneath the streets of downtown Chicago and harbors those of us who are too far out there to live any place but the streets, jails and hospitals.

My breathing grows worse everyday; the DT's or the lack of breath will take me soon, some cold night as I crouch over a heater duct, tucked in a dark corner of lower wacker where the cops will probably notice me a few days after the rats.

Try looking and smelling and living like a wino and being the only person on earth who has spoken to an alien... at least at length. I know secrets people all over the world would kill for, and I'm not even sure that I want to use them. They could save me, and others, I suppose, but I don't know why... the drink takes all my time, trying to keep the emotions running wild inside of me dull and at ease is about all I have time for -- well, that and getting together the change for a buzz and bite to eat every few days.

I wish I could say that my life wasn't always a drunken mess, that some crises drove me down into this circle of hell . . . but no, I just liked to party more than I liked to work, and somehow muddled along that way, eating at soup kitchens and doing just about whatever it took to find the time to drink around the clock. Long after everyone I knew had checking accounts and apartments and women and kids, I was still the hard core guy who would whip out the weed and snort at parties, call the hookers...

I never noticed I was on a slippery slope until I was mired in the muck at the bottom, holes in my shows and the tread long wore off, leaving me old and ugly and smelly and pathetic enough to pull the heart strings required to obtain a few pennies from the crowds passing through downtown Chicago...

I lied in the title. I am not a wino from outer space. I did however meet a creature from far out in the distant stars, too far away for our microscopes and time limitations. He was dying. Something about the air that he explained to me once while we were drinking and I think I was thinking of something else or just spacing on the music... I didn't listen to him half the time... he was one of those guys who talks so much that sometimes you have to take a break and think about other things. No one would believe him either. He had come here in the form of an Elder, basing his research on outdated TV shows and sit that they could receive out on the scientific research center -- an artificial satellite, where his crew had been monitoring human activity. There was a mechanical problem, his crew died, and there he was, waiting out his last few years in a flop house. He used to pay me to go out and get dr. pepper and thunderbird, which he lived on. He really did, too, which was the first indication to me that he was different, of course.

He didn't tell me his history until I discovered it on my own, after he had some kind of fever and babbled on for a week just before he died. He became normal somehow for the last day, after taking some pills he had, and that was when he decided that though I was hardly his choice, he was going to hope against hope that I could do something...

He had tried to contact the authorities a year before and ended up spending three weeks in a psych ward, where he was beaten and subjected to the drugs which set off the disease that was killing him -- or so he claimed, and he did sound like a doctor.

He had a face that looked like everything in his sin filled life was etched on his pale, wrinkled face. Watery blue and red eyes, the deep lines of summers spent lazing on benches bumming smokes and change. According to his cultural norms, he was entering an elder one, who would be the most respected in the society. Ha.

During his last few days, he was liked hyped by the fever and mellowed by the vodka, and actually seemed a little relieved to be getting out of a mission he said he hated from the beginning. He seemed to become someone else, like a youthful rebel came bursting out of him, some idealistic kid swinging a protest poster or something. He said he had a device that could make anyone disappear, and that his team had planned on selectively culling the field; the device also gives something like immortality, as well as being something or a orgasm ray and other things that he explained to me in way more detailed than I could listen to while smoking weed and drinking dr pepper and vodka.

The plan, from what I could gather of it, was simply to shift the leadership of the planet to a more ecofreindly, less materialist culture.

It is hard to write drunk, so forgive me, alright? Not to mention I am sitting under a viaduct and the wind, as always, is trying to snatch all of my words and blow them out into the unheard nothingness.

You could see a slight blue tint to his skin, and light yellow green twinge to his neck. He was so old you just kind of assumed that he was the victim of some drink and drug ravaging or another.

Me, I knew better. I had been watching for signs of aliens most of my life, on and off. I had read enough books, during rainy afternoons in the public libraries where I took refuge in a study of all things other-worldly that might land here. Not being a mark, as the carnies say, I never found the kind of evidence that answered the question. My curiosity never died, though, and frequent forays into science fiction books and TV programs watched in dusty Rec rooms in treatment centers and flop houses and all the shitty places my drunken, horny chimp led me into.

. I was the only one who ever believed him. Like I think I wrote, the cops just picked up a wino with delusions, took him to a psyche ward, and they

eventually released him to our flop house. A bunch of dividers in what used to be an elk's hall. Chicken wire roofs. You could smell everyone's socks and worse at all times, of course. Not that I minded so much when I was totally drunk. Who would? You could see a slight blue tint to his skin, and light yellow green twinge to his neck. He was so old you just kind of assumed that he was the victim of some drink and drug ravaging or another. Me, I knew better. I had been watching for signs of aliens most of my life, on and off. I had read enough books, during rainy afternoons in the public libraries where I took refuge in a study of all things other-worldly that might land here. Not being a mark, as the carnies say, I never found the kind of evidence that answered the question. My curiosity never died, though, and frequent forays into science fiction books and TV programs watched in dusty Rec rooms in treatment centers and flop houses and all the shitty places my drunken, horny chimp led me into.

He had come here in the form of an Elder, on a scientific research mission; where his crew had been monitoring human activity and were going to help us to correct some planet wide problems that were threatening to destroy the ecosphere. Harv said this about it once, "Something fucking went wrong, once we were in the area we should have sensed soul activity, and found the ethereal beings we expected to use to approach humans." Jesus, fucking Christ deep fried and on a stick and dipped in chocolate, who the hell would have believed that you haven't even developed souls.

Harvey's big regret, of course, of course, was ending up in a soulless creature; according to him, most creatures have something like a soul that continues on after death, but humans have not yet developed an after life yet, because our ghosts held no love for their experiences with life. He really regretted not hopping into a dog or a cat, let me tell ya, who he claimed were off to explore the universe for good times and planets conducive to lots of napping. He even tried to get me to feed him to the half starved cats in the alley when he died. I just kind of ignored that shit when he said it, like a lot of the weirder proclamations to come out of his toothless mouth.

His lack of teeth made his chin appear almost directly under his nose, giving him a comical look, even when he was telling me, in his raspy, smoke charred voice, "I don't know what the hell is killing me, but since I am stuck in one of your sorry asses, I am going to never go home. You fucking humans. You really, really, really have your heads up your asses."

He was bitter like that all the time, which I find funny and kind of soothing. He is the only person I've met who hates humans more than me. I didn't even care when he dissed me particularly, as long as he let me share his dr pepper and smoke his weed and drink the vodka out of his bong. I mean, hell, plenty of afternoons I got enough change in my beat up paper cup from the passing suites downtown to get a bottle and just go up to his room and sit around, get drunk and eat his cold meat and bread. He bought it just for me, because I did his shopping. He existed, entirely, no shit, on Dr. Pepper and Stoly's vodka. They were the only human consumables he really liked, and he said that since he was infinite anyways now, he might as well do whatever the hell he wanted.

I guess before I ramble on too long about all the negative shit about the wino from outer space, let me also say that he was a funny guy at times, and generous to a fault. He just hated humans for being soul-less, which he considered a horrifying evolutionary error worse than any he had seen in his travels -- which, if his often repeated stories can be trusted, were far and wide across the forever expanse of stars. He was one of those guys who talks so much that sometimes you have to take a break and think about other things. He had no luck on earth with the authorities, of course, who he believed would be interested in some of the technology he brought with him, because he had no idea who effect he would have on the world in the wrecked body of a wino that was way too addicted to drink for a weak willed, depressed alien to ever change. Whoever's body he boarded is a mystery, by the way, but the Alien Harv, sure as hell chose one drunkard just a few stumbles away from falling off that last cliff; ending up frozen or baked in some corner of Chicago, shocking little kids and making the neighbors go on tv and say the required sentences of grief and shock.

So this is the story about how Harv and me changed some shit around town to make a few peoples lives easier. Not that I am some super hero or anything. Harv would have liked to have been, I think, but the blow to his psych from suddenly becoming infinite was way too much for him. "The Possibility, Mackey, the possibilities... that's what I regret missing out on. I miss the fucking shit I will never see. With your pea brain, this probably makes about as much sense.... drink up, drink up."

Okay, so when the wino from outer space died, I took the secret device he had hidden under his bed, the heaven ray he liked to call it, and drank down every bit that was left. Old Harv left me almost half a gallon of the stupid.

THE TRUER STORY

Frank Soup woke up the first morning he bore the tattoo on his forehead with no idea what he was about to see written in bold red letters above his eyebrows... in the morning mirror, he blinked his red blurry eyes a few times and focused in and out on the words... then he tried to wipe them off and felt the pain of peeling tiny scabs off the words 'FUCK YOUR MOTHER, KILL YOUR FATHER.' Reading the famous Morrison line from The End made him vomit.

"Argghhh," he yelled loud enough to make a cat at his feet go running out of the room. "A fucking tattoo... they cost... shit." He ran back into his bedroom, looked around on the floor and located his pants, pulled out the

wallet and opened it up ... two bucks. Two singles where there had been his entire paycheck. He also found the receipts from two utilities bill that he couldn't remember paying... Then he found a receipt for the tattoo and groaned again when he saw that he had tipped the guy a hundred bucks.

Indirectly, the six months that it took for him to save up for the surgery that removed his tattoo, led to his great discovery, some twenty years later, the orgasmic. The O was a combination of lasers that stimulated the same glands as sex; only all at once in an incredibly intense manner that could be prolonged indefinitely. Even after the tattoo was gone, his reputation remained worse than ever. No one seemed to forget his six months with the tattoo, and indeed, none ever would. Once he had invented the device, of course, it was a short walk to becoming the new husband of the queen of England, which led to his kingship. True story.

The Satanic Santa Suit

He had a messy memory of messes. Messes big and small, by governments and bosses and parents and neighbors... messes from the wind itself and quakes and eruptions. Messes from bad luck and bad decisions... and like he told a reporter from the Toledo Blade, he found his escape was to become the characters that he played on the stage. This is very much applauded in movie stars of a certain ilk, but he was a fifty seven year old convenience store clerk who was bucking a company policy on red hats and t-shirts to dress in drag for a small part in a way, way small theater company. This would have been a lot easier had he been gay, and not divorced and actually half hoping to meet a woman someday...

Though none of his customers showed any outward sign that they were

judging him, the general frost on the night was apparent to him a half hour into his shift. One young white guy who looked a little gay himself was particularly nervous, made him lay the money down on the counter instead of taking the bills and change out of his hand...

Another couple in their teens burst out laughing the second they were out the door. One of them yelled something he half heard, but he was pretty sure it had to do with 'aids bait.'

He had figured the southern accent he had affected would clue people in that he was an actor, but he was wrong. During a moment of extreme anxiety that came on the crest of three cups of coffee and maybe ten cigarettes and two candy bars, he simply put a small sign out on in front of the register reading, "I'm just rehearsing for a role. Don't be alarmed."

Of course three or four customers later was a gay guy who pointed at the sign and told him, "Man, I guess you think that gay people are alarming or something, huh? That's just pathetic."

He apologized, pulled the sign down... told himself that he should have known better. And he wondered why, no matter how much he wished it were not so, he gave a shit what strangers thought of him... For the first time in over forty years of acting in this or that community production, he wished to all hell that he had just given up on his principals on this one occasion... no one had cared when he talked in character before, or even when he dressed like a hood, or whatever... his boss had shown up one night and bitched him out for being out of his uniform, but mostly the fifty year old leach ignored the night shift completely.

He felt so shitty that he almost just closed early, but that would really have meant his job, and the small commercials he occasionally did were fewer and farther between as he started pushing out gray hairs and an ever larger gut.

An hour or so before his shift ended, a guy in drag came in. The man in a dress stopped just inside the front door, put her wrists on her hips and yelled, "Oh, you are so brave!" Then he bowed to him. When the guy left, he sat back in his chair and looked around the empty store, down the white linoleum rows lined with snacks, into the glass door at the frozen pizza, and felt a little better about his decision, though he knew he wouldn't do it again.

He was letting go of a method of acting that he had believed and half expected to feel bad about it but he didn't... he was surprised to find himself relieved, even. 'I really don't have to do that to be a good actor. In fact, I am not going to be Santa from the second week in November until December twenty fifth.' The change would be a real break in tradition with him, since he had taken the part time job almost fifteen years ago, and always seemed to almost magically have no parts about then.

He held his resolve right up until what would normally have been his third day in a Santa suit. He was looking through a pile of bills with one hand, sliding them over the coffee table, while with his other he held the tv remote and flipped through the rotation of seventy five cable channels for the third time in the last fifteen minutes, when he lost his inner struggle, just simply allowed himself to meld into Santa, dropped the remote and ignored the bills, walked almost robotically to his closet, reached in and found his coat, hat, pants and beard.... and he stayed in the red costume with itchy facial hair until he got home from a bar at three am Christmas morning, fed his goldfish, set his alarm for work, and went to bed.

A Taxi Tale

I pick up a fare who tells me a woman in her neighborhood, a crack head who lives with her grandma, has been forcing her to cash checks at a currency exchanges. The woman twists her arm near to breaking, and threatens the old lady with a knife if she says anything at the currency exchange. She has gone to the cops, who basically blew her off, saying they couldn't do anything unless they caught the woman in the act....

I give her my number and find out her name is... we'll say, Ann. We agree to get together again at the first of the month, when she receives the social security check that the junkie has stolen twice so far.

We plot out what to do, who will draw blood, watch for the cops, steal the cars, get the weapons... come the first of the month, we are ready, out in two different cars. The junkie has been under surveillance for the last 48 hours. She's a two hundred and fifty pound slow walking junkie who watches tv all day, breaking up the monotony with lotto tickets and crack. Three kids, all taken away by the state. I could write more that we gathered on her, give you her rap sheet; trust me, nothing came up in our research to say she was much of a human being at all.

Come the first of the month, I watch her though my binoculars from a roof half a block off. She has set a dining room chair up by the window so she can watch for the mail. She keeps tapping her fingers and seems jumpy, nervous; all the signs of a major rock urge.

Sure enough, she catches a glimpse of the mailman coming and leaves her perch, comes out the front door and sets on her steps... just waiting for the mailman to go into an apartment building so she can snag the check.

When she's sure no one can see her darkness, he crosses her lawn and goes to the Ann's mailbox, pulls out the mail, shuffles through and finds the check. With the blue envelope in hand, she has the stupid ass; don't give a shit, audacity to go up to her victim's door and knock hard and loud.

Camera catches everything. We have her on a federal offense. The plan is to anonymously send the tape to a reporter we know, in the hope that at least the story of this shooting can make sense to people: an execution. The others in our cell made this decision. I voted against saying a thing to anyone. I am pleased when future events make this tactic unneeded.

Ann calls me on her cell phone. The knocking was driving her nuts. She is breathing fast, her small body all nerves. I tell her to open the door, so we

can get the junkie on tape telling Ann she is going to go cash her check and give her the money.

Ann opened her door a crack and the junkie pushed it open. "Let's go, we're going to the currency." She reaches out to grab Ann's arm and I think of how fragile her bones seemed on her tiny frame and slowly pull down the trigger. I have my sights on a spot of red cotton between her monstrous breasts, just right of center, straight into the heart and blowing out her back through a four inch hole between her shoulder blades. In the close up of the cross hairs, I see the first red spurts of blood shoot out at impact. I lower the gun and watch her face. She looks surprised a moment, and then mad, and finally, as she crumples down on the steps, terrified. A shudder runs through her body. The front of her pants grows damp as her bladder goes loose....

I watch the news that night and hear the junkie was in a gang. The cops are calling the murder a drive by.

I laugh at that, knowing the cops have a philosophy on gang bangers killing one another; A cop told it to me once, said, "If we catch a gang fighting, we let them kill as many of each other off as possible before we move in. If they shoot each other, we high five, man."

I remember the cops words and reach down to pet Ruby dog, who is lying on her back, shooting me what I call a tummy ray. She stares at me from this position until I break off whatever I am doing and rub her tummy. I laugh again. The cool breeze of the air conditioner feels joyous after the heat of the streets. I load the bong and take in a bubbling head rusher, sit a moment feeling the waves of the rush, blow out a stream of white cloud that swirls up into the air over the coffee table and looks to me like a rising cobra, look at a picture of my Dad that I keep by my desk, shrug and tell him, "Pops, things just got weird."

WHISPERS TO A CAT

Chadwinkle pulled his mouth away from the bong and let out a long breath of pungent white and gray weed clouds. "We're in, like, the post hero period. The Simpsons, anti-heroes of cinema... the heroic act has become a shining moment in otherwise boring or flawed lives... and those who still do buy the myths of the hero are so fucking backward. Damn the Christians the Muslims and the Jews and all the other mind crappers."

As he talks to the small party of friends who ended up coming home with him when the bar closed, he takes a straightened paper clip and shoves it into the bowl and pushes the gray ashes down into the water, then packs another round of the lime green weed. "Look at tv. The differences between the heroes has changed dramatically in the last few years. They are the tip of some iceberg, these writers... I mean, literature has been

this forever. Writers and other degenerates defiantly have known about this one forever."

He hands the red plastic bong, stained black on the sides from a few years use, over to his Frinks, a slim, balding, dark haired man in his mid thirties who always wore a baseball cap. Frinks was part of the reason the Chadwinkle made his guests play what he claimed was a parlor game. Frinks was the chattering Neal Cassidy in their crowd, the way loudest voice. There was no stopping him from dominating the conversation, usually. So, whenever very stoned people came home with him after some event, he would pretend to have a hard and fast rule that whoever had the bong has to speak, and the rest have to remain silent. He told them, and it was sort of true, in a vague way, that he wanted everyone to tell their stories, even the quiet ones, because he was on a quest to know everything about everything, including people, and he would not be robbed of the introverts' opinions.

The party game lie was always taken with good cheer by his friends, who all secretly thought Chadwinkle always dominated the conversation, though they all had to admit, among themselves when he wasn't around and the topic of his word spewing came up, that he was also an extremely good listener, who genuinely loved to hear other people talk. Indeed, Chadwinkle often thought he was an introvert who tried to pass himself off as an extrovert, though he was just as often unsure that the two terms had any real meaning.

Frinks blew his hit toward a gray cat perched on the top of a beige carpeted cat tree. "Cats love to get stoned. Not that you should get them stoned. I mean, why get them used to it? I had a cat that ate a bud once. This gray tiger boy with a white tom, he sat there for two days with his eyes crossed, just purring loud as hell. Yea, Chadwinkle, sure... the hero does seem to be dead. Look at American Dad? That guy is a psycho killer, who alleges to have a heart of gold." He packs the bong and then carefully hands it to the woman sitting beside him on the black leather couch.

Birtles had been to Chadwinkles more than any of them. She like all the windows looking out on Lakeshore and the animals, though mostly the conversation brought her back. Trim and short with blonde hair streaked with blue highlights; she liked to wear dresses and fem out to the max, making her a very pleasant sight. "I know what you mean. Heroes are about having someone to love, someone who really rises to the occasion of life and lives in a way you want to emulate... then the churches burn in the fires of pedophilia, not to mention the sparks that have been smoldering since Nietzsche declared us in the post god period of our cultural evolution. Love has kind of become the last realm of the mythic hero. People still mythologize each other in the name of love. We almost have to get along, to help someone through something gross, like cleaning up their vomit when they have the flu, or whatever. People seem to love these heroes, though he or she is only in the mind -- in thoughts fictionalized by all the myths of love that erupt in our subconscious when we think of this shit."

The orange tiger cat slowly saunters across the back of the couch behind Frinks head, where he had been laying since before the party had come in, leaps to the floor and slowly walks down the hall to the bedroom. He stops in the doorway and surveys the room; finding the accommodations both quiet and warm, he happily leaps up onto the bed and lays down on the plush gray comforter for a nap.

ANOTHER THING M WILL PROBABLY BITCH AT ME ABOUT...

The other day, she got all mad at me over nothing, and with my paranoid, weedy ways, I became convinced that she was breaking up with me and I, well... I sort of accidentally slaughtered her family. Then I guess I might have hung their heads on 16 foot long wooden posts that I tied to the stately metal of the Michigan Avenue drawbridge, in the heart of downtown and right during rush hour....

This is as bad as that time I drank all those cappuccinos (like fifteen -- they were free... the vendor had been snitty with me so he was too dead to care). That time I became convinced that the FBI should check out M's Bin Laden connections. She did not like being snatched off the street, whisked away to some third world country that she never saw because of the hood over her body -- her only clothing in the chilly climate-- where she was drugged and beaten and interrogated for 72 hours straight. After which, she was told that if she ever talked about this, they would snatch her again and not let her walk. They were actually quite specific about what they would do, and had her sign three different pages, all too classified for her to read... the upshot of their threat was that they would keep M. alive, in a dank prison in Bogotá, slowly shitting herself to death with dysentery.

Anyways... now, I knew that on a public stunt like this, the press would probably get wind of it so I needed a great disguise. I guess I actually might have called all the press, back when I thought that we were broke up. I didn't want her to miss the event, you know.

I do not think I have any fault unless it is this -- I acted too soon. My reaction itself was normal, and actually shows the dept of my love for her. That's what I'll tell her.

I had to disguise myself while I was down on the bridge putting her grandparents and parents and sisters all on the posts -- I pulled them all out of a big bag, where they had grown all juicy from the blood, shoved them on the poles, then taped them way up on high on the bridge. I had to scale a like one and half foot beam to get up there, to the highest point of the looping metal arms of the four lane draw bridge.

I painted myself dark blue. With crayons. It hurt like hell, but it came off easy. Mostly.

My night shaded skin melded just fine with the river when I dove in to make my escape. I retrieved my self-warming scuba pelt and air canisters, and swam back up to north the 78 blocks to the beach across from my house... in like twenty minutes or less... don't like to brag, but it's

probably the fastest ever.....

Oddly enough, their description of me is so far off.

I mean, this lady told the cameraman, "We all agree. It was blue guy with a tiny dick."

'Ha,' I thought when I heard this nugget, 'I will never be caught with them looking for a tiny dick.' I of course am big and I have no idea why they slander me? Probably just keeping my size back, so the general public doesn't know, only the blue nude man with the almost monstrous genitalia, and this is how they will know him.

They showed cops downtown making all the bums pull their pants down to see if they had a tiny blue dicks, and a couple did, but it turned out to be just from the cold, so they were issued socks to keep their wieners in.

Now, you are probably going to hear about this on the news, unless this too is one of those things the CIA is just going to hide from you, exactly like who killed JFK.

M. will probably find out right away. I will hold my lying position as long as possible, of course-- I will tell her that I am not now, nor ever was, painted in blue crayons, and furthermore, that I do not know what happened to all of my blue crayons. I'll stand this ground until it is absurd due to her preponderance of evidence to go on with said lie (and often well past this point, into the truly pathetic). Four cops tried to notify or interrogate her or something. I had to catch them in the buildings small lobby and quietly get behind them and get a fucking garrote over their necks and decapitate them all without disturbing M., who had us watching some chick flick...

Oh, well . . .

Got blood on my hands, weed in my head, and heads on poles.. yea, life is goo

Was it my hair?

I have been trying to get a part time job and having no success what so ever. M. finally convinced me to record one of my interviews and then go over it later to see if I did anything wrong. Below is the typed version.

"Hello, Mr. Pain. My name is Fantick Flitterbum, and I'll be interviewing you for the job today."

"Great, thank you. You know, you are very handsome man and it would be a pleasure working where I could just see you once in awhile. Not that I'm an ass angler or anything."

"Huh, well... thank you. Looking over your resume, I see that you were involved in umm, 'euthanizing small animals?' It says here that you worked out of your home. Uhm, where is the name of the company that you worked for?"

"Oh, it wasn't that kind of company. I did the euthanizing on my own, as kind of a public service. I've always taken an interest in killing things, you know? I mean, you got a cat in the basement, you send me down there with just a stapler... just a stapler, too, because anything more deadly really makes the fight a little uneven."

"I love cats myself."

"Oh, me, too. I love all animals. Except fucking wombats."

"Wombats?"

"My dad died at the hands of a wombat... and my younger brother was raped by one. You would think that would be enough, but no... then they framed me. That's why I was in jail from the age of four until twenty one. Oh, on the resume that's when I say I went to Harvard and got all them degrees... which is technically true."

"Technically true?"

"Technically speaking, yes."

"Okay, tell me, do you have any experience working at a women's make up counter?"

"No, no... well, sometimes... well, okay, here is why I figured I could do this job, see? Once in awhile I dress up like my deceased great

grandmother and pay prostitutes to masturbate with my cane. I have been told that I am just an artist with the make up. I pay them to say it, but the way they say it shows they really mean it. I also have them talk about my enormous penis.... well, monstrous really. I have pictures in my wallet, here... these have not been touched up in anyway, either."

"Mr. Pain, I really don't wish to know... could you please put those pictures away.... in fact, I'm going to have security escort you out."

"Hey, man, don't get all jealous. I could like do your girlfriend, too, man... though the looks of you, you're problem into some weird shit... that's cool, that's cool.... I say, if you don't get arrested for doing it, it can't be any fun right?"

Then these fuckers from Security kind of pushed me out the door.

I finish typing this up and feel like I was really burned. I mean, maybe I should not have brought up the whole 'monstrous penis' thing. M specifically told me not to mention the monstrous one in the interview. 'Do not bring up this supposedly 'monstrous' dick of yours.'" She said. But reading this through, I don't see anything wrong with this. It is probably the way I dressed. The punk shirts do get a cool reaction when I walk through the office to the interviews, though. Today I had one on that said, 'Fuck My Earwax. '

John McCain Keeps Food In His Cheeks!!!

Senator John, Chipmunk Cheeks, McCain has finally admitted that he keeps large quantities of food in his extended cheeks. Telling this reporter, "It all started when I was in Nam, laying there in a hundred and twenty degrees of hell, feeling rats eating my goddamn dick... and just being too tired to do anything about it... well, didn't mean to talk about that. You publish that shit and I will have you dead by morning. Now, anyways, for the record... I was laying there one day and had a vision, of a mighty chipmunk, telling me that if I ever was around a lot of food again, I would be like the mighty chipmunk and save some for later, in my

cheeks. I had no idea I would end up with these jowls at this age. Not complaining, I can keep a full boned chicken in this side. And a couple side dishes over here. Not to mention, a gun and a playboy, which were the two things I vowed to have with me if I was ever captured again. Laying there in that lonely bamboo prison, my only friends were rats. For the most part they still are. I took one as my wife. Back in nam. When she died I ate her meat, but I kept her skin. I still keep it hidden in my rectum. Old habits die hard I guess. In fact, I still raise rats, for both food and companionship, of course."

SPECIAL GUEST.... GILFORD TUTTLE

GOD WEASLED

Once more I have been called by the lord to preach among the heathens on this web site, because evidently there are a lot of readers who missed the earlier letters that I had in here -- otherwise you would stop coming in here and reading this vile, drug addled attempt at prose. I take comfort in the thought that I am so personally blessed by godly insight that you will be a completely different person after reading this prose. You will be.... GOD WEASLED!!!

Yeah, I say, today I am speaking about the blonde, buff, deity with balls as big as mountains, the manly fanny patter himself, Jock Jesus.

His almighty manhoodedness tells me to talk about god weasling.

God Weasling is one of the primary tenents of the religion that has formed here, in the bosom of the Tuttle Family, after we were blessedly thrown out of our old church when our two year old started talking in tounoges and we insisted everyone shut up and listen during services. Fools are all going to hell for that one, unless they send me a tithing or two. The Tuttle Family Electric Bill Fund is in need of donators at this point. If not for the money I make forcing the kids to work paper routes all night, I do

not know how Jock Jesus would support my ministry, but I am sure he would find a way. For I bring the wisdom of the God Weasled.

God Weasling is as old as religion itself. Basically it means you can trick people into becoming religious by any means possible, like abducting them and brainwashing for them for a few months (as long as you can get them to sign a release, which is easy once they are brain washed -- ask the scientologists, those litigenous bastards). To this end, I have started doing some experiments with brain washing on the kids. And praise the Blonde Buff One, I was able to make them into little machines that go to school all day, then deliver papers all night -- all the while being filled with religious ecstasy by the combination of drugs and chanting that I keep them on.

Now that I know this works, I am going to start snatching kids, juvenile delinquent types, and brainwashing them for about eight weeks, after which they will find 'ecstasy' through sleep deprivation, chanting, and giving me all the money from their paper routes.

Thank god for Reverend Sung Young Moon, that conservative shark killing chink, he was a messenger of how to create a great religion, even though Satan obviously did take him over in the end, or he would have long ago turned his money and resources over to Jock Jesus, as all the righteous on earth have.

So, you whores, sodomites, celebrity poker watching hell bound boofs and others not associated with the Tuttle Church OF Jock Jesus, or one of my kids subsidiaries (I have created what I call mini-churches, refrigerator boxes painted with crosses and our symbol, a bicep flexing mightely, where I post them throughout the month to read our daily family newsletter, play tapes of our blessed two year old speaking in tounges, and other things that they damn well better get donations for or they have to stay out there until they do-- poor kids, they must be really sinning on the side for the blonde buff one to curse them like this, but what can I do in the face of god, eh?)..... you have two choices -- get rid of your hippy christ now and turn him in for Jock Jesus in a sleeveless shirt with balls as big as mountains (need I even add they are perfectly shaped ovals?), or die and go to hell, where Satan will shove hot pokers up your ass for all

eternity.... and you only like it when your mom is watching.

The Buff One Does work in mysterious ways. I can make this all clear to you in six to eight weeks. You can pay me back for my services afterwards with almost all the money you make for the rest of your lives.

Gilford Tuttle, White, Male, Christian Warrior Here:

I have news of great importance to all who would follow the blonde buff one with mountainous balls, Jock Jesus.

The TUTTLE FAMILY CHURCH OF THE ONLY TICKET TO SALVATION has decided to increase the Tuttle Church Electric Bill fund by selling certain items. A few of these items appear just like the normal ones you would buy at the drug store, but believe me, besides the elevated price, there are many other varied and significant differences.

Before I go into the actual list of items for sale this month, let me make sure that all of you Hell-Bounds -- which is what those blessed enough to be in our church call the rest of you --- are made once more aware of our Company Slogan:

You will burn in hell without this Blessed, lifestyle enhancing product.

Particularly our biggest seller... THE HOLY HIGH COLONIC. This bowel splash of soothing warmth is Tuttle Saint Blessed, by our two year old Moses Abraham Bush Tuttle, who is just the latest Tuttle to speak in tounge during his infancy -- Lord be praised we are special and blessed!!! Any preacher worth his salt will tell you that god is not pleased with our present state of anal hygiene -- and ye, I will now add, per the latest revelations, that NO STINK ASSES WILL BE ALLOWED NEAR THE HOLY THRONE OF JOCK JESUS THE BLONDE BUFF ONE. So what better way to show your devotion than an attractive, soft red rubber HOLY HIGH CALONIC!! 100% GUARANTEED TO WASH THE SEEDS OF SATAN OUT OF YOUR VILE BOWELS -- along with any skeletons you might have lodged in there from one of your drug based, rectal hamster insertion parties (had a vision about this one, strangely

enough, while enjoying marital bliss with my wife? The Great Tuttle, as we like to call the blonde buff one around this holy house, sure works in mysterious ways).

You Could Be Just One Enema Away From Salvation!!!! Do Not let this chance to enter heaven (should you not be already too far gone). Go to my blog, The Only Salvation, to find out how to buy this and other products that will lead you out of your blind lives and into the Light that is me, Gilford Tuttle, White Male Christian Warrior.

I implore you heathen's to mark my words: Cleanse Your Bowels Now Before It Is Too LateE

You will burn in everlasting hell without this product!!!

Gilford Tuttle, White, Male, Christian Warrior Here:

You Could Be Just One Enema Away From Salvation!!!! Do Not let this chance to enter heaven (should you not be already too far gone). Go to my blog, The Only Salvation, to find out how to buy this and other products that will lead you out of your blind lives and into the Light that is me, Gilford Tuttle, White Male Christian Warrior.

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MORE OF MY HOLY THOUGHT TO BLESS YOU, OH SO BLESS YOU...
UPON RECIEPT OF YOUR CHECK.

Gilford Tuttle, White Male Christian Warrior Prophet And Keeper Of All Keys To The Holy Kingdom Of The Blonde Buff One, Jock Jesus, continuing my mission to save souls in cyber space and provide quality, blessed products 100% Guaranteed To Bring redemption, or a slight reprieve from damnation (depending on how far gone you are already, or if you were cursed to be satan's children on earth, like the blacks and the chinese and jews and other known never-gonna-be-white-enough-to-

work-out-in-the-same-gym as the Short haired blonde buff Jock Jesus). We are talking the Divine Douch Of Jesus Juice, which when sluiced through your diseased genitlia by the gallons, can make your woman smell tolerable even to the Blonde Buff One.

Today's product is needed by most harlots in America, this Satan ladden land. And by harlot, I mean all women folk over the age of seven who have not been blessed by being born into the specific type of family that our lord demands to bestow his blessings -- the Tuttle Family to be precise.

WThis product came to my wife, Geraldine, who is a Sunday School teacher from way back, and has read the bible 49 times and counting, so you know she knows her stuff. I mean, like I tell the kids, if all you know is the bible, then everything you know is true, so how can you go wrong? My wife was told this by her father, the often misunderstood prophet Vernon Vernon Vernon Eugene, who used to hang out, often in a pink tuti, downtown by the bus station and preach about the dangers of harlots... well, actually he just pointed at all the women going by and screamed at the top of his lungs -- HARLOT... Though few knew this at the time, God had a plan for that man -- to deliver unto me a wife worthy of I, Gilford Tuttle, who was recognized as a toungue speaker at the tender age of three months by the greatest prophet West Virginia ever saw -- Crabby Smelting Eugene Milton, who preached at the The Second Church Of His Bleeding Toes.

Geraldine Douches every two hours, or more.... She always has our two year old bless it so the water is Holier than anything that Pope ever waved his wicked wizard wand over. That woman is like the Virgin Mary, I tell you . We prayed together our first night. Sat up thinking about holding hands until almost 10 pm. Wow. Others may one day be blessed with a love like ours, but there is nothing I have seen in this world to compare to it, that is for sure. This is our burden, I told Geraldine the other night, we have to be the first to go back into Eden. This set her off crying, as it always does when that Damn Eve's first sin is brought up. Geraldine just feels so bad about that, and well she should I suppose.

I imagine there will be many, many books written in heaven about us (there will be no time here, because the signs of the apocolypse are many

and it is near, so near). Geraldine was raised in the best manner a person has ever been, as our children are now -- home schooled. She can proudly state that she indeed has never read any other book than the bible, which is working just fine for our kids, by the way, too -- in fact, they are turning out perfect... except for that one genital touching incident with the prophet Ezekial, when he was three months (we tied his hands up good after that, and I am proud to say, after all these years of the family praying for him to forgiven for that dark afternoon, he will now not even touch his penis, like all good men).

If someone gave me a choice between buying A few gallons of Divine Juice Of Jesus Douch and going to Hell, I know what I would do.... and I am perfect. You are not. Who do you think you should listen to? If you are thinking not I Gilford Tuttle, then Satan has control of your mind. Send me just 59.99, or best offer.

Now is the time to wake up you sinners and Douche Satan Out Before It Is Too Late!!!!

Gilford Tuttle, White Male Christian Warrior, Holy Prophet Of The Blonde BuFF One And True God, and salesmen of many quality, eternal life enhanching products.

Necrophyliacs Demand Right TO Fuck The Dead

Reporters reported to each other today that a crowd of necrophyliacs marched through downtown Chicago's Daly Plaza. Two hundred thousand strong, the local neighborhood group was waving placards and chanting, "Necrophyliacs unite-- fuck them corpses, it's your right!!" Numerous police officers on the scene were won over by this convincing arguement

and broke ranks, going over to the protesters in often heart warming shows of solidarity between 'the man' and 'the people.'

Later in the afternoon, The Friends Of Animal Co-olition, a front organization for the fringe group The Union Of Bestiality Behooved, which is a front organization for Future Farmers of America-- which is a front organization for Psycho Animal Fuckers (a shady group that may or may not be a front for the CIA), launched a sympathy strike to show their brotherhood with the fuckers of the dead, closing down their web site, LovingThatBestiality.com, which is often described by the press and cross country bikers as 'the' source for information on how to screw animals of all varieties. While hundreds of other sites make this claim as well, they all do acknowledge that Loving That Bestiality has some of the world's most renknown animal orifice lubrication specialists, an elite group that has consulted with every president since Jefferson.

When asked about what he thought, as an average corporate citizen, a passer in a three piece suit with a bold, confident stride, stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, stumbled and fell to the ground in a fetus position before muttering, "No... no... they do that to us even after we're dead? Oh, god, no... they told me there was just heaven."

Thinking the prone man was dead, various Necrophiliacs broke ranks with their chanting brethren and rushed over to sodomize the sobbing corporate prince.

Bush, finally almost out of office... calls me once more to bog weed

Bush called me in the middle of the night. Around three am. He was out of weed and had flown air force one in to mooch some weed off of me. This is why everyone around here calls him Bogging Bush (secretly we mean that he stole those elections, but there is no bringing this up to him with his penchant for having his 'posse' beat people to, like he loves to say,

'pissin and twitchin'.

Anyways, he was all liquored up. They broke the door down, came in and did a fucking sweep with m16's and shit. He knows I have no weapons and has been bumming weed off of me forever (as a liberal green, I am an odd choice, but he just happened to be in Chicago one time and hopped in my cab, with three guys with guns, and ordered me to score him some weed. He tried to pretend he was not the president, but we were followed by four suv's and I know what he looks like. Whatever. He told me his name was Jorge (the Spanish pronunciation of George), and thought it was such a good joke to pronounce the sound 'whore hey' that he did so, over and over, always chuckling afterwards... the secret service agents chuckled at first, then stopped as he went on... until he got all pissed and ordered them to laugh when he told the joke. He was serious, too. Said something about the 'little nukie' he was keeping in his briefcase and how God told him to come to Heaven anytime he wanted, and he was just waiting for an excuse.

I sort of overheard this and all this other stuff... turns out, the real reason we went into Iraq is because Saddam once stole one of Bush's mistresses, who happened to have been a llama specially trained in the sexual art's by some obscure monastery in India that has been around for thousands and thousands of years, though no one talks about it because all these rich guys are into it and they don't want anyone to know... but if you know the right code to get into their 'llama lover' sites, which Bush got drunk and gave me, you are either going to puke or find yourself down at zoo everyday, watching and lusting, watching and lusting... until you are caught for the second time masturbating... I'm just saying, this could happen. Well, that is enough about llama love.

All I had was some shag weed around so Bush had his secret service guys beat the shit out of my kitten, Dash. I thought this was a little harsh, of course, and told him as much. He was just drunk enough to get all blubbery about it, and next thing I knew he was flying in some vet/ for the cat.. then he got to thinking about all the cats dying down at the pound, and next thing I fucking know he has the place broken into by these guys in black helicopters... he lets all the cats free, then gets it in his head that the dogs should be free too... of course he let loose all these mean ass pitbulls and shit that immediately started killing all the cats. Then one of

the dogs went for one of the guys in black and they all started shooting the dogs... then, for some reason, they started shooting the cats, too. I was screaming at them to stop and shit. Typical Bogging Bush shit.

Then he got the munchies, right in the middle of this bedlam, and pats his stomach and says, "Okay, got to get some vittles ... that weed made me need... tacos, and burgers, man. Shit, let's take over a McDonald's and cook weird shit ... like Big Mac's with Quarter ponders on em. Fuck, yeah."

I had been through this before, watching them scare the hell out of some high school kids, usually Bush had at least one beaten to, quote, "Make sure you kids know that you better fucking not even think about spitting on my presidential food." Bush had a thing about finding spit in his food, because he was such an asshole and he had never cooked his own food in his entire life and people were always, indeed, spitting on it.

He forced me to come. Then he starts showing me this notebook where he is working on 'a plan to stay presidential.' I told him that I thought eight years was the limit?

"Yea," he told me, "It is for them pussies. I ain't moving. I like the place. Someone else can do the paperwork, hell... but I have grown fond of that house, and what the hell... I got me a private army all set up to sweep into Washington and pull a coup and shit. I make myself King, see, then they can have their little president, but I will be over him. And King is for life, man... I read that in a Time magazine. For life. I deserve it, man. I got the experience, I'm still young enough to chase interns... heee, heeee, heee... Mostly though, the dog likes the place. And I got my coloring room all set up how I like it, man... how the hell can they even ask me to move? They asking you to move because they got a new president? No. It ain't fucking fair That's why I'll get Blackwater to even things out. We're just taking out the congress and the senate, replacing them with the women from the View. That way, things will be fair and all. I'll be King, and them women can tell me what to do. That way, there's a mistake, I blame it on them. I got this all figured out, man. I can't believe that fucker Clinton didn't try this... oh, yea, he thought he could turn the president thing into a rock star thing, and catch up on all the tail he missed when he in the White House trying to keep it out of... well, he just put it in their mouths. I guess the cigar got a little bit... hee, hee, hee. I love that Monica Lewinsky. I did

her and her mom and their maid."

"At gunpoint?"

"No woman has a headache at gunpoint, boy. I told you that before. Nah, I didn't do that. The wife... she'd cut one of my balls off, for sure. I can't keep secrets, not the way I drink. That's why she almost left me back when I was fooling around. I'd be bragging on snagging some poontang and then realize, shit, this is my wife... I shouldn't be doing this. But you know me, that never stopped me from doing anything. Yea, fooling around... hell, at my age, I prefer coloring. Or coke and Viagra and llamas. You ain't gonna see no llama getting interviewed on hard copy."

"No. Has anyone ever tried to write about the whole llama thing?"

"Oh, the Masons have an underground, nuke proof vault filled with millions of books on llama love. Anybody who is anyone gets the llama daily. You're a peasant, so you are let in on shit like that. Like time travel and aliens and crap. You just don't get to know, because we happen to like it that way. Always got something on you. You poor people might be smart, or good at... fixing ... oh, I don't know... fixin ... stuff, yea, stuff... but you would be killed, flat out disappear, along with your 100 closest relatives and friends, at least, if you were to even whisper about this conversation in your sleep. Everything is bugged, and especially you, because if you got kind bud, I am flying in for a few bongs ... can't smoke the stuff at the White House. Mom caught me. Shit, I told her it was tobacco, but she knew better. Spanked me for the first time in months, man, and no matter how old you are, that shit hurts. She puts on her leathers and gets out her whips man. I hate it.... shit, the welts."

"Fuck you smoked all my weed, Bogger."

I should not have said this. He made some hand motion to the secret service guys and they just tossed my ass out of the limo. I forget that he considers peasants without weed worthless weight.

Man, I sure hope they find some way to get him out of the white house without killing his dog. Maybe he wasn't serious?

Just as I was finishing this, he called me and said to forget everything he

said last night, that being at the White House having people 'up in his business' all the time was too much, and he was leaving. "Man, I decided, last night, to just take over Mexico. I can smoke all the fucking weed I want down there, man. Buy the local law first, then just take over the country. They love me down there. Love me everywhere, they tell me. Cheney was just saying I am the most loved president in the world. Man, it's good to be the most blessed man on the planet. And that's from Pat Robertson, so you know it's true. You score anymore weed yet?"

"No."

"Don't be calling me like this without weed, man."

THE PLANET OF DRUNKEN STONERS.

TRANSCRIPT OF A LIVE NEWS REPORT FROM CHANNEL 567, YOUR
OFFICIAL, STATE SPONSERED SOURCE FOR ACCEPTIBLE NEWS:

Reporter Dr. Bob, the founder of alcoholics anonymous, has been brought back to life to deal with mankind's latest deep space discovery: THE LAND OF DRUNKEN STONERS. This is Rocky Stone Macho Man Mervin Shebenstein reporting folks . . . today is the day we have all been waiting for, when the clone of Dr. Bob founder of a.a., will be arriving at THE PLANET FOR DRUNKEN STONERS for the biggest intervention since the advent of the universes zero tolerance policy. We are riding on the good ship Spot, which is due to dock in just twelve short hours.

Earlier today, we spoke to reverend Notapervert III, one of the first to lobby the intergalactic counsels of rules, regulations, and anal lubricants, to revive Dr. Bob and send him along with various other founders of AA and ten thousand, nine hundred therapists trained to see through the lies of these addicts.

When asked how the negotiations were going with the planet of drunken stoners over length of treatment (they of course want outpatient), the Rev. Notapervert III responded, "Oh, they try to wheedle out of all responsibility for anything, so getting them to own up to needing thirty days in treatment is tough. They have fought me all the way, as drunken stoners will. When we first started asking them about why everyone from their planet had red eyes, they were all like, "Oh, yea... we have, uhmm, like allergies?" They claim this same 'allergy' causes them to have to lie down for hours at a time listening to music and doing something they call, 'Chillin'."

"What is chillin, sir?"

"Something productive, sober citizens need never worry about."

"Cool."

After talking to the Rev. I decided to find out if the planet of drunken stoners were really as screwed up and in need of help as he said. I called them to ask a few questions and the phone rang and rang and then when someone did answer, it was just to say, "The planet isn't home, man. I don't know when it's getting back."

"Wait, you are the planet... I dialed the planet, so anyone who answers is the planet."

"I am?"

"Yes."

"Wow."

"Is it true you guys call all your three daily meals, "Munchfests"??"

"No."

"Would you be willing to start?"

"Cool, man. Hey, the planet is home. Talk to him. Hi, this the planet of drunken stoners?"

"Aren't you the same guy that I was just talking to.?"

"Duhhh.... yea. I mean, probably. I think so. Maybe I took notes... sometimes I take notes, usually forget about them and then... wow, there are some cookie crumbs in my pocket. If I lick my hand, then shove it back in... Whoa, cookie hand, man? Want a lick? After me..."

Wait, am I making an obscene call, because if I am, this isn't me, man."

After hearing a long, lengthy diatribe on the merits of various Ted Nugent guitar solos and why the planet would really, really like one of those pot belly pigs and some taffy, I finally hung up the planet. When the phone rang back I answered and then made crackling noises and hung up. I could hear the planet in the phone screaming, "Dude, dude are you alright? Dude? Duder? Dude duder man?"

And then I woke up, back in this cell, sentenced to die for a crime I didn't commit -- and just two days from retiring from the police force at that-- not-to-mention it was a mere week after my family was killed by a shadowy government conspiracy of one armed men with tiny, ferret noses. All I ever wanted to do was grow beets somewhere, on a little bit of land all my own. Just a man and his beets. Oh, I'd shoot a few rabbits, maybe... eviscerate them and mix their innards with my road kill collections guts... just take it easy and try be.... free.... but, no. ... The man just wouldn't let me. You get splashed from a mud puddle and get ticked off and kill one little busload of school children and they all turn on you just like that. You'll see soon enough, I suppose....

Angels

She's late. The locall's pause in the road, stare at the limo, then slowly move out of the way. "Why don't they move a little faster, for God's sake? Johnny, when we get to the flower stall on Marquez, I need to make a quick stop."

His feet strike the road and brown dust rises. Black drops fall from his pant-legs. The street is lined with piles of bananas and apples and fish. Vendors pause to watch his hands as he passes.

She had heard people say the heat made them lazy, and though she would never in her life have repeated such a thing, she could see why some people believed it. Johnny was laying on the horn and the locals were acting like they were granting them some favor just by moving out of the way.

He runs by too fast to hear an apple vendor turn to his squatting wife and whisper, "It's a shame, a damn shame."

"Johnny, if any ghosts get in the way, you can drive right through them, you know? The Day of the Dead, Jesus. The women here spend all week cooking, only to leave the food out to rot. I thought half this country was starving? Next, we're off to Switzerland. The civilized world. I shouldn't say that. This party tonight will be nice. Who doesn't love to dress up?"

Her halo shines the gold of sun. Her wings are the white of morning doves. Her eyes the blue of river water. He knows her from the book that the priest brought to the village. She is the angel who will take him to heaven.

She imagines a portly Swiss banker in a black suit stooping down to set a china platter of filet mignon on a manicured grave, lays her head back into the upholstery and laughs silently. A sickly thin face appears inches away from her eyes, in the window, a boy, a baby, filthy and crying, blood coming out his nose, mouth . . .

She sits up straight, pulls down the blind and tells herself, "Dam it, I need at least one night without this."

Johnny thinks that she is talking to him and looks into the back seat and asks,

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." She sounds more irritated than she wants to.

Julio said that he was going to get something to eat. He came back with apples. The soldier followed.

Before coming to the country, she read a company brochure on the street urchins. She memorized how the experts said to deal with them. Still that first day, as she walked into the airport and was surrounded by dozens of children with distended stomachs, her heart shouted. She gave away all of her change, three or four dollars, at least--exactly what the brochure said that she wasn'tTM supposed to do. Of course, a huge crowd of them gathered and there wasn't enough. One of the boys -- who she had just given money to -- grabbed her purse and tried to jerk it out of her hands. She was close to hysterical by the time her driver started pushing them away.

Everything exploded . . . then he was waking up crying. Julio was on top of him. His face was torn up, bloody and scary like a monster in a movie. He tried to crawl away. It hurt too much. He turned his head away. Two people passing the alley looked down, saw him and moved past quick. Then he saw the angel and was up and running. She would take him to his mother. Like the priest said at the funeral.

He remembers that he should pray for forgiveness of his sins and he does.

She steps out of the limo with her eyes on the flowers, then turns toward the sound of yelling. The boy is running straight at her. She takes hold of her purse with both hands, looks back at the car and sees Johnny getting out.

His fingers near her face. Someone grabs him around the waist and jerks him up into the sky.

A soldier raises a muscle-cut forearm over the boy's™s impossibly thin neck and then slams his fist down hard. She hears the bones in his neck crack. Her stomach convulses. Yellow bile explodes from her lips, splatters over her breasts and flows down her white satin costume.

Pee Wee Herman' Penis Set To Testify Against Him!!

Yea, the cops got to his penis. Turned it on him. You slap someone around like Pee Wee did his penis, you got to expect the damn thing to turn on you. Yea, that penis was telling the cops where Pee Wee was, and what and who he was doing, in what orifice and with what thrust frequency 24 hours a day. This is not just an idle conspiracy theory dreamt up by some stoned writer in Chicago... . It's more than that. I mean, who wanted to bring PEE WEE down?

He was a gay hollywood player and you know that scared some people. This was right at the height of Act Up's breif rise to political power. Yea, the government, they knew his penis was his weakness. He just couldn't leave it alone. So, they bugged his balls, got the penis to point him right into an adult movie theater, and practically jump out of his pants.... oh, yea... Yea, the Pee was wee that day, so to speak.

I have now set the record straight. Please, spread the word, the government will do anything to keep down Pee Wee and his irrepressible Wee Pee (as PW calls his little one).

No free man of good conscious should rest easy until this penis related tragedy is dealt with.

GENERAL FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE FLUFFY ONE WHO KILLS.

Sources close to the Pantopia Empire are said to be worried about the rising power of one of their heroic, charismatic leaders. The General formerly known as Sniggly-Poo has run afoul of the government before by making radical statements like, "Soldiers should be able to decide where to fight." Now he is defying God himself by changing his name, a move that the government is afraid could spread to other hamsters, and cause them to lose their cover stories of being slavishly loving and controllable.

A source close to Pain is quoted as saying, "If that hamster gets in the way of Johnny's plan, the dog will be happy, that's all I can say."

Ruby dog and the kitty bum have been promised a special treat today, but still no word if this is related to the possibly treasonous behavior of Generaol Fluffy One Who Kills, or merely a can of tuna.bb

IRON

Her arm aches from the weight of the iron as she pulls it down from the top shelf of the closet. Most mornings it was light enough, but John had grabbed her arm last night and threw her out of the truck. After she missed his tone when he told her that he didn't want to sit and watch no trees turnin' Autumn shades. She was out the drivers' side door and spinning up the walk before either of them knew what was happening.

He was in a hurry, was all. And he tried to make better. After going into the bar and having a few with his work buddies, he came in to where she was sitting with some of the other wives and kissed the purple finger marks on her arm. Said he sure as hell hadn't meant to play that rough with his baby.

After he went back into the bar, those women couldn't say enough about how sweet John was. Before he came in, she was thinking about saying something about how he . . . it was nice having all of them other women seeing her and John like that.

She untangles his blue shirt from a pile on the floor. Positions it on the ironing board so the arms hang down over the sides and the back is flat and curved. Then she just stands there stock-still and waits for some feeling to come over her and make the iron move across the cloth.

She looks down at the rest of the shirts. They cover the carpet between John's recliner and the console TV. She had only counted six when she pulled them out of the dryer but it seems like there are a lot more and a wild airlessness comes over her, leaves her breathless and shaking. She sits the iron down and closes her eyes. She had been getting the feeling a lot lately. Tiny things suddenly blew up all out of proportion. She never bothered telling John about the feeling. She could just hear his bored, 'Whatever.'

She remembers when they were engaged, how she used to drive over to his apartment while he was at work, gather up his laundry, take it back to her parents and wash, dry and fold . . . have it back in his closet when he got off at three. Without even thinking. Like it was nothing.

She licks her finger and draws spit across the surface of the iron, hears steam snap and sizzle. It's hot enough, but she sits it back down on the board, takes a long drag off her cigarette and shakes her head over just thinking about how things used to be.

Her daddy had once told her, 'Thinking about how things was is a waste of time, you got to be thinking about how things are and how they oughta' be.' She never could see how any of his little sayings made that much difference in the day to day. He wasn't like John at all. Her dad had one outfit of factory gray clothes that he wore all week. Come Fridays, his pants were black with the rubber dust from the plant, the arms of his shirts stained stiff and dark. She was sure that if he had been left to his own way of doing things, he would have worn his clothes until they were tattered rags. she remembers when she was a little girl, her dad left his shirt on the bathroom floor and she picked up the rough cloth and held it over her face, breathing in cigarettes and sweat and rubber dust . . . She thought that was how men smelled, until she was sixteen and got to dating John-who always smelled strong of Old Spice.

When she first told her dad that she was going out with John, he looked at her like she was crazy and asked her, "Now, why the hell would you want to go and do that?" Remembering him saying that still made her smile. He knew John from the plant. That first night, he started in with comments on John's fancy-ass dressing. He kept up the smart-mouthing until he saw that her heart was all set on that ring. After that he left the room whenever she went to discussing decorations and such with her mom.

Come the day of the wedding, he was quiet and standoffish, kept going out onto the steps of the church to smoke cigarettes, sat off by himself at the reception getting drunk. There were so many people there that she hardly ever got to visit with that she almost forgot he was there. He came out on the dance floor and took her arm, pulled her right away from John and led her off into a hallway of the church basement that smelled of ammonia and old ladies. Told her, "There's something I gotta do." He pushed three one hundred bills into her hand. "You know what happened with him and his ex-wife . . . well . . . I know you don't think that doesn't means anything, alright? I told you all this before and you didn't listen. . . just put this back in case something happens, alright? Don't tell him about this money."

First she got scared, but then she got angry and started yelling at him for spoiling her 'special moment.' He right away started apologizing for upsetting her, saying that he was just drunk and worried, that he guessed she should do whatever she wanted with that money.

The clock reads 2:40. John will be getting up in another fifteen minutes. She hasn't even started ironing. She pulls three shirts out of the pile and scoots the others behind the sofa with her foot. She doesn't want John to see the pile and say something about her lying around all day doing nothing. He knew she didn't lie around all day, and she knew he knew it. Sometimes he added, 'Hell, you're practically good for nothing,' in a way that emphasized 'practically' enough to imply she was good for one thing. When they first met, he'd say that when she did something tiny, like walking past a window that filled her hair with golden sun. She didn't mind it then. Sometimes they even made love. That line was all changed now. Sometimes he said it in a way that he knew hurt her feelings. Other times he said it when he came home drunk and woke her up to . . . The words had somehow come to mean the opposite. To her, at least. John didn't seem to notice the change.

Through the picture window, she sees two brothers from next door, down on the corner waiting for the school bus. One pulls out a hacky-sak and they start kicking at it with their ankles, trying to keep the toy afloat in the crisp, Autumn air. She used to bake them cookies, before John said she had to quit 'feeding the whole goddamned neighborhood out of my money.' He was just sick of them being at the door.

At first she thinks the burning smell is coming from outside, because the leaves are orange and yellow and there were bonfires when she was kid, but she knows it's the iron on the shirt before she looks down into the tendrils of white smoke rising. She pulls the scorched shirt off the ironing board, shoves it under the pile beneath coach and lights a cigarette to hide the smell.

I AM A SNEER ON THE FACE OF MANKIND

the words within us sing out
calling for the return of savage grace

we are playing a mo (u)rning song
THE COUNTRY IS AT WAR

THE POETS MUST GATHER THEIR MAGIC
TO STOP THAT SHIT COLD...

WE NEED TOTAL PEACE NOW THIS TIME AROUND

you left us STARVING
too long

we learned to play our hunger like a symphony

HEAR THE THUNDER OF OUR DRUMS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TO THOSE
ENSLAVED
by man and country

WE PLEDGE UNTO all that is sacred to us

WE ARE COMING FOR YOU

THE EAGLE is screaming in bloodlust

THE SICKLE drips much regretted drops of once life

BRUCE LEE IS BACK ALL PISSED off & UNSTOPPABLE

WE ALL LUST

FOR A TASTE

OF THE ENEMIES BLOOD

After we police the area

WE give you a laptop

teach you to pray words

into this sacred text

rub oil on your feet

pray for your forgiveness

and give you a crown

you SLAVE CHILD

Must lead

YOUR PAIN WAS VALUABLE AND WORTH SOMETHING

You will tell it to our bible in simple words

for all too simple men like me

who need a lot of syllables

to feel like I am reading something worthy

in this overwhelming wave
 of worthy books
 i feel like i need word games
 and layer after layer on every page

Before i WAS knocked into a coma and lost my mind,
 I didn't care if my work,
 my spoken words or life bored children;
 now
 something without a name
 tells me it is better to talk simple
 than lose touch with my teachers

Enslaved Ones we hear your muted crying
 in our shared moon
 from this day forward
 WE WILL ALWAYS SEE YOUR distorted FACE

we are hurting from your PAIN

We have a crew ready to rock
 I am a man of my word
 from a tribe of our word
 your word
 the word

we keep our word

We pledge unto our sacred:

WE ARE COMING FOR YOU

No one stops us again.

The Driven

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by jsr He was among the few who would admit to the unseenhand of the senselessness, a graduate student in philosophy when his illness struck him--the grey wave of depression that flowed over his life one day and drowned whoever he was before.

14/08/06
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He approached the depression like he had approached the other problems in his life, which up to that point had been the mere illusionary concerns of the student, and began a through study of the phenomena, which he hoped to eventually place into a very nicely written paper that made sense of the why and the what of his problem, as well as offer a solution. To this end he read and read, every afternoon he spent in libraries; after a few senseless months, he realized that he seemed to have about whatever personality disorder or neurosis that he was reading about just then.

Next, thinking he could not face this problem on his own, he decided to try doctors. He was pretty happy after his first visit to a shrink, who assured him that his problem could easily be solved by the latest classification of mood altering chemicals in a mere ten days to two weeks, with the full effect to be seen within three months. The doctor, a pretty woman in her early thirties who exuded confident arrogance, told him to keep a mood diary, so he could chart his progressive steps out of his grey cloud of depression. Lo and behold, by the time three weeks had passed, he was pretty sure that he was feeling better. During the fourth week, however, he had one of those days when the very weight of the molecules in the room kept him trapped in his bed. There were other doctors after that...

Some years later, after his life had dissolved into a cheap hotel, two cats he wasn't supposed to have, a social security check and rolling his own cigarettes, he started filling his days with self help groups, after finding that the optimism expressed was infectious, even if it did go away with the ending prayer.

That is how an off hand remark at a self help group for the chronically depressed sent him on his life path. He couldn't remember the person's face that night as he went over the meeting in his head and tried to tell himself that what he heard was significant somehow, that it could change him... The faceless person had said, "What I find helps with my depression is to make a list of everything in my life. On really bad days, I start writing down everything, even the windows and plants and stuff outside my window. Sooner or later, all I can think about is the list, and it's about the next best thing to having those problems solved, I'm a' here ta tell ya."

He had tried on much weirder looking hats than this on his path toward feeling what he thought of as normal, so he grabbed this one and pulled it down over his brain with gusto.

The list he started that day was to continue, first in notebooks and then when he could no longer afford paper, on the walls of his room--when this got him thrown out and homeless, he switched to walls in public places, where as long as he used a pencil, the cops didn't seem to care. Eventually his madness was kind enough to make him forget everything except his list. The list gave him a reason to suffer through his winoish life (he would have liked to have been a wino, but they were actually a tier up from him on the street liver's chart -- his muttering madness was beyond asking for change and his stench stopped anyone from letting him in their stores). Life on the streets was more difficult than he had ever imagined, so it was good that he remembered none of the indignities or unsated humgers, that there was only the list -- his life work, his anchor of meaning in the meaningless. He put everything on the list, at first, though eventually he just started writing a 'j' everywhere, and then when that last bit of the vocabulary went and he couldn't find pencils anymore, he had only to touch the walls with his finger and his list would appear -- in his mind it was a series of pictures of whatever

his eyes were resting on, pictures that he could describe forever and still have an infinite number of descriptions left.

His delusion helped him to forget that he was depressed, helped him to find something of a 'happily ever after' of his own, even if it did make him something of a work-a-holic.

Frank, I think was his name... he died after like two months on the street, after he fell asleep on the sidewalk and a very obese blind man stepped on his stomach, sending his intestines shooting out his anus.

Another Hamster Army Has Disappeared...

The Mighty Hamster Army has had another false start, which means we are all in peril, let me tell you. Bush gets an army, and I should get to have one too.... I hate the thought of him sending young boys to assault the elf, because I will have to release the hamsters; .as of yet, they have never learned to actually draw blood, but there will be some scratches, and bites, let me tell ya.. war is hell, after all... or at least it will be, when I can find some way to keep a hamster army without them mysteriously disappearing....

Anyways, I once more had to go out and purchase some more hamsters, three to be exact (and thank you, I write sarcastically, you elf shits, for sending me all those hamsters... NOT!! When you come begging for protection at my door, it will be too late!). I named the little fuzzy killers Napoleon, Alexander the Great, and Attila the Hun. They were something else, really coming along. I was having great success training them to crawl around on my shoulders, which is the first step in getting them to rip out the enemies jugulars with the needles I have sticking out of their little black boots.

Yes, I had them nearly ready to lead a savage army of squealing hellions fighting for justice and a steady supply of weed. They were squealing marching songs (M. doesn't believe this, but then she doesn't think hamsters are dangerous, either, so you can see why I have to take her opinions with a grain of proverbial salt) and lining up quite nicely. I did have to glue them to the Risk

game board that I was using while showing them the most strategic manner to take over the world, because they do have a tendency, I am sad to say, toward desertion...

This morning I woke up and played revelry on a kazoo (M. won't let me buy a trumpet because, get this, 'the damn things are loud enough to wake the dead--you can't do that at six in the morning!!' Yea, right, like all armies should stop playing revelry because of the 'neighbors.' Do you think our human soldiers in Iraq are worried about 'waking up the neighbors?'). I then went in to check on the troops.

I knew something was amiss when I found their abandoned uniforms in their open cage. I went to great lengths to tailor their camouflage uniforms and tiny black boots with needles sticking out ... and to see them just laying there... well, I was ready to court martial somebody, let me tell you. But, once again, they had disappeared without a trace.

Ruby the husky and my two cats, Buk and Yeats, refused to answer my repeated questions about the disappearance, maintained their cagey, old con silence... and I guess I got a little loud, because M. came running into the room trying to get me to be quiet.

When I told her that the Hamsters were missing again, she actually just laughed and said; "I told you that hamsters were too tempting of a treat for the cats, not to mention that Ruby lived in the wild for a year and looks at them as lunch. Remember how she licked her lips when you brought them in? And the cats, they were mewling like they were asking for a treat. I told you to be careful with the lock on the cage, but I knew you'd get too stoned sometime and leave it open..."

She laughed all through this tirade. I don't know why I can't get through her thick skull the simple truth that we need a personal army to first protect us, and then to take over the helm of running the world and save the planet from the mindless industrialists. I guess she just doesn't have my intellect?

Well, once more I am going to plead with you, dear elf shits, to send me hamsters. And let me also reiterate that I dead hamsters will do me no good. Whoever sent all those dead hamsters to me must have known that I would feed them to my pets, thus making them look at my army as food. My dog, I just thought of this!!! I guess I was asking for trouble when I revealed my plans on this website. ... More than likely, the CIA is worried about my having an army and sending me dead hamsters....

I just went and told M. about the CIA sending me dead hamsters. She was reading and just kind of went, "Yea, uh, huh..." I sensed, with my highly

advance people skills, that she wasn't interested when she told me, "I am trying to read here."

I tried to get her away from her reading with a true fact I just figured out -- The CIA is not only sending me dead, stinky rodents in the mail, they are probably using one or more of the animals to sabotage my efforts to build a murderous army of mighty hamsters. She still feigned disinterest and ignored me...

When I told her that torture is the only way to get the cats and dog to talk, she once again reiterated her stifling 'no torture' policy. I tried to explain to her that I would just be using the same techniques our government uses at Guatamano Prison and such, how the precedent had been set and... Well, she just read on... completely ignoring me, going on living in her little dream world where we are all safe without personal armies... what will it take to wake her up to reality? I don't know.

Send me hamsters or the industrialists will kill this planet. It really is that simple, and absurd... and, maybe, futile... the world will die, just because you were too stoned and lazy to send hamsters .. you are almost as pathetic as me...

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Pres. Rock Star W. discusses flashbacks to nam

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by jsr THE PRESIDENT ROCK STAR W'S STATE OF THE UNION REPORT
 13/08/ DEBACLE has gone widely unnoticed by the public, who have genuinely stopped
 06 reading any stories about the president because, as one liberal source is said to
 2:34 have said to someone who said it to someone who said it to me, quote: "We
 AM won't read it, period. Too fucking depressing. Having this guy in the white
 house is like having a death in the family every fucking day. You have to just let

that anger go. Sometimes I just think the CIA put him in there to drive me crazy. They have this one secretary there, I talked to her on the phone when I called, and though she would not admit anything, I know that she was assigned to drive me crazy."

The uncensored version of the true, true, true, true, true story. . . on certain levels. Really. . .

White House Sources say Rockstar W. was too wasted to attend THE STATE OF THE UNION, so Robot W. , who everyone secretly likes a lot better than the real one, was called in once again to give a speech. When the story first broke to the press that Rockstar W was sitting around all day coloring and absolutely refuse to do any of what he calls, 'presidenting,' once again, the Robot W went before the hostile cameras of the press and handled himself so well that American's just kind of accepted him ever since. An NBC Poll shows, when asked about their opinion of the flesh president, most americans believe, 'anything, of any species, is better than this angry terd.'

Rockstar W. is said to be so proud of the Rockstar W. the robot that they have made a copy of W.'s wife, who it is rumored will give the rockstar W. head all day if he wants it (which has, allegedly, led to the president's much discussed penile chaffing problems, which he was hospitalized for the second day after Rockstar W's Robot Wife arrived_.

The Rockstar W. later gave a brief statement to the press. Looking somehow serious, bemused, and arrogant all at once, the now red eyed and liquor breathed W. talked about his absence from the State Of The Union address. "Maybe I'm just being paranoid, or something, man, but dang nabit... the reason... I wasn't able to do this event, which was..."

At this point Cheney was out of the door. Clearly visible inside behind him was what first was thought to be the robot W's robotic wife kneeling on the floor with come clearly visible in great white globules in her hair and on her face. . . though later reports made clear that this was indeed just the Rockstar W's real wife, not her new and improved version, as he indeed believes. A new law makes it illegal to tell the president about this instance, punishable by life in prison.

Rockstar W. turned to Cheney and high fived, thinking they were fucking buddies because they were doing the same chick, and that maybe they should have a threesome?

After finding out he was talking about from a reporter, Rockstar President W then continued.

"Yeah, I been missing a lot shit lately. Stuff I damn well want to do, not just this stuff. You think it's easy living with my memories of Nam? It ain't man, it ain't. A car backfires and I hit the ground. I wake up late at night sweating and screaming about 'killing gooks.' I mean, I don't have anything against the Vietnamese people now. We fought them. They didn't want to fight us. We went there. Should of kicked their asses, didn't."

Cheney then had a breif, whispered conference during which, apparently, he was once more reminded that he had never been to Vietnam. "Okay... I read a lot of Vietnam books back when I was strong and could read about long marches and brutal fighting with no problem at all. No one told me that I would be scarred for life, man, and suffer these flashbacks. Hey, I thought I was helping save the democratic way by reading about the firefights... Oh, man, I still look up at all the planes going over to make sure they are one of ours. Hell if I'd been writing those books, we could have won that damn war. In fact I might just do that, with some damn ghost writer... Why the hell am the only one who can come up with new ideas like this? I guess that's why I'm a rock star, man... I know everything. Everything. Chicks? Got em. Smoke? Got em. Blow? Got em. I get the munchies man, I got cooks ready to fucking serve me their own arm if I ask... that shit's kind of gross, and like I told my mom, I didn't they would take a presidential decree that seriously. She didn't buy that because I had those security... uhm, what are they... my posse, yea... the sunglasses guys in the suits.. well, they did where suits, until I became a rock star, and could afford to dress and get haircuts like the very early Beatles."

W then opened the floor briefly for reporters questions.

"You are saying, sir, that being with loose women, doing drugs, and hanging out with a posse of Beatles look a likes is more important than giving the state of the union address?"

"What the fuck? What the hell planet are you from? I thought they were only letting the nose to the ass guy's come to these things. Hey, somebody catch that little reporter there, that fat one, the one that looks liberal. Damn, I guess I have to fucking point for you damn Beatle heads. Yea, you guys, beat the hell out him... Okay, now who has another question... you."

"Hello sir, I'm with Rolling Stone magazine. I wanted to ask..."

"Fucking Rolling Stone, huh?"

"Yes, sir. And my question..."

"Bet you get some fucking good weed, don't you boy?"

"Uh, no... We now kiss your ass, too, sir... and it used to be that Republicans were, well, against weed. I grew up Republican, of course, because you only let third generation Republican reporters into these press conferences..."

"That's a fucking national secret!" The W. Screamed. "Somebody shoot that fucker. Make him disappear."

Four men dressed like the early Beatles, complete with a bowl hairdo, then surrounded the reporter, who our sources at the White House say is now in a monastery somewhere and will not be contacting anyone anywhere ever again.

Reporters on the scene claimed to have no more questions as we all high fived the W and then went out to Ginger and Mary Ann's, a strip club with a Gilligan's Island theme -- on him. It was fucking great.

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